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MAXIM

FOR MEN

MAY 1998

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Weird Ways To Make Fast Cash

LAST FIVE MINUTES LONGER
And Be Worshipped pg. 66

The City That 'Last Call' Forgot

Momshell
Donna D'Errico
pg. 80

MOTHER'S DAY SPECIAL

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MAXIM THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO MEN SINCE WOMEN

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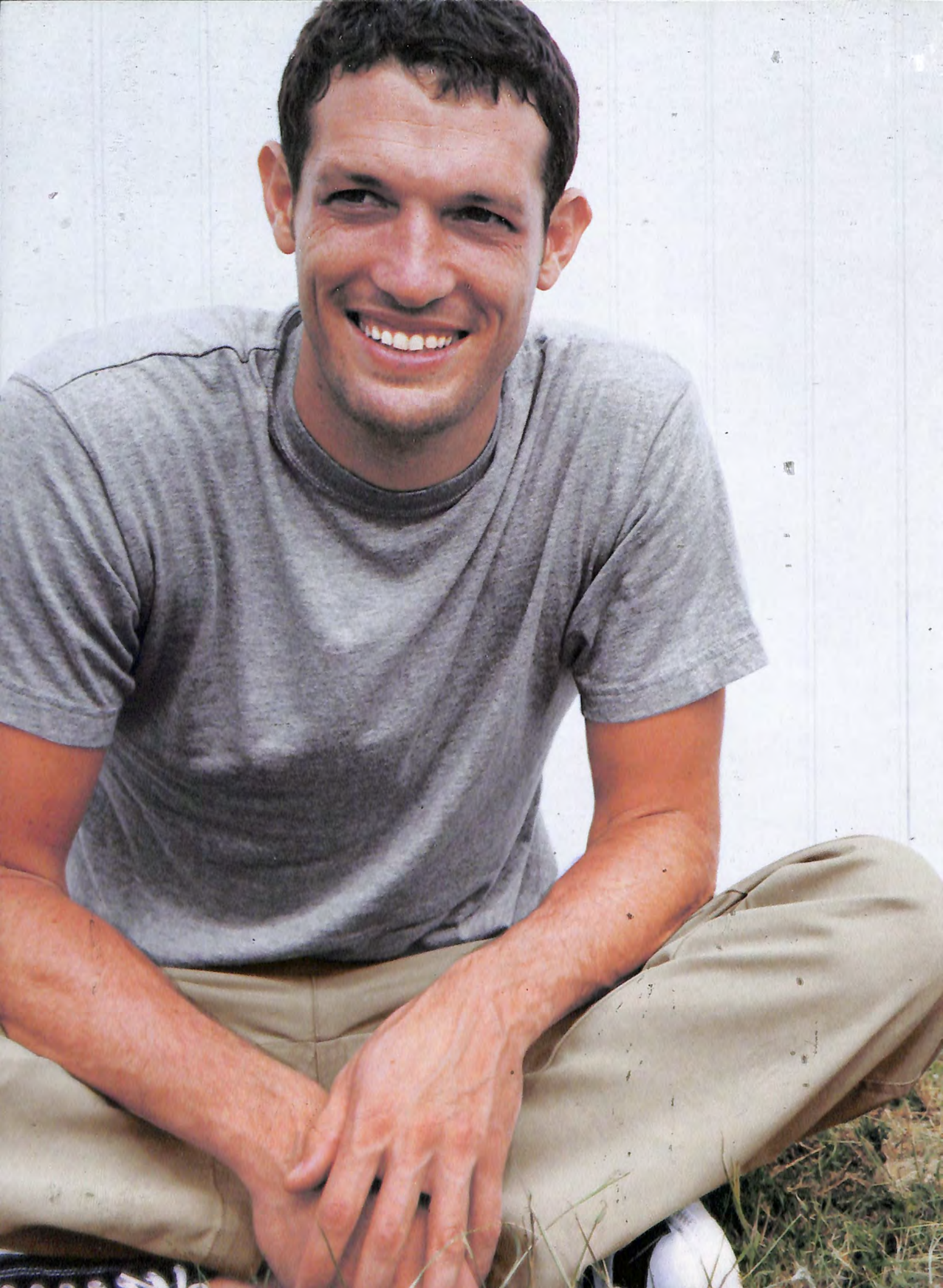
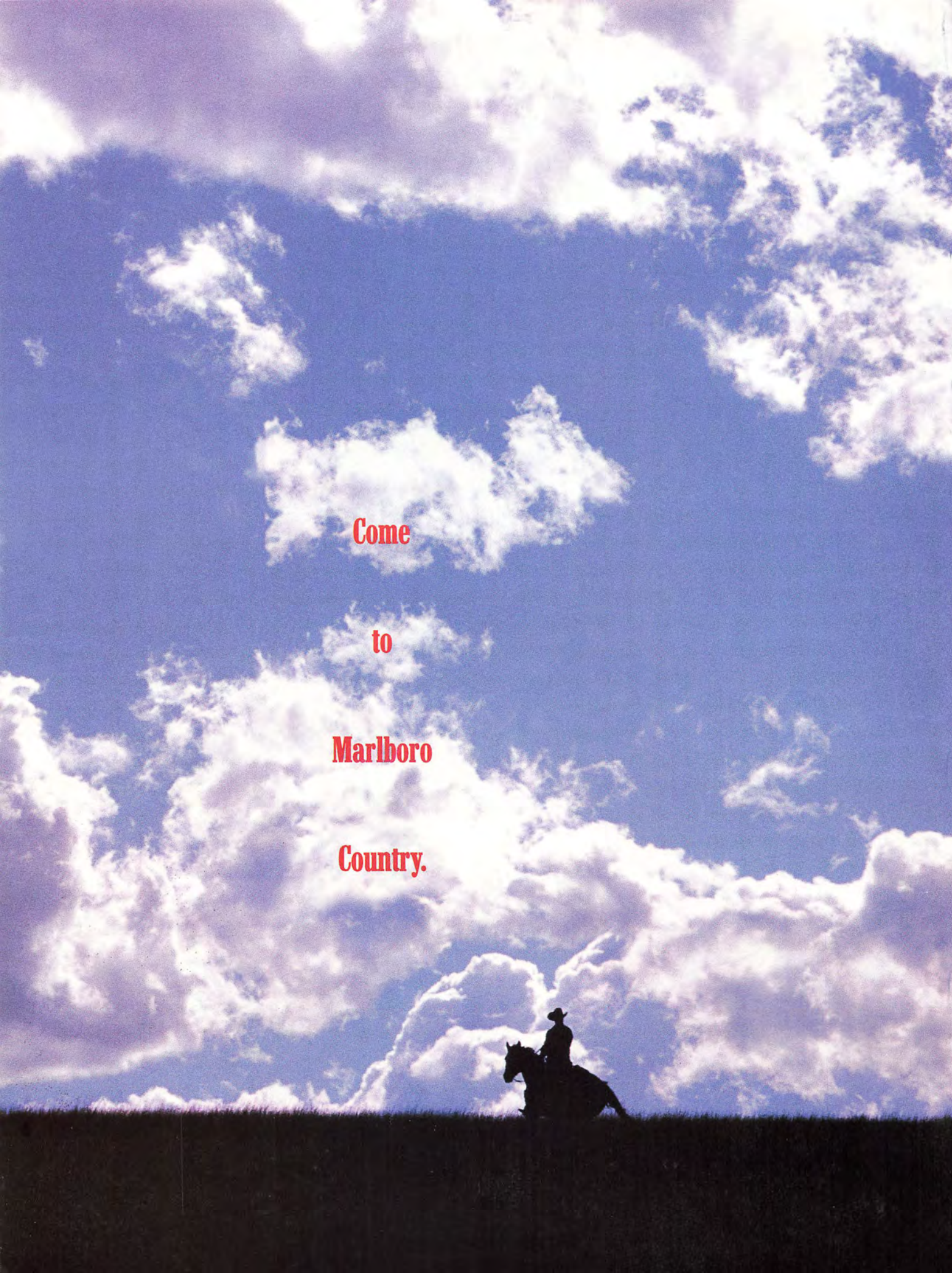


GAP

GAP KHAKIS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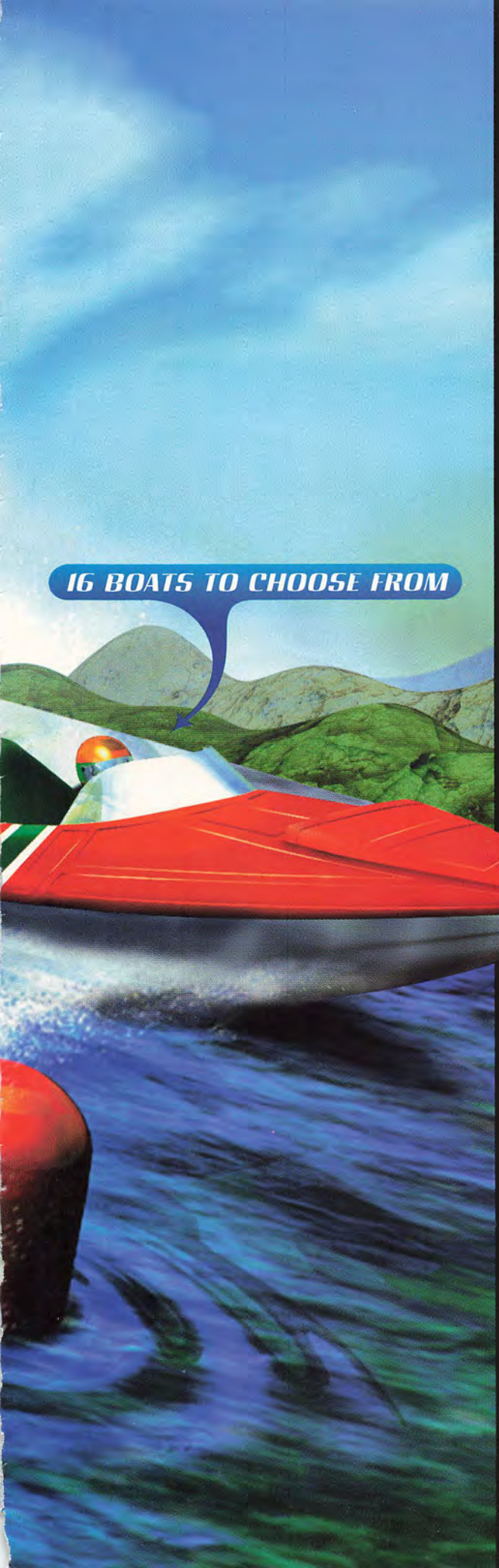

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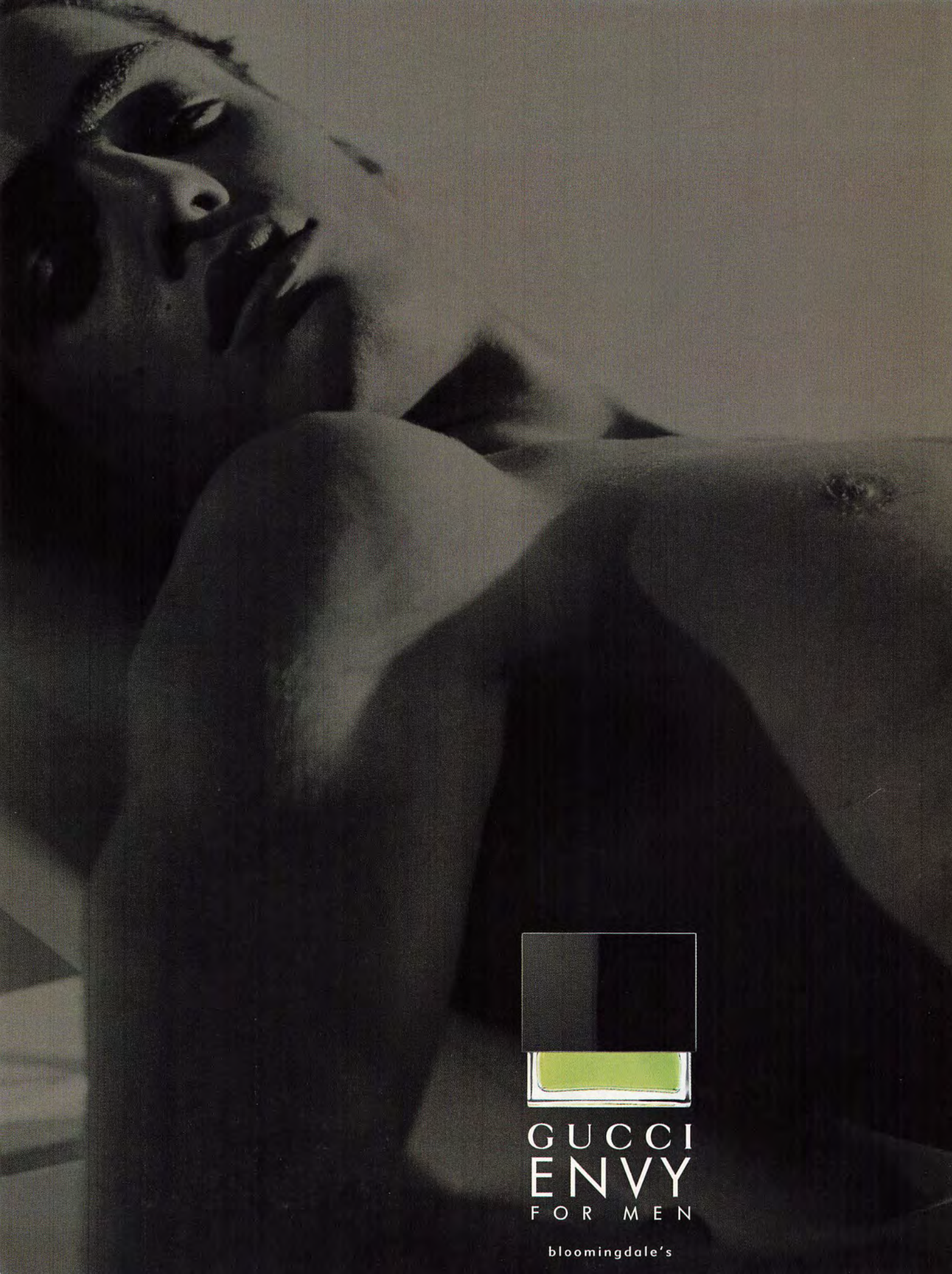
GUCCI
ENVY
FOR MEN
bloomingdale's

MAY 1998 MAXIM

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SEX
LAST FIVE MINUTES LONGER 66
Forget about baseball stats. Here are some proven techniques to keep it under control when you're ready to cross the finish line but she's still warming up.

VICE
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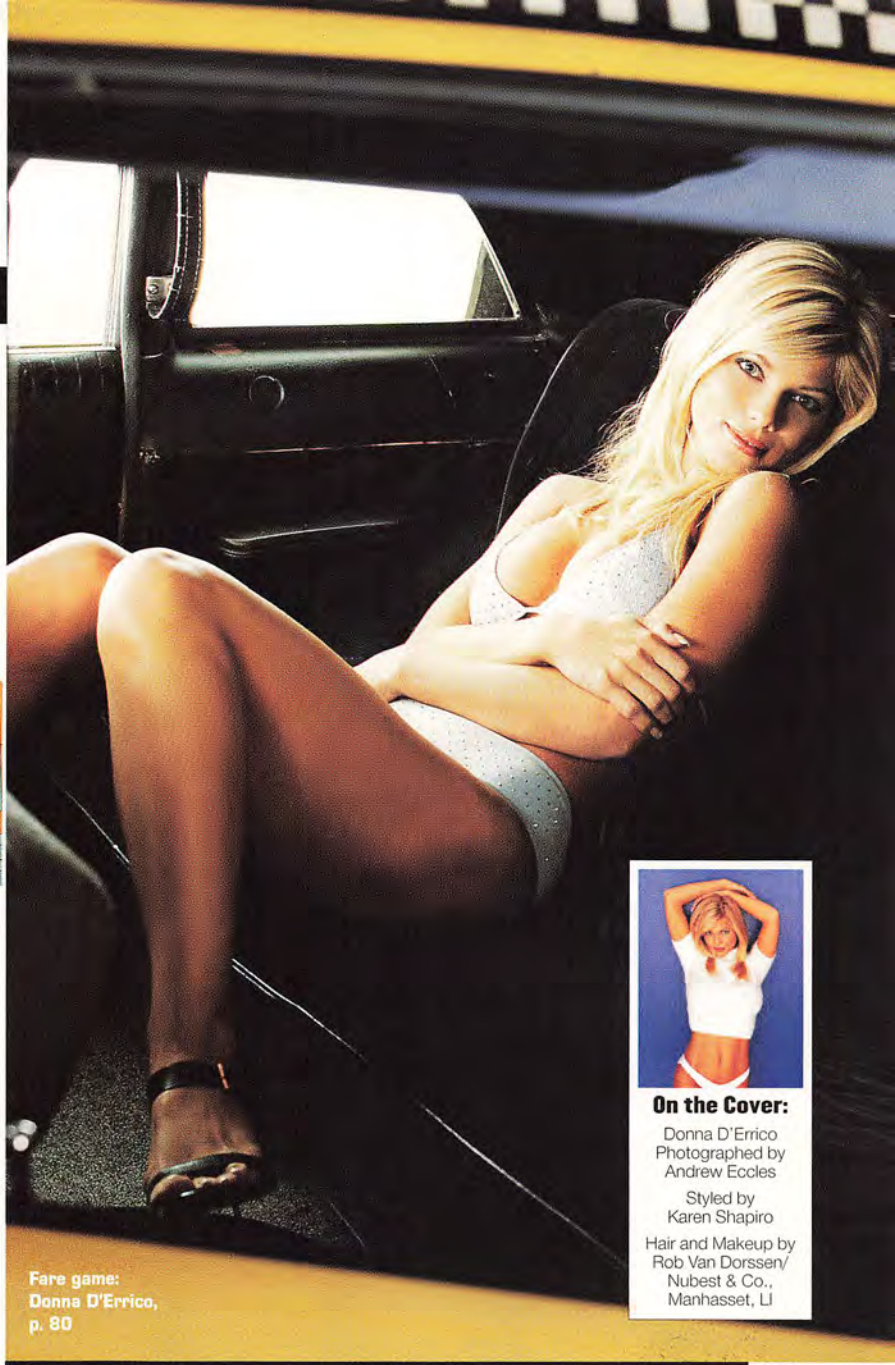
They stretch, they breathe, and, most important, they don't need ironing. Check out these ultimately comfortable shirts that take the starch out of style.



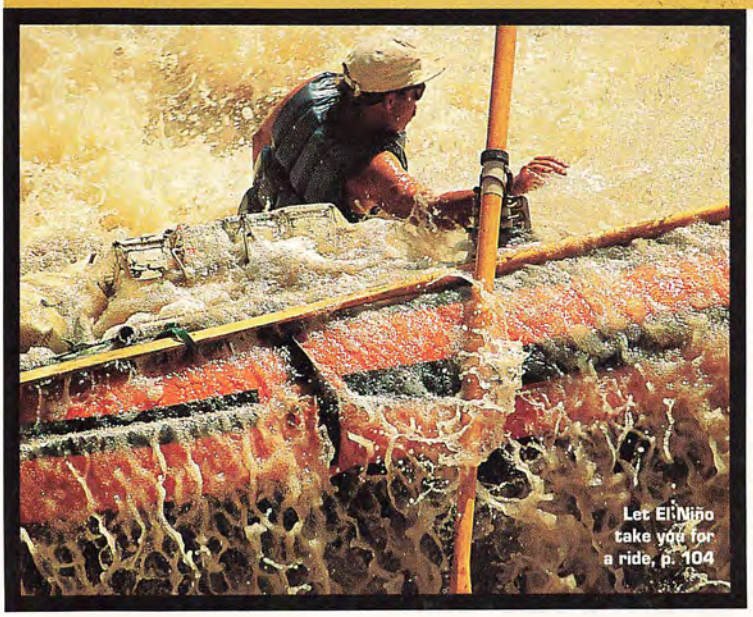
Fare game: Donna D'Errico, p. 80

On the Cover:

Donna D'Errico
Photographed by Andrew Eccles

Styled by Karen Shapiro

Hair and Makeup by Rob Van Dorssen/ Nubest & Co., Manhasset, LI



Let El Niño take you for a ride, p. 104

Flanders: 20th Cen./Shooting Star; rafting: Jeff Behan; stopwatch: Eric Axene

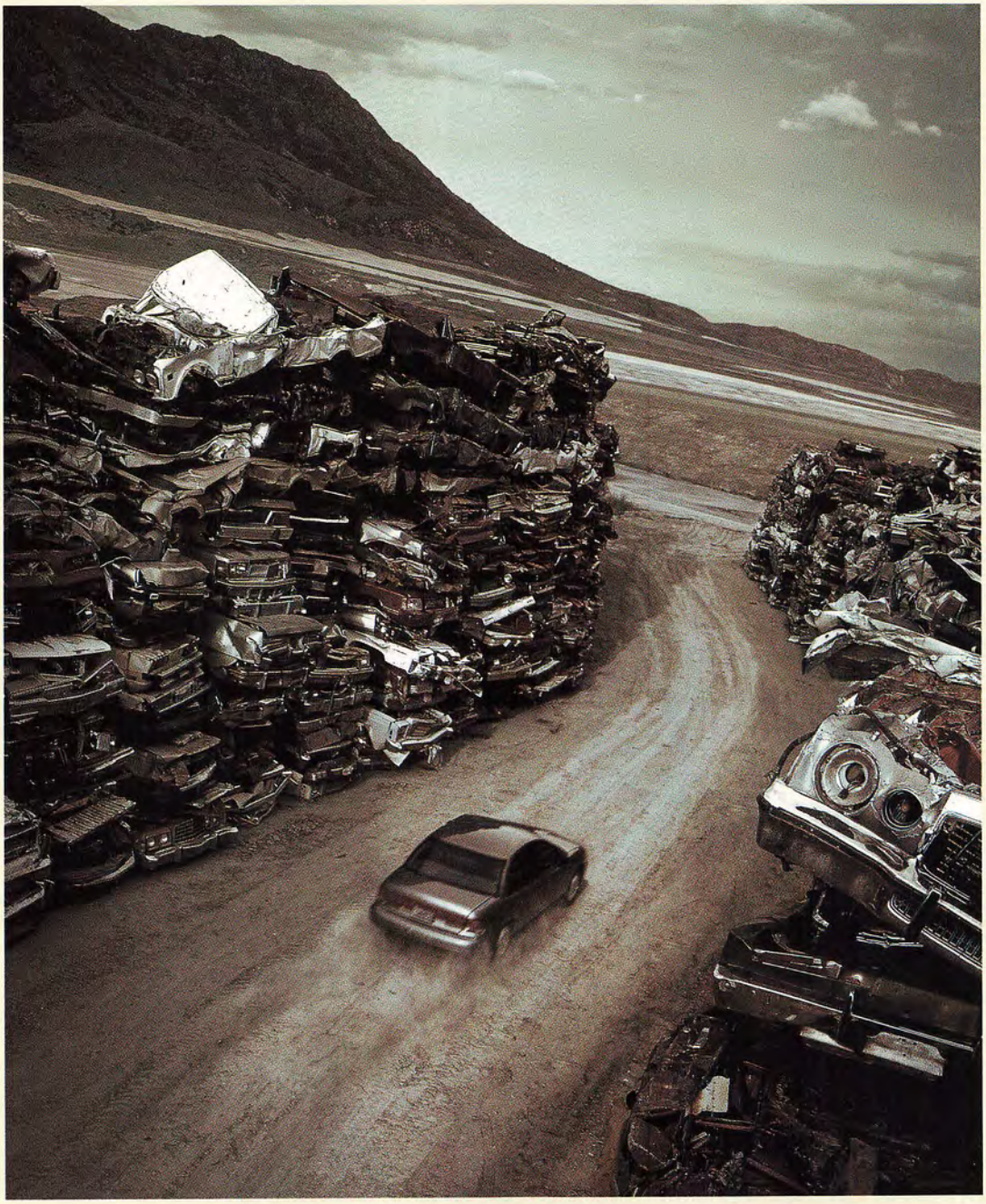
Of the many qualities attributable to the American auto industry, initiative, it would appear, would not be among the first to leap to mind.

Up until a few years ago, in fact, things had—to put it mildly—slipped into a bit of a lull. Mired in outdated ways of doing business and some pretty stiff competition from smaller, more economical imports, the outlook was, well, not so hot.

That's when it occurred to us: The auto industry wasn't about to change until someone got off their butt and changed it.

So we did. Starting from scratch, we got up and built the first new car company in this country in 50 years. We rethought the technology, the design, even how we work together. The result has been a way of building cars no one ever dreamed possible. Where every person who touches a Saturn genuinely cares about doing it right.

Of course, we're now faced with the challenge of living up to that standard. But for some reason, we don't think we'll have much trouble finding the initiative to do it.



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SATURN.

You've seen her before—we tell you where p. 32

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52 GET HER TO SEXPERIMENT
Six women reveal how they gave up the same old sex for something wicked, wet, wild...or a combination of all three.

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60 FAST CASH FOR DESPERATE TIMES
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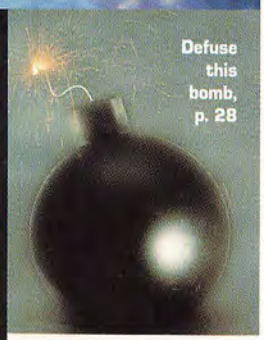

Defuse this bomb, p. 28

A. Landry: Jerry Avenaim/Winston West; Stylist: Katja Cahill; Groomer: Brigette/Profile; pig: Image Bank; Sea-Doo: courtesy of Yamaha; bomb: Michael Shay/FPG; beer: Mary Ellen Bartley

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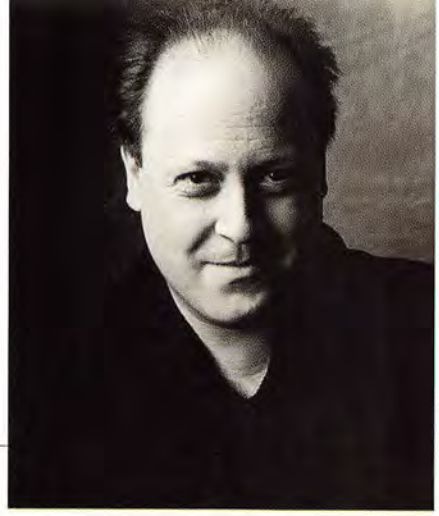

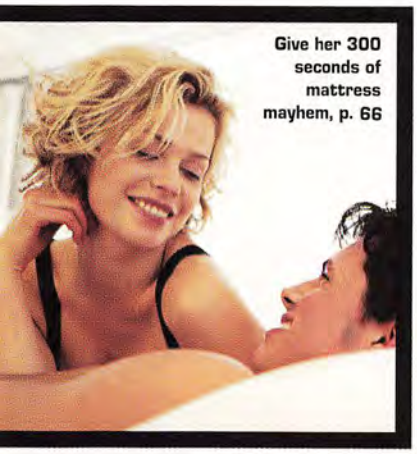

New Editor Gets Giddy Over Reader Mail

Greetings, fellow *Maxim*-ites. My name is Mark, and I'll be your new bartender-in-chief. For my first official act, I'd like to tap a keg in honor of Keith Blanchard, who has done an excellent job of helming the last two issues and who will continue to lend his particularly twisted expertise to the magazine as deputy editor. Along with our brand-new editrix, Catherine Romano, we'll be spending plenty of time figuring out how to give you everything you've ever asked for…as well as a few things you've been too embarrassed to demand but wouldn't mind seeing.

But I do have one request that goes out to the prison population of North America: Stop sending your love letters here. Clare McHugh, the leggy founding editor-in-chief of *Maxim*, has long since moved on to helm *New Woman* magazine, and as a result, your poetic pledges of undying affection are landing on *my* desk. And if there's one thing anyone can tell by looking at me, it's this: I could never love a criminal who's sloppy with a chain saw. Power tool-wielding women, on the other hand, I'm willing to cut far more slack.

There is one kind of letter I would like to see, however: the kind where you tell me about the depraved, heroic, or just barely legal adventures you've had lately. So if you've done something that is sure to either impress or repulse your fellow *Maxim* reader…let me know about it. I'll make you famous. Mail your tales to: *Maxim*, "O.K., Make Me Famous," 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018.

Enjoy the issue.

Mark Golin

MARK GOLIN
Editor-in-Chief

M. Golin: Andrew Eccles; Groomer: Nancy Sprague/Mark Edwards; Couple: Andrew Parsons/Utopia; stylist: Yessina Alfaro; groomer: Richard Cooley/Utopia; clothes: on him: GAP white cotton sheets; on her: courtesy of La Petite Coquette Boutique; goggles: Michael Mazzeo; gambling: Mark Peterson/SABA

JOHNNY DEPP
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A TERRY GILLIAM FILM
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DIRECTED BY TERRY GILLIAM
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www.fear-and-loathing.com

The KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship... 25 Years of Racing

In its 25th year of competition in North America, the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship has become the world's richest development series and foremost stepping stone to international motorsports success. Carrying a combined posted purse and bonuses exceeding $1.7 million, Atlantic racing has set a new standard for aspiring open-wheel drivers and team owners around the world.

The KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship is the world's most successful venue for preparing racing's future champions to take their place in the highest echelons of motorsport. Today's Atlantic competitors look to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors including CART champions Michael Andretti, Bobby Rahal, Danny Sullivan, Jimmy Vasser, and Formula One World Champion Jacques Villeneuve.

"The 1995 and 1996 PPG Cup champions, Jacques Villeneuve and Jimmy Vasser, are perfect examples of what type of training ground the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship can be for young drivers," said Les Unger, Toyota national motorsports manager. "We believe that it won't be long before recent Atlantic champs Patrick Carpentier and Alex Barron reach a similar level in the CART Series. Toyota remains committed to enhancing the future of a new generation of race drivers."

In its 10th year as overall sponsor, Toyota, via Toyota Racing Development (TRD), continues to provide the "spec" engine for the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship. Race-modified, 4-cylinder, 1.6-liter, 16-valve twin-cam engines developing 250 horsepower are used by all competitors.

Speeds in excess of 165 mph have propelled the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship into the limelight of world class motorsports and has attracted many of today's promising young drivers.

With the introduction of the state-of-the-art "Swift" chassis and a new Yokohama tire package which competitors debuted at the Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach, the KOOL/Toyota Atlantic Championship is poised to keep its place as the world's premier open-wheel development series.

A busy calendar dots the Atlantic racing agenda. If you can't be there, see all the action on ESPN2 - just check your local listings.

You've got to love it like a boy and drive it like a man.

A passion for speed. The seeds were sown at age four, when he first skied the Italian Alps. They flourished at eight, when his father gave him a Ferrari go-cart. Throughout his career, his quest for speed has garnered him the respect of the racing world. Now he's matched his determination with our own in a quest for the podium. For his daring and flamboyance, he's been christened "Mad" Max Papis. But at home he will always be known as little Massimiliano. The boy who loved the feel of speed.

TOYOTA RACING DEVELOPMENT

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TOYOTA | Everyday

Catch us if you can.

March 15, ABC 1:30 p.m. EST
Marlboro Grand Prix of Miami
Presented by Toyota

March 28, ABC 2:00 p.m. EST
Budweiser 500 - Motegi, Japan

April 5, ESPN 4:00 p.m. EDT
Toyota Grand Prix of Long Beach

April 26, ESPN 12:30 p.m. EDT
Bosch Spark Plug Grand Prix Presented by
Toyota - Nazareth, PA

May 10, ABC 3:30 p.m. EDT
Rio 400 - Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

May 23, ABC 1:00 p.m. EDT
Motorola 300 - Madison, IL

May 31, ESPN 1:30 p.m. EDT
Miller Lite 200 - West Allis, WI

June 7, ABC 2:30 p.m. EDT
ITT Automotive Detroit Grand Prix

June 21, ESPN 5:00 p.m. EDT
Budweiser/G.I. Joe's 200 Presented by
Texaco/Havoline - Portland, OR

July 12, ABC 12:30 p.m. EDT
Medic Drug Grand Prix of Cleveland

July 19, ABC 3:00 p.m. EDT
Molson Indy Toronto

July 26, ABC 1:00 p.m. EDT
U.S. 500 Presented by Toyota
Brooklyn, MI

August 9, ABC 4:00 p.m. EDT
Miller Lite 200 - Lexington, OH

August 16, ESPN 3:30 p.m. EDT
Texaco/Havoline 200 - Elkhart Lake, WI

September 6, ESPN 5:00 p.m. EDT
Molson Indy Vancouver

September 13, ESPN 3:00 p.m. EDT
Grand Prix of Monterey Featuring
the Texaco/Havoline 300

October 4, ABC 4:00 p.m. EDT
Texaco Grand Prix of Houston

October 18, ESPN 8:00 p.m. EDT
IndyCarnival - Gold Coast,
Queensland, Australia

November 1, ESPN 8:00 p.m. EST
Marlboro 500 Presented by Toyota
Fontana, CA

(Broadcasts subject to change)

TOYOTA | Everyday

MAXIM

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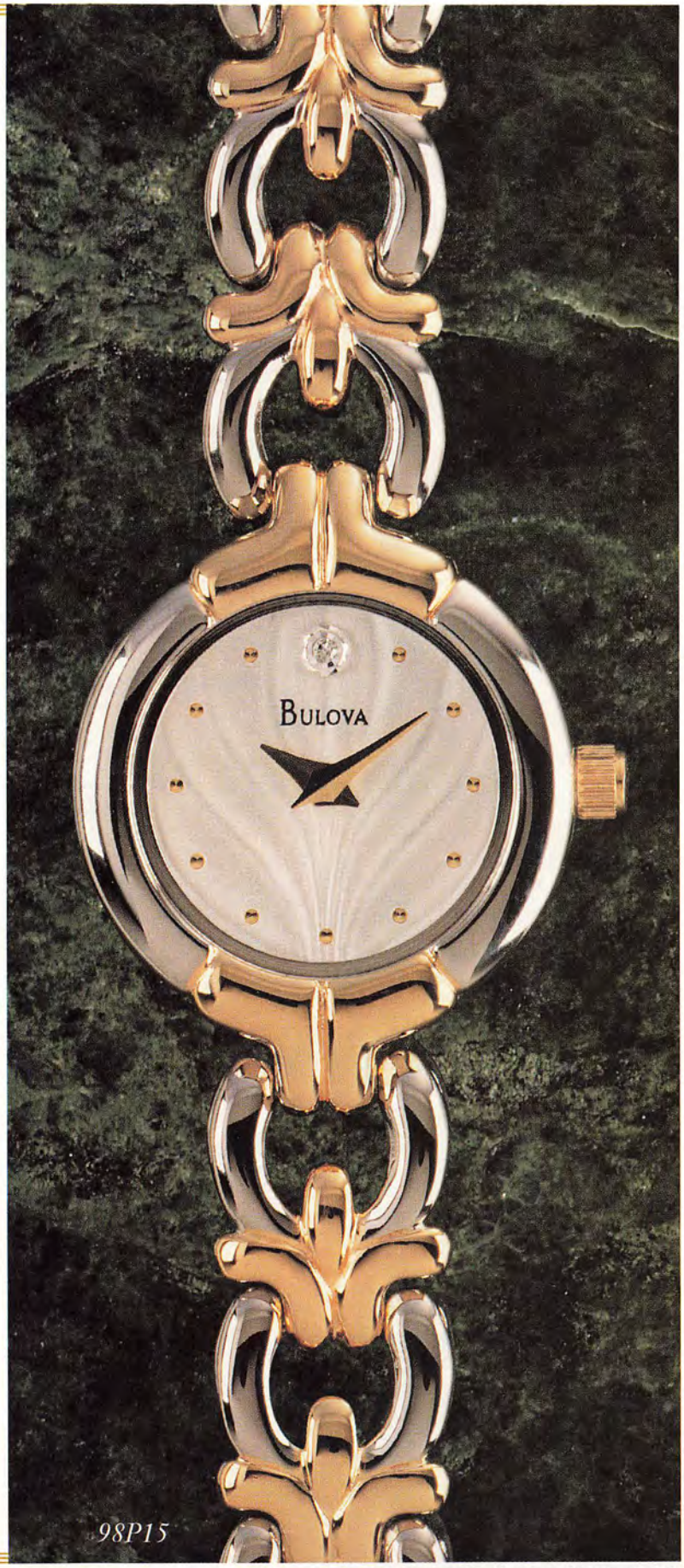

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Rants and Ravers

Me Want Milano

PAUL YOUNG wrote that godforsaken interview with Alyssa Milano (March), and for a brief instant, I actually believed that *I* was the guy that she's been looking for. Within the span of 10 minutes, that careless bastard took me from being a proud member of the don't-annoy-the-starlets club to the slobbering I've-got-to-find-a-way-to-get-in-touch-with-her fan group. What was he thinking? Did he actually want me to believe that I had an honest chance with that astounding young maiden? Because if he did, it worked. And I hate him for it.

Wes Wilson
Huntsville, AL

MY SON PAUL, 26, just broke up with his girl. Anyway, I know she never will, but could you get Alyssa Milano to write him? You never know, they may even go out. He would love to meet her.

Rocco Diphilippo
Windham, ME

What a coincidence. Some other guy already wrote in for his son, also named Paul…and 26 years old. He just had his first date with Ms. Milano. Better luck next time.

Damn Dirty Apes!

I OBJECT TO one movie excluded from your "100 Greatest Guy Films" list (March). Why isn't *Raiders of the Lost Ark* on there? Indiana Jones is the man! From outrunning boulders to Smith & Wesson-ing a sword-wielding assassin, Indiana Jones kicks ass! Plus he gets the babe! How the hell does *Raiders* get beat out by some lame-ass freak show like *Planet of the Apes*? That hurts, man.

Geoff Wheelan
Helendale, CA

We refer you to the genius (below) who wrote the article.

Technical Foul

I THINK THAT THE EXPERTS selected for your "Who's the Greatest NBA Team of All Time" (Jan/Feb), Reggie Theus, Spike Lee, James Worthy, and Tom Heinsohn, are bogus. Three of the "experts" were not old enough to see the teams in the '60s. For them to comment on the abilities of these teams to beat teams of the '70s, '80s, or '90s is ridiculous.

Dunton Black
Brooklyn, NY

Fan Mail

YOUR MAGAZINE pisses me off, as does my boyfriend. Go figure.

Jenn Ohaus
(via E-mail)

Disastrous Oversight

I HATE TO GET PICKY about such a serious matter as disasters, but I feel your magazine was remiss in leaving the Halifax Explosion out of your March '98 article, "Death Toll 2000."

The incident occurred during WWI when two supply ships loaded with munitions collided in Halifax Harbour. The ensuing explosion literally flattened the city of Halifax, killing 1,963 people. Another 9,000 people were injured, and 25,000 people were left homeless. To worsen the devastation, a blizzard hit the city the day after the explosion. Up until the atom bomb, it was the largest man-made explosion in the world.

The disaster isn't something to be proud of, but it is worthy of your article.

David Kokocki
Bridgewater, Nova Scotia

Rhodes Warrior

IN YOUR MARCH ISSUE there was a mistake that needs to be addressed. Under the Head-to-Head column, you did a lighthearted profile pitting the achievements of two of the most powerful men in the world, Bill Clinton and Bill Gates. You indicated that Clinton is a Rhodes scholar, which he is not!

I am appalled at the lack of investigative reporting by the media on Mr. Clinton and was hoping that your magazine would buck the protective treatment of him. You would do more for the good of your readers if you provided more investigative insight into this current occupant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Chad Baxter
Toms River, NJ

Sorry, Chad, but Clinton did indeed win a Rhodes scholarship, in 1968…as many now-50-year-old British matrons will attest.

Letter of the month

I'M A 24-YEAR-OLD, single, white female who recently came upon your magazine when a previous tenant failed to change the address of his subscription. Lucky me! That was not sarcastic. I'm no feminist. I have to say I enjoyed your magazine's honesty, candidness, and its semi-understanding of women. I laughed at your "Wild Night Out" in Manhattan (March). The Alyssa article was in good taste. I was intrigued by the article on how to deal with our moods. You guys are funny and accurate. The majority of women are high-maintenance pieces of work that need constant care, repair, dyed hair, a fake pair, and a guy to scare. I'm not one of them. Mine are real!

So keep it up, guys! Men need help on how to deal with us. We are different animals with different needs. We want our needs met but don't want to meet yours. We want dinner, dancing, rose petals on the bed, but we wouldn't dare have a quickie before we go off to work. Once again, I am the exception.

I hope that you'll take a trip to San Diego soon. I'll meet you. I'm good-looking and actually have a brain. Love,

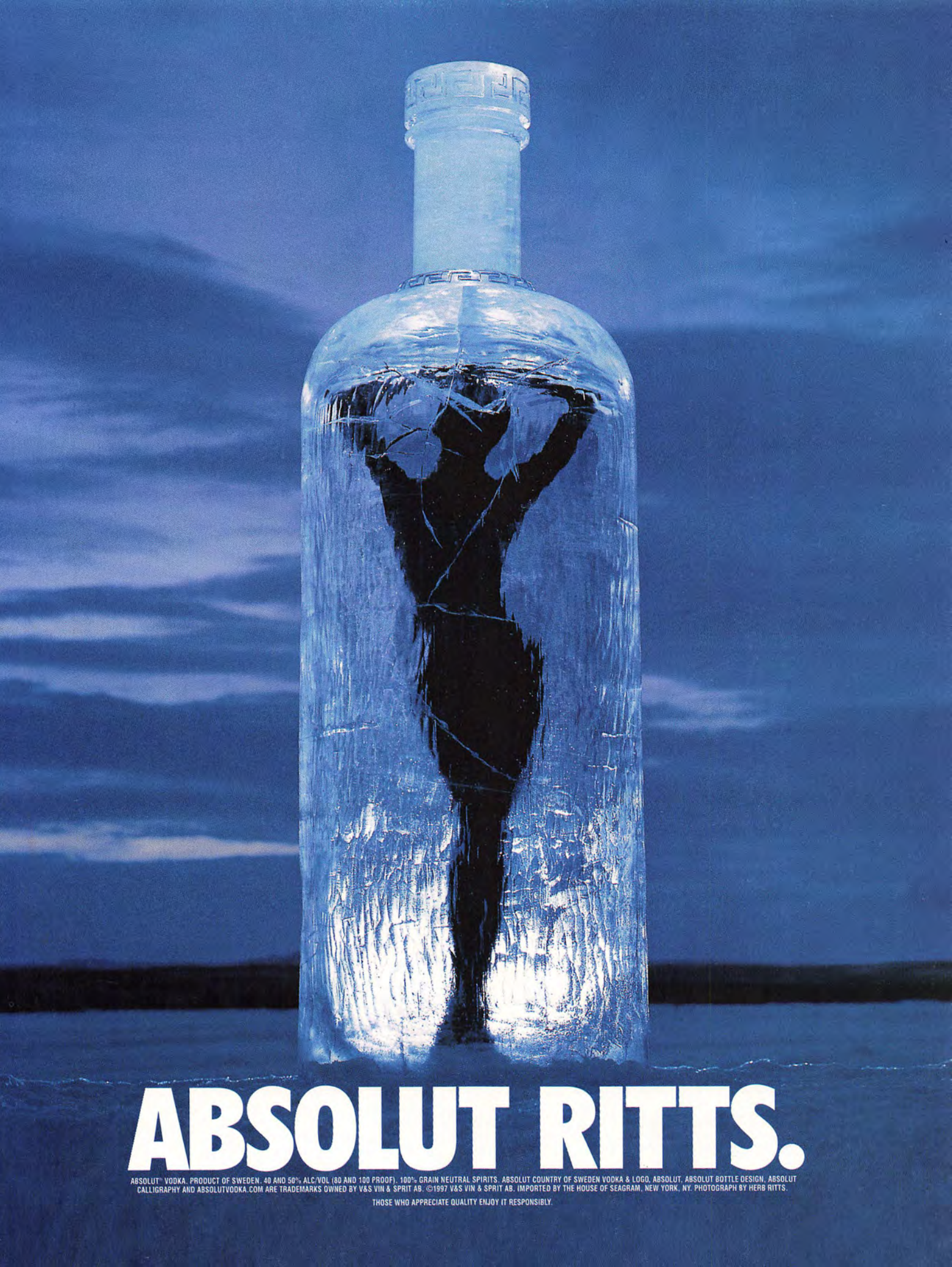
Jessica W.
Ocean Beach, CA

After reading your letter and seeing your enclosed picture, half our male staff broke up with their wives/girlfriends and hijacked a westbound greyhound, but it was too small, so we took a bus.

Who's Sooo Ho-awny?

I AM CURRENTLY HAVING A DEBATE with my girlfriend over some of the articles and portrayals of women in your magazine. She was quick to criticize *Maxim* and guys' constant attention to sex. The two of us got into a heated conversation about male and female perspectives. I expressed how I thought the main difference between ▷

Photograph: Michael Nichols/National Geographic Image; page 22 Seinfeld photograph: Photofest



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

males and females is not that males are pigs or perverts, but that we have the strength to stand up and admit to what's going on in our heads. Do you have any surveys or articles that would demonstrate that women think about sex just as much as men?

Eric G. Gamble
Arlington, TX

We don't have any such data at the moment, but we could certainly make some up.

Four-Letter Phobia

I'VE JUST COMPLETED reading my first issue of *Maxim*. I found every article from cover to cover very informative! However, I won't be renewing my subscription because of the numerous times you saw fit to use abusive language! I hear the four-letter word used in the workplace, in most movies I rent, and even from teenagers on street corners, so I don't need to read it in magazines I enjoy. Think of it this way: How many subscribers would you lose if you didn't print this trash? On the other hand, you know you'll lose at least one if you do print it.

Larry Isenberg
Tyrone, PA

OK. We promise never to use the word lamp *ever again.*

Bagging It

YOUR MAGAZINE IS PROBABLY the best I have ever read. I have only one question: When you send the magazine to my house, isn't supposed to be in a plastic bag? The issues I receive look like they have been read by the whole post office. What's the deal? Do I have to have a little conversation with my mailman or do I have a big rodent in my house?

Nick Galante
Rochester NY

Our office has received several of these letters and we apologize. The cheapskates in accounting are debating a return of the plastic bags. So keep you fingers crossed.

She Shoots, She Scores

HERE'S AN INTERESTING BIT of trivia. In your "100 Greatest Guy Films," at least one of those movies was written by a woman—none other than the No. 1 movie, *Slap Shot*, was penned by Nancy Dowd. Maybe they really do understand us.

Patrick Robbins
N. Whitefield, ME

You Talking To Us?

I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE a comment on your responses to letters in Mail Call. I remember a time when *Maxim*'s responses were mean, rough, and sometimes even ugly, but above all hilarious. In the recent issue I noticed that your responses have become tame. It seems like you now care about selling your magazine and not losing any subscribers. Please spice up your responses with more meanspirited answers or I will be forced to skip that section.

Jay Nargiz
Tallahassee, FL

Jay's mother's phone number is 951-632-2378. Phone sex anyone?

Maxim Contest

Come to the mother of all *Seinfeld* Parties!

After a nine-season run, *Seinfeld,* the hottest TV phenomenon since *Cheers*, is signing off for good. We at *Maxim* decided to send Jerry, George, Elaine, and Kramer off with a bang, so on May 14, 1998, the night of the last episode, we're throwing the *Seinfeld* party to end all *Seinfeld* parties. And where better to have it than at Tom's Diner ("Monk's" on the show) in New York, where Jerry and the gang did so much of their cogitatin'?

It'll be an ultra-ritzy, celebrity-studded gala affair, and we've decided to invite a *Maxim* reader in on the fun. Just fill out this form and send it back to us at: Where The Hell's My Invite?, c/o *Maxim* Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, N.Y. 10018. One winner and a guest will be flown to the Big Apple, put up in a not-too-seedy hotel, and showered with food, booze, and leggy models throughout our gala affair. You'll also receive a pair of Ray·Ban® HighStreet™ sunglasses (valued at $140) so you can check out all those leggy models without being obvious about it—maybe you'll even be mistaken for a star and get lucky.

Name:

Age:

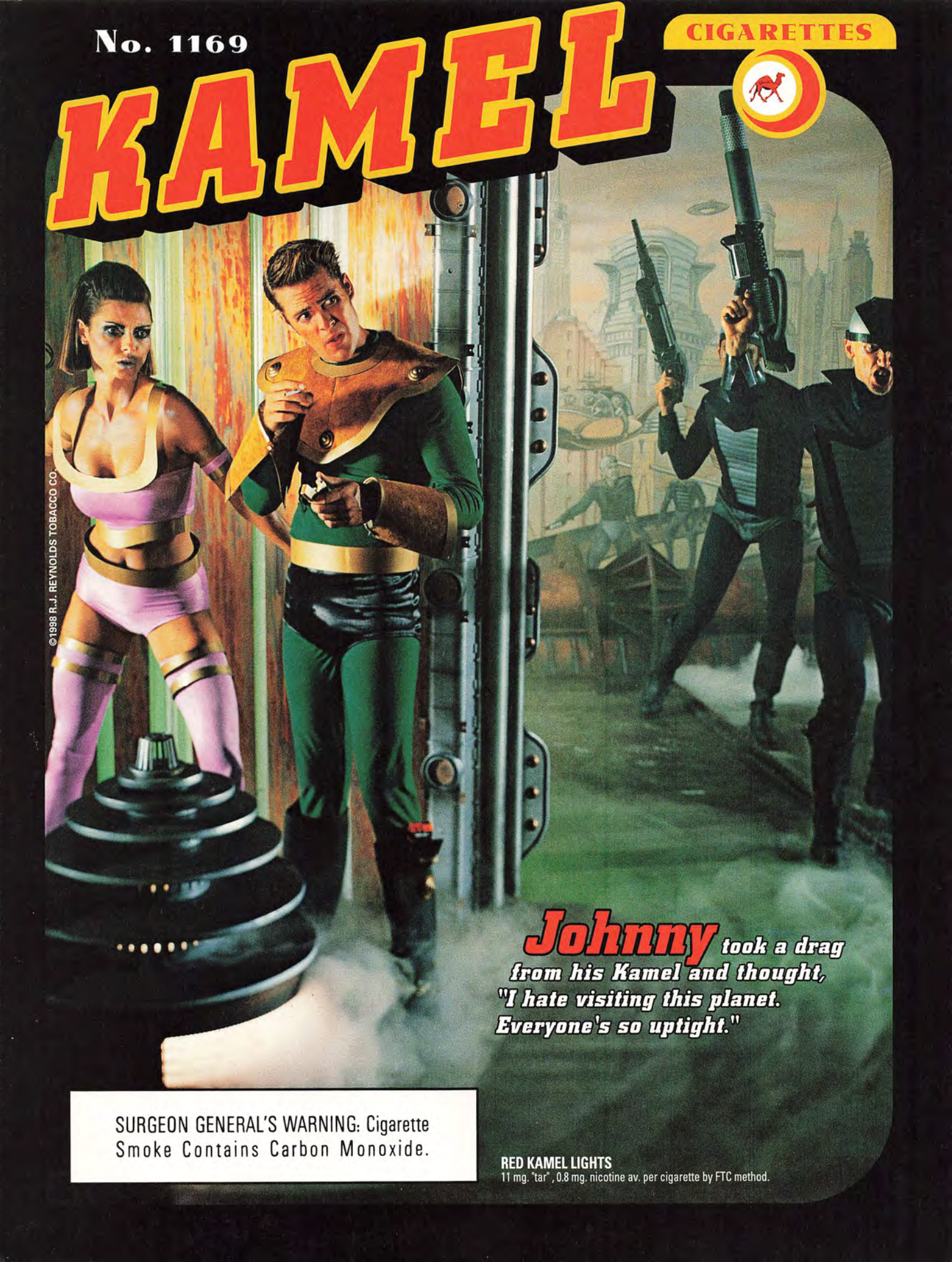
Address:

Daytime Phone #:

Entries must be postmarked by May 3, 1998.
No purchase required. No faxes please.

THE MAXIM SEINFELD CONTEST OFFICIAL RULES - NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

HOW TO ENTER: To enter, simply fill in this ballot entry form and mail it to Where the Hell's My Invite?, c/o Maxim Magazine, 1040 6th Avenue, New York, NY, 10018. You may also enter by printing your name, address and zip code and the words, "MAXIM Seinfeld" on a 3" x 5" piece of paper and mailing your entry to: Where the Hell's My Invite?, c/o Maxim Magazine, 1040 6th Avenue, New York, NY 10018. You may submit as many entries as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 3, 1998. MAXIM Magazine is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, or late entries. **WINNER SELECTION:** Winner will be selected by an independent judging organization. Odds of winning are determined by the number of eligible entries received. **ELIGIBILITY:** Open to residents of the United States and Canada, 18 years of age or older. Employees and their families of MAXIM Magazine and NBC, their respective parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates, and their advertising and production agencies, are not eligible to participate. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations of the United States and Canada apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. **PRIZES/VALUES:** Prize consists of airfare accommodations, entertainment and sunglasses. Maximum value of prize to be awarded is less than $4,900.00. Unclaimed prize will not be awarded. **NOTIFICATION/TERMS:** Winner will be notified by mail and phone. Winner will be required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and release within 48 hours of date of notification or alternative winner will be selected. Except where prohibited, winner agrees to allow Maxim to use his/her name and likeness for publicity without additional compensation. Winner releases MAXIM Magazine from all liability regarding the prize awarded. All federal, state, and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. **WINNER LIST:** For the name of the prize winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Who the Hell Won?, c/o Maxim Magazine, 1040 6th Avenue, New York, NY, 10018, by June 10, 1998. (Vermont and Washington residents and any other states where proscribed by law may omit stamp). NOTICE: Neither Ray-Ban® nor this contest is sponsored by or affiliated in any way with the Seinfeld television program, its producer or participants or NBC.


No. 1169
KAMEL
CIGARETTES
©1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Johnny took a drag from his Kamel and thought, "I hate visiting this planet. Everyone's so uptight."
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
RED KAMEL LIGHTS
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Die Laughing

Penance Payoff

Tommy O'Connor goes to confession and says, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

"What have you done, Tommy O'Connor?"

"I had sex with a girl."

"Who was it, Tommy?"

"I cannot tell you, Father. Please forgive me for my sin."

"Was it Mary Margaret Sullivan?"

"No, Father. Please forgive me for my sin, but I really cannot tell you who it was."

"Was it Catherine Mary McKenzie?"

"No, Father. Please forgive me."

"Well, then, it has to be Sarah Martha O'Keefe."

"No, Father. Please forgive me."

A minute later, Tommy walks out to the pews, where his friend Joseph is waiting.

"What did ya get?" asks Joseph.

"Five Hail Marys, four Our Fathers, and three good leads."

Union dues

A union boss at a convention in Las Vegas decides to visit a local brothel. He asks the madam, "Is this a union house?"

"No, I'm sorry, it isn't," she says.

"Well, if I pay $100, what do the girls get?" he asks.

"The house gets $80 and the girl gets $20."

Mightily offended by such unfair dealings, the man stomps off in search of a more equitable shop.

Finally, he reaches a brothel where the madam says, "Why yes, this *is* a union house."

"And if I pay $100, what do the girls get?" he asks.

"The girls get $80 and the house gets $20."

"That's more like it!" the man says. He looks around the room and points to a gorgeous young redhead. "I'd like her for the night."

"I'm sure you would, sir, but..." says the madam, gesturing at a 70-year-old woman in the corner, "Ethel here has seniority."

Abstain remover

Three couples—one elderly, one middle-aged, one young and newly wed—apply for membership in a church. The pastor informs them that the requirement for new parishioners is that they abstain from sex for two weeks. The couples agree and go their separate ways.

After two weeks, they return. The pastor asks the elderly pair if they were able to abstain for two weeks. "No problem at all, Pastor," replies the old man.

"Congratulations!" says the pastor. "Welcome to the church." He turns to the middle-aged couple and asks if *they* were able to abstain for two weeks. "It was difficult," replies the husband. "By the end of the second week, I had to sleep on the couch, but we did it."

"Congratulations on overcoming temptation," says the pastor. "Welcome to the church." He then turns to the newlyweds and asks if *they* were able to abstain for two weeks.

"At first it was no problem," says the husband. "But one day my wife was reaching for a can of corn on the top shelf, and she dropped it. When she bent over to pick it up, I was overcome with lust and took advantage of her right there."

"You understand, of course, that this means you will not be welcome in our church," says the pastor.

"We know," says the young man. "We're not welcome at the supermarket anymore either."

Rough competition

A man walks into a bar and orders a triple scotch. As the bartender pours the drink, he remarks, "That's quite a heavy drink. What's wrong?"

After quickly downing his drink, the man replies, "I found my wife in bed with my best friend."

"Wow," says the barkeep. "What'd you do?"

"I walked over to my wife," the man replies, "looked her straight in the eye, and told her to pack her stuff and get the hell out."

"That makes sense," says the bartender. "And what about your best friend?"

"I walked over, looked him right in the eye, and yelled, 'Bad dog!'" M

Joke of the month

Wishful thinking

A young couple is golfing one day on a very exclusive course lined with million-dollar houses. On the third tee, the wife slices her shot right through the large front window of the biggest house along the course. They walk up, knock on the door, and hear a voice say, "Come on in." Opening the door, they see glass everywhere and a broken bottle lying on the floor.

A man on the couch says, "Are you the people who broke my window?" The husband begins to apologize, but the man cuts him off. "Actually, I want to thank you—I'm a genie who was trapped in that bottle, and your wayward shot released me. I'm allowed to grant three wishes, so what I'd like to do is give each of you one wish, and I'll keep the last one for myself."

"Fantastic!" says the husband. "I want a million dollars a year for the rest of my life."

"No problem," says the genie, "it's the least I could do. And you, ma'am, what do you want?"

"I want a house in every country in the world," says the wife.

"Consider it done," the genie replies, turning back to the man. "And now for my wish. Because I've been trapped in that bottle, I haven't had sex in a really long time. My wish is to sleep with your wife."

The husband takes a long look at his wife and says, "Well, we did get a lot of money and all those houses. If you don't mind, honey, I don't either." The wife agrees, and the genie takes her upstairs, where he ravishes her for three hours.

After he's through, the genie rolls over, looks at the wife, and asks, "How old is your husband, anyway?"

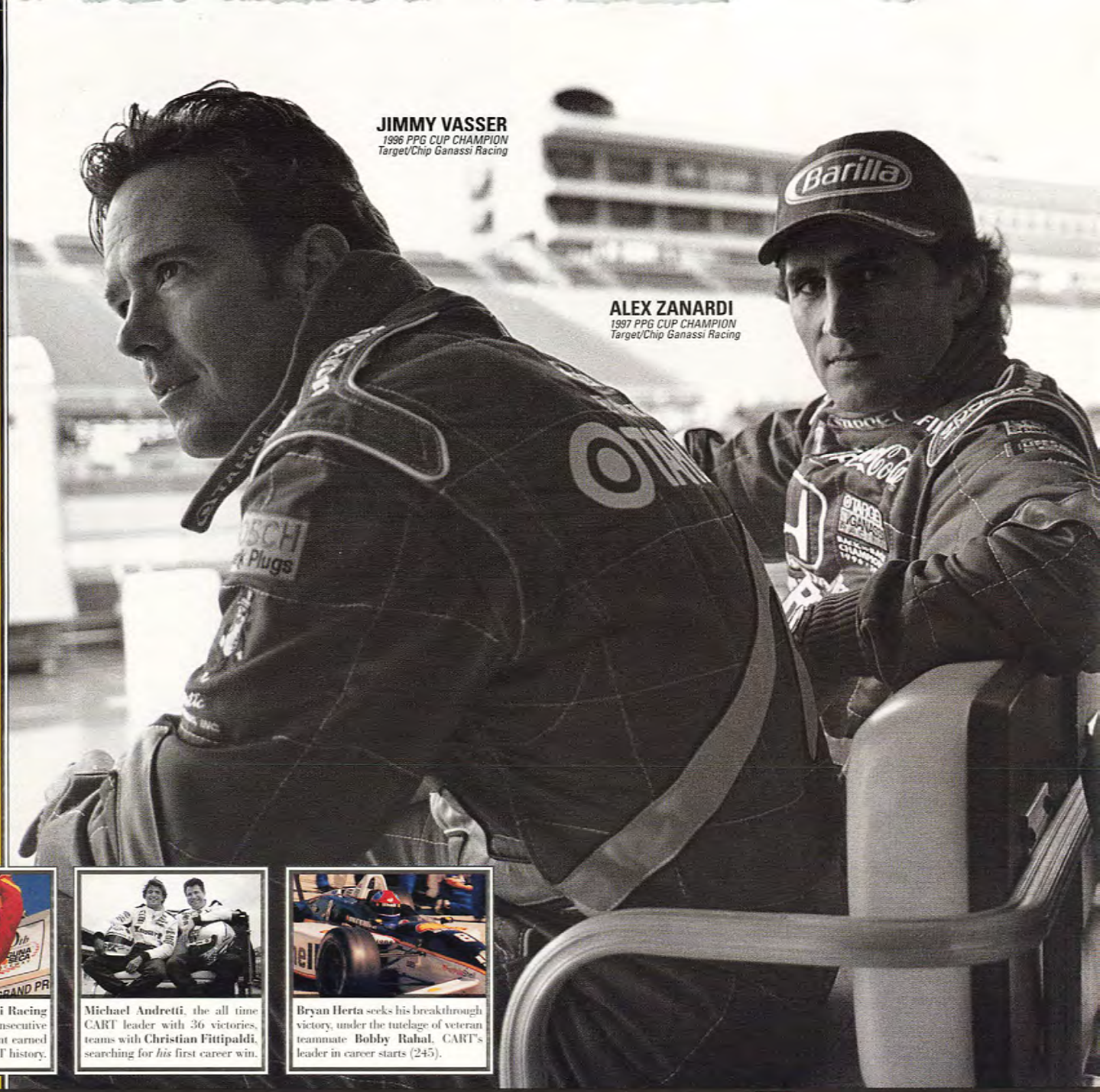
"Thirty-five," she replies.

"And he still believes in genies?"

We'll send $150 to the reader who sends us the next joke of the month. Write us at Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at editors@maximmag.com.

Illustration by Rian Hughes

WHEN THE TWO OF US RUN TOGETHER NO ONE CAN TOUCH US



CART FedEx CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES™

www.cart.com

Jimmy Vasser and **Alex Zanardi**, together, have a combined record of 13 victories and 14 poles for the last two seasons.

In 1998, **Target/Chip Ganassi Racing** attempts to capture a third consecutive **championship**, an achievement earned by only one other team in CART history.

Michael Andretti, the all time CART leader with 36 victories, teams with **Christian Fittipaldi**, searching for *his* first career win.

Bryan Herta seeks his breakthrough victory, under the tutelage of veteran teammate **Bobby Rahal**. CART's leader in career starts (245).

WATCH THE MOTOROLA 300 SATURDAY, MAY 23 1:00 PM ET, 12:00 PM CT ON abc SPORTS ***FEEL THE SPEED***

Way Out There

A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

FOREIGN INGENUITY

BANZAI BEACH

Rising Sun be damned! The Japanese have taken the beach indoors, and they're never coming out again.

Welcome to the world's largest indoor water park, Ocean Dome at the Seagaia convention center on the island of Kyushu. Housing 600 tons of white-marble sand, 15,826 tons of water (kept at a tepid 82.4F°), and enough sushi to satisfy 10,000 people at a time, it's the best synthetic entertainment east of EuroDisney—with the largest retractable roof in the world (193,680 sq. ft.) and a man-made volcano that rumbles every 15 minutes and erupts every hour. (http://www.seagaia.co.jp)

"Close that roof, man! Godzilla will see us!"

"And I have supersensitive fingers..."

LIAR, LIAR #1

Bombs away...babes ahoy!

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your *real* job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month, you are: **a Bomb Squad Commander.***

Your Job: Like all men in blue, you protect and serve. But as a bomb specialist, you play with fire. You investigate one or two bomb threats a day (more when there's been a highly publicized blast or a violent turn of world events). You do whatever it takes to neutralize or safely detonate explosive devices. And you hunt down blast-happy psychos before they can destroy lives or property.

Your Training: Before the bomb squad accepted you into its death-defying brotherhood, you held any or all of the following positions: You were a demolition engineer in the marines, with particularly haunting memories of 'Nam/Beirut/Baghdad; you were an inner-city firefighter who saved a girl and her dolly from a raging inferno; you were a beat cop with a taste for revenge; you were a homicide detective until it got personal. And then the elite squad called, and you cloistered yourself for five weeks at a top-notch bomb school: say, the FBI's Hazardous Devices School at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama.

Your Gear: You use a portable x-ray to investigate the contents of mysterious packages. A 75-pound PS-820 bomb suit with 14 layers of Kevlar and a ballistic face shield protects you from non-nuclear explosions. A Neutrex water cannon with an infrared sight fires a blast of water at ultrahigh speed to shatter suspected bombs from a safe distance.Or if there's room, you can keep your own limbs out of danger by calling in the Remotec Hare II, an 8-wheeled, remote-control robot that x-rays packages, carries and fires the Neutrex, and manipulates bombs so you don't have to. A steel drum, 1½-inches thick, called a Nabco Total Containment Vessel (TCV), can contain the blast of 10 pounds of C4 plastic explosive. A pair of highly trained bomb-sniffing dogs—call 'em Taz and Tanya—help you out, in day and night shifts.

Your Lingo:

Go up on a device—Approach a suspected bomb on your own two feet, instead of by robot or with a canine proxy

Hand-enter—Open a device by hand, a last resort when there's not enough time or space around a suspected bomb to use the robot, the TCV, or the Neutrex

Stop the chain—Disarm a bomb by disrupting the link between its explosive components

Looks good—A package appears, in an x-ray, to contain wires, batteries, explosives, switches, and other bomb parts.

Code 100—The broadcast designation for a citywide emergency involving an explosive device likely to blow up.

Conversation in a Can:

If she asks: "Are you worried about death?"
You answer: "Why worry? I'll never know what hit me."
If she asks: "Do you respond to every silly threat that comes in?"
You answer: "We rank the threats from one to five, with Level One threats posing the greatest danger and requiring the most attention. But we take every call very seriously."
If she asks: "What do you do when you're messing with a bomb and you suddenly realize it's going to explode?"
You answer: "Above all, you try to remain calm. But then you just turn tail and run as fast as you can. You'd be amazed at how fast you can move in a 75-pound suit."

*Special thanks to Sgt. Paul McLaughlin, commander of the Boston Police Department's Explosive Ordnance Unit.

ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"Yesterday, someone found a double pipe bomb in a house and called us. At first, it seemed like a run-of-the-mill call. But the bomb was tucked into a closet. There wasn't enough room in the area for the robot to operate, so we knew someone would have to go up on the device and either perform a hand-enter or haul in the Neutrex. And wouldn't you know it, it was my turn in the rotation. Worse still, the bomb had an antenna, which meant that someone could have been watching from a distance, waiting to detonate it by remote. I was concerned. I knew that my vital organs would be scattered all over the room if I made one false move. But I kept my cool. We evacuated the area, set up the Neutrex, and blew the shit out of the device. Both bombs were disrupted; nobody was hurt. But there's nothing more frightening than seeing an antenna and knowing someone's watching. You're a sitting duck."

Illustration: Rian Hughes; explosion: FPG; woman with bomb: Kobal

CHROME
CHROME
AZZARO
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
FILENE'S
ROBINSONS MAY

"This is a bust!" Superhero spandex-tester Halle

PAGE-TURNERS

Jugs of justice

New superhero makes the world safe for D-cup-mocracy.

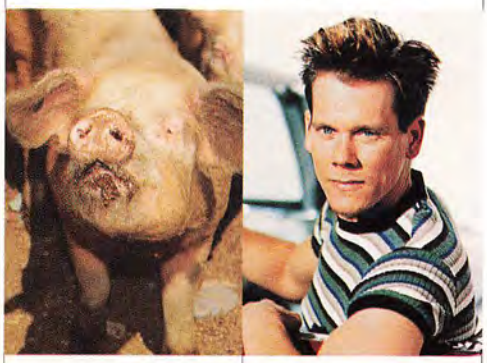
Up, up, and, like, away! Meet Halle the Hooters Girl, our first postfeminist heroine. By day she's a mild-mannered, barely conscious waitress at one of the fastest-growing owl-themed restaurant chains in the world. But feed her a couple of those overpriced Hooters wings and Halle develops superpowers: amazing strength, a quick wit, and a snug little bodysuit.

In the first issue of this comic-book series, Halle defends the U.S. Air Force from a dastardly, football-crazed terrorist group known as The Mike Ditka Liberation Army. (Folks, we couldn't make this stuff up.) Saucy, Sexy, and Ready to Serve! is Halle's official motto, and that ain't a come-on, bucko. Like any red-blooded, silicone-buttressed patriot, Halle upholds solid American standards like truth, justice, and the Super Bowl Shuffle. And no one looks better tossing salad tongs at bad guys. (*Halle the Hooters Girl* is available at your local Hooters restaurant.)

HEAD-TO-HEAD

Bacon VS. Kevin Bacon

One's an aged, salted slab of pork; the other's an aging slab of ham. But pound for pound, which one's the best?



Bacon	Kevin Bacon
FAT CONTENT	
75%–90%	14%–16% Edge: Kevin Bacon
CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY	
Helped kill Elvis Presley	*He Said, She Said* Draw
PEAK PERFORMANCE	
Diner	*Diner* Draw
SPECIAL ABILITY	
Can clog arteries and stop hearts Edge: Bacon	Can be related to any other celebrity via six or fewer steps (a.k.a. Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon)
RELIABLE SUBSTITUTE	
Turkey bacon	Kiefer Sutherland Edge: Kevin Bacon
RELIGIOUS INJUNCTION	
Muslim and Jewish laws forbid eating bacon Edge: Bacon	Christian zealots in *Footloose* forbid dancing with Kevin Bacon
CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT	
The B.L.T. Edge: Bacon	Half of sibling band The Bacon Brothers; album: *Forosoco*
MAIN DISH	
Scrambled eggs	Kyra Sedgwick Edge: Kevin Bacon
AND THE WINNER IS	
Draw Kevin faced some tasty competition but can hold his head high knowing that no pork product can kick him around (much).	

Previous page: Ocean Dome: courtesy of Phoenix Resorts. This page: Halle illustration: Doug Wright/courtesy of Cabbage Comics; comic photo: Eric Axene; pig: Gail Shumway/FPG; Kevin Bacon: Davis Factor/Outline; Kyra Sedgwick: John Patrick Salisbury/Outline; food: Dan Templeton/Still Life Stock

I USED TO ORDER FANCY VODKA TO IMPRESS WOMEN.

DID IT WORK?

NAH, NOW I JUST STICK A SOCK IN MY PANTS.

ALL VODKA. NO PRETENSE.

SMIRNOFF
PURVEYORS TO
1877
1886
Ste Pierre
Smirnoff
DISTILLED BY
http://www.smirnoff.com SMIRNOFF VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain. ©1996 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FILS, Hartford, CT---Made in the U.S.A.

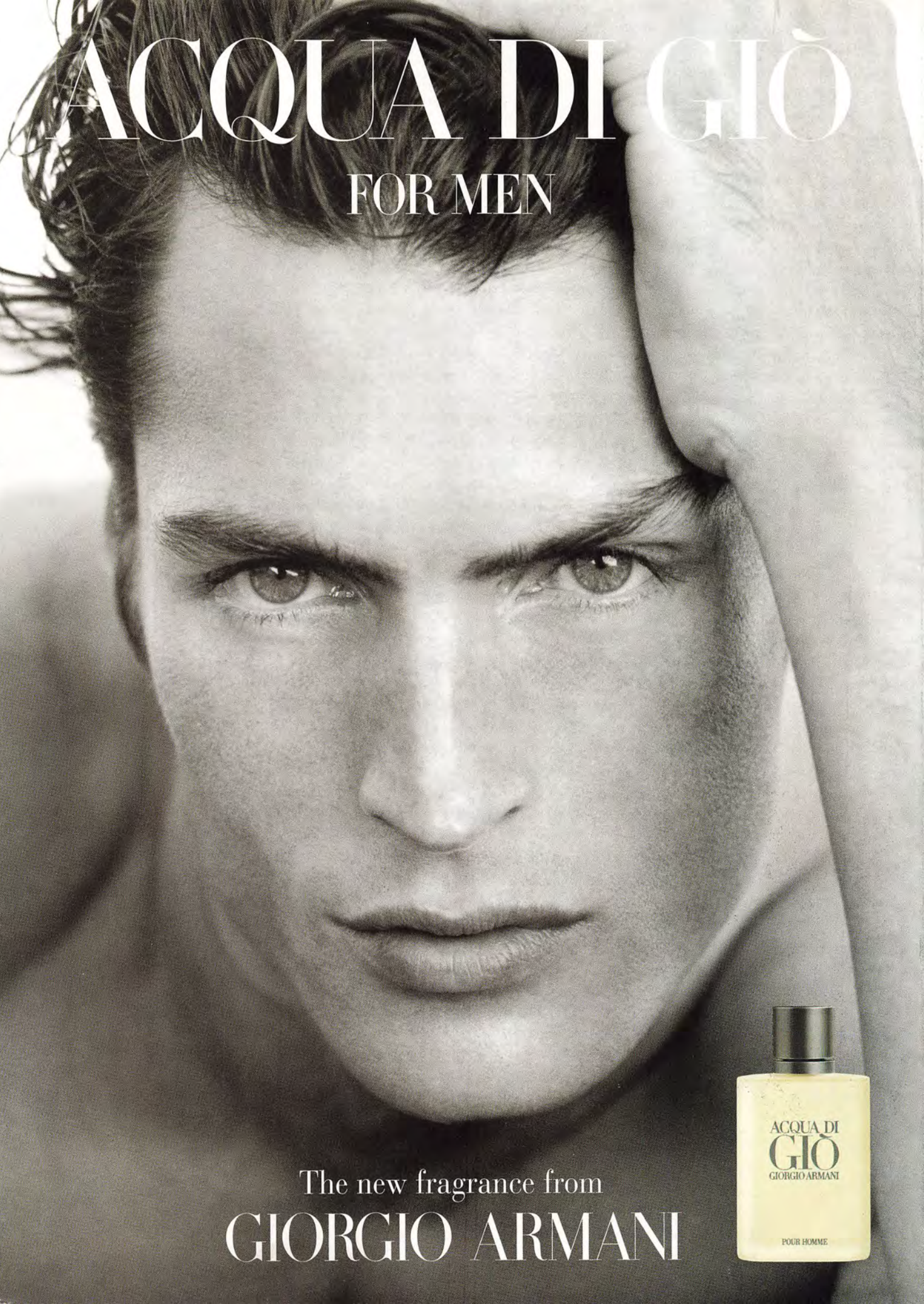
Landry:
Stays hot,
even in water.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Ali Landry

Better known as: The backflipping, Doritos-munching goddess from the Super Bowl ad

Her story: John Elway's overdue victory grin was entertaining, but it was Ali Landry—that's two classic sports surnames, in case you're counting—who stole the show at Super Bowl XXXII. She performed backflips and splits in a small-town laundromat, caught fast-flying Doritos in her mouth, and was worshiped at every office water cooler Monday morning. The budding soap actress (*Sunset Beach, The Bold and the Beautiful*) also cohosted this year's Miss USA pageant. (She's a former winner.) What's up next for the little ol' Louisiana girl? Rumor has it there's a sitcom in her future. We're smiling already.


ACQUA DI GIÒ
FOR MEN
The new fragrance from
GIORGIO ARMANI
ACQUA DI
GIÒ
GIORGIO ARMANI
POUR HOMME

RICH'S
GOLDSMITH'S
LAZARUS
The new fragrance from
GIORGIO ARMANI
Lift here
to discover
Acqua di Giò
for Men

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Secret Servicing

President Clinton's only crime may be that he's not getting as much as his predecessors.

If our president has been a little too free with his slick willie—and nothing's been proven yet, dammit—he's just doing his part to uphold a proud tradition. Here's a crash course in the history of executive privilege.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

As a general, he chased more hoop skirts than Wilt Chamberlain, including wives of advisors, washerwomen, prostitutes, and slaves. Gal pals included Henrietta Liston, wife of the British minister to the U.S.; Elizabeth Willing Powel (love that middle name), wife of the last British mayor of Philadelphia; and childhood squeeze Sally Fairfax. Dame Martha apparently allowed her bucking stallion a long rein, even in retirement. In his haste to jump out the window of a young conquest's bedroom, Washington forgot to put on his pants and caught a chill that turned into fatal pneumonia.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

This randy redhead may have been the most intelligent Big Cheese ever, but occasionally even he let his little head of state do the thinking. Though he was relatively faithful to his wife (also named Martha), when she kicked ye olde bucket in 1782 he started whooping it up with Sally Hemings, one of his teenage slaves and Martha's half-sister. All five of their illegitimate children remained slaves until Jefferson died in 1826.

WARREN HARDING

As a U.S. senator, Harding fell hard for a teenage groupie, Nan Britton, and got her a job in government. The couple staged elaborate scenarios to ensure their privacy, such as pretending to be uncle and niece in hotels. To escape the watchful eyes of White House guards (and Mrs. H), the prez and Britton would do the dog in a five-foot-square closet just outside the Oval Office. When he wasn't busy giving Britton a good "harding," Warren was buying the silence of another lover, Carrie Phillips, the wife of a close friend.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

Few have been more attentive to the White House secretaries than FDR, whose paralysis only included two of his legs. His wife, Eleanor, hired Lucy Page Mercer to handle her hubby's affairs, but when Lucy took to the job a little too well, she was replaced by Marguerite "Missy" LeHand in 1919. Missy showed initiative and promise and stuck around FDR's office and bedroom until she suffered a cerebral hemorrhage in 1941 and was moved out of the White House. When Missy died in 1944, the president looked again to Lucy—now Lucy Rutherford—for comfort. In fact, when FDR bought the farm in 1945, his advisors sneaked her away from his bedside just in time to avoid the wrath of Eleanor.

LYNDON JOHNSON

He bedded five of the six beautiful secretaries he hired to help oversee national security—a fine batting average by anyone's standards. And he once convinced a female *Washington Star* reporter who was interviewing him to receive the presidential staff in the Oval Office.

JOHN KENNEDY

See separate 3-volume set.

WACKY TERBACKY

New Chew Review

This New Age chaw makes spittin' downright sensitive.

It has been claimed that ginseng can boost your energy, balance your yin and yang, and kick an already healthy sex drive into overdrive. The problem: Until now, you had to sneak around health food stores and drink herbal tea to enjoy its mystic properties. Now, Vermont Ginseng Products makes things easy: They've ground up this wimpy, oral-cancer-promoting, hippie miracle herb, packed it into convenient back-pocket tins, and are marketing it as Root 100, a healthy alternative to that nefarious, allegedly oral-cancer-promoting tobacco chew. Downsides: Root 100 has the consistency of granola, falls apart between your cheek and gum, and sticks in your teeth. Upsides: It's available in seven yummy flavors—cinnamon, apple, peppermint, tangerine, wintergreen, ginger, and original. Better still, Vermont Ginseng's crop is all-American, so you won't be supporting any less-favored nations while you supercharge your weapon. (Suggested retail: $4.99. For more information, contact Vermont Ginseng Products at 800-270-0007 or by E-mail at vtginseng@aol.com.)

Previous page: Photography by Jerry Avenaim/Winston West; stylist: Katja Cahill; groomer: Brigette Jackson/Profile. This page: P. Jones: Craig Fujii/AP; G. Flowers: Michael Caulfield/AP; M. Lewinsky: Charles Rex Arbogast; H. Clinton: LM Otero; illustration: Elizabeth Brandt Ginseng: Chris Rogers/AKA Reps

BALL BOYS

Jobs for Jocks

Fresh careers for unhappy superstars.

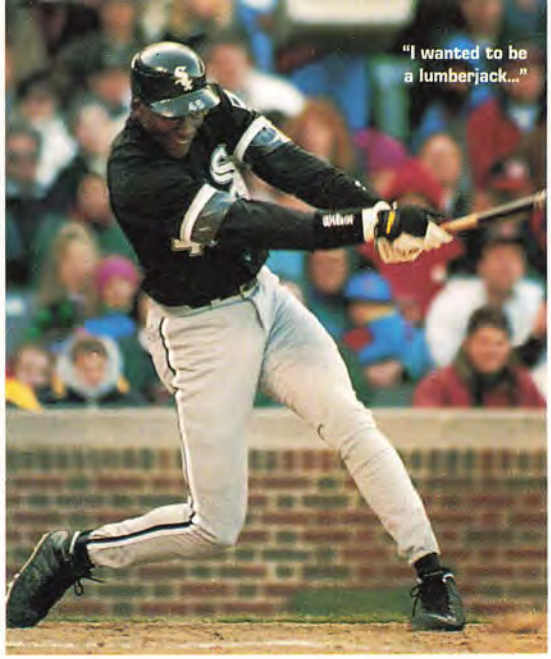
Tyson flopped at wrestling; Jordan stunk up the diamond: Seems a career-confused zillionaire athlete can't buy a second profession these days. To help malcontent athletes find fulfilling new lines of work, *Maxim* looks outside the wide, wide world of sports.

Jock: **Charles Barkley, Houston Rockets**
Profile: A gruff, lovable thug with a sense of humor, Barkley has a history of playful on- and off-court battery, which includes "accidentally" spitting on a little girl (oops) and hurling a fan through a plate-glass window.
True calling: Day-care-center caregiver. Yeah, he may be a bit rough with the kiddies—but they'll sure as hell know how to handle themselves by the time they get to kindergarten.

Jock: **Dennis Rodman, Chicago Bulls**
Profile: A deadly rebounder with a frilly, Marv Albert–like sense of style, the NBA's leather-and-lace problem child isn't exactly what you'd call a team player.
True calling: Talk show host. Nobody watches *Jerry Springer* to see Jerry Springer—they want to see the circus freaks. And who better to ringmaster a big show than a petulant, tattooed, sexually ambivalent attitude adjuster?

Jock: **Gilbert Brown, Green Bay Packers**
Profile: The titanic, 300-plus-pound defensive tackle serves as a human retaining wall for the best team in football. If William Perry was The Fridge, this guy's The Industrial-Size Meat Locker.
True calling: Stand-up comic. Comedy loves a fat guy—unfortunately, they tend to croak young (Belushi, Kinison, Farley). No material required, Brown: Just jiggle that body, fall downstairs, and pretend to fart a lot.

Suggested Tyson WWF character: The Van Gogh Vandal



"I wanted to be a lumberjack..."

Jock: **Shawn Bradley, Dallas Mavericks**
Profile: The 7'6" eyesore, currently screwing up the Dallas skyline as the Mavs' resident white elephant, has never quite fit in, literally or figuratively: He's a long-on-potential, short-on-payoff project player.
True calling: Chimney sweep. Bradley's got a Popsicle-stick physique (his waist is no bigger around than a child's thumb) and a squeaky-clean temperament. Combined, they make him the perfect go-to guy for shimmying up narrow flues and soaking up soot.

Jock: **Barry Bonds, San Francisco Giants**
Profile: A sublimely talented abuser of umpires, photographers, and fans of all ages, Bonds rivals Ken Griffey, Jr., for best active baseball player...and Albert Belle for biggest jerk.
True calling: Porn star. His movie-star good looks, entertaining potty mouth, and stiff four-foot bat are all he needs for a long, healthy career mixing it up with silicone sisters. Next stop: *Field of Reams*.

SIGNS O' THE TIMES

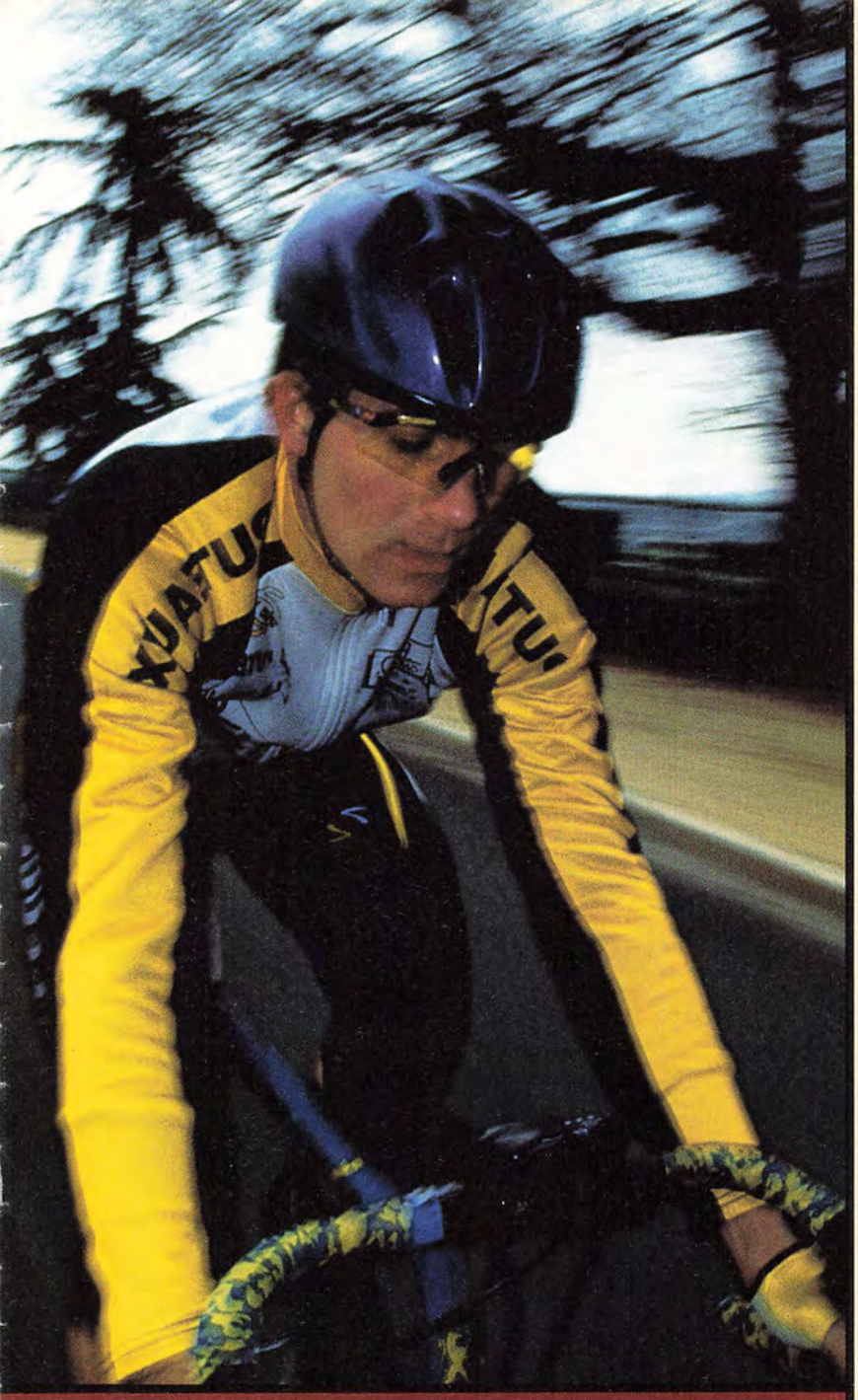
Bumper Crop

Is it just us, or are bumper stickers actually getting funny again? Here are some recent sightings.

- Very Funny, Scotty: Now Beam Down My Pants
- You! Out of the Gene Pool!
- If We Aren't Supposed to Eat Animals, Why Are They Made of Meat?
- I Want to Die in My Sleep Like My Grandfather, Not Yelling and Screaming Like the Passengers in His Car
- Keep Honking, I'm Reloading
- I Said "No" to Drugs, but They Wouldn't Listen
- Friends Help You Move. Real Friends Help You Move Bodies
- I Smoke Like a Beagle in a Laboratory

Contributors: Mike Hammer, Jeff Ousborne, John Tessitore, Fiona Waters

M. Jordan: Mark Elias/AP; Tyson: Jonathan Elderfield/Gamma Liaison; Car: Jeffrey Krein



You can't stop the hands of time.

But you can confuse the heck out of them.

Let's face it, you aren't getting any younger (sorry). On top of this, you're a full-time provider, dog-walker, husband, and bedtime storyteller, not to mention a few hundred other titles. Can we also assume that with your hectic lifestyle you may have short-changed your nutritional health? Fortunately, there is GNC's Mega Men® Multi-vitamins. Forty-one premium vitamins, minerals, herbs, and other ingredients specifically designed for busy men who still want to look after themselves. It's why each day you'll get a full range of ingredients – including a powerful antioxidant blend – to ensure your nutritional well-being. Of course, you'll also get ingredients guaranteed to be of the highest quality and potency. So much for Father Time getting the better of you. Mega Men.® Exclusively at General Nutrition Centers.

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The Big Picture

LIFE'S A SNAP

MAXIM

I wanted a *Bud* Light!

On Phuket, an island off Thailand, Taoist believers take part in a nine-day religious festival that involves trances, fire walking, and body piercing. Near the end of the festival, devotees make an early morning trip to the Jui Tui Temples to do penance and show their devotion to the Taoist warrior gods by puncturing their cheeks with fluorescent light bulbs and umbrellas. Once a hole has been made, they insert blunt objects, such as this stylish brass table lamp. Others dance with axes and practice self-mutilation before marching in a parade as spectators shower them with firecrackers. So, how many Thais *does* it take to screw in a light bulb?

Photo: Charlesworth/SABA

How To

DO EVERYTHING BETTER

HOW TO

Land a Plane

Go from passenger to pilot with *Maxim*'s five-minute flight training course.

"Gee, those little liquor bottles do add up."

You're flying into JFK from Istanbul when terrorists knock the pilot unconscious just as the copilot succumbs to food poisoning. Always cool in an emergency, you rush to the 767's cockpit and disable the terrorist with a pot of scalding-hot coffee to the face. Unfortunately, the splash-back gets the copilot right in the eyes. Now there's no one to land the plane...except you. Okay, Captain:

■ Sit in the pilot's seat (on the left), put on the headset, and say "Mayday, Mayday, Mayday" to show the guys on the ground that you have a clue. (Avoid the urge to say, "Shit! Shit! Shit!") They'll put together an emergency team, clear the airspace, and talk you down.

■ The ground guys may ask you to check the engine gauges **(A)**. They'll probably be fine. If not—say one of the engines is out—the ground crew will instruct you how to compensate. If you're still disoriented from kicking terrorist butt, check the artificial horizon **(B)** to make sure you're not upside down and, hence, screwed.

■ If you're really lucky, the plane will have an automatic landing system, but only about 30 percent of commercial airliners do, so don't count on it. Plus it doesn't perform miracles. "Sure, it would put the airplane on the ground," says Bill Thomas, flight instructor with Academics of Flight in New York City. "But if the system fails, I'd be praying," adds Bob Benyo of the Broward Flight Center in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

■ The autopilot **(C)** was programmed to keep you going in the right direction at the right altitude, but you have to land the plane manually, so switch off the autopilot when the tower tells you you're about five miles from the airport. You are now "hand-flying" the 767, with your left hand on the yoke **(G)** and your right on the throttles **(D)**.

■ Check the altimeter **(E)** to make sure you're at about 3,000 feet. You're probably traveling at 200 knots—check the airspeed indicator **(F)**—and you want to reduce your airspeed to about 175 knots by pulling back on the throttles. There's one for each engine; move both simultaneously.

■ You also reduce airspeed by "pitching the nose" up, which slows the plane *gradually* (decreasing speed too fast will stall the plane). Pull back ever so slightly on the yoke, which is like a steering wheel in that it controls the plane's pitch and roll (up and down, and left and right movement, respectively). Check the instrument labeled RATE OF ASCENT/DESCENT **(H)**: You should be descending at about 750 feet per minute.

■ At two to three miles out, line the nose up with the runway by turning the yoke to the right or left. (The autopilot will have gotten you facing the right direction before you switched it off, but you'll still need to hit the *beginning* of the runway to allow your novice ass some room to stop.) At about 175 knots, you'll "drop" the flaps (levers are below the throttles) and—rather important—the landing gear **(I)**. Do both by moving the levers down.

■ Aim for the beginning of the runway. When you're 50 feet from the ground, you want to be traveling at 150 knots, or about 175 miles per hour. Adjust the throttles and yoke—gently—to keep the pitch steady and increase or decrease airspeed as necessary. Come in too fast and you'll careen off the runway; too slow and the plane will stall and crash (and burn).

■ When the gear touches down, you have to use the rudder pedals to both steer and brake. Push hard on the tops of the pedals with your toes to activate the nonskid brakes (it's a feeling similar to the one you experience when you use your Ford Bronco's ABS on an icy road). If you're pushing too hard, you'll get the sense that the back of the plane is about to flip over your head.

■ Once the plane has stopped, act nonchalant. Get the names and numbers of all stewardesses. Help yourself to as many of those little bottles of booze as you want. Get ready for heroic appearances on all major talk shows.

Crash: Culver Pictures; cockpit: Joe Towers/Check Six; plane landing: Rainer Grosskopf/Tony Stone

"Flight crew, please prepare for the hereafter."
C
A
E
I
H
A
G
D

A great lawn makes things happen...

HOW TO

Get a Great Lawn

Win the turf wars and make your neighbors green with envy.

It's the unwritten code of the burbs: If the inside of your house looks like crap, it's her fault. But if the *lawn* looks like crap, it's proof you're not a real man. Tips for yard superiority:

Fertilize in late summer or early fall. Do it earlier and you'll get a Chia Pet–like surge of growth, but it won't last, because intense growth depletes plants' energy and makes them less resistant to stresses such as disease (and your backyard keg party).

Buy the more expensive fertilizer. "The best fertilizers cost more than twice as much, but they contain nitrogen that releases slowly, so you only need to fertilize once a year," as opposed to three times a year, says Mike Henry, environmental horticulture advisor with the University of California. Also, check the label to make sure that you're getting the most nitrogen per pound.

Don't hand-toss the fertilizer pellets. You'll end up with patches of dead grass that'll make you the laughingstock of the block party. Borrow a push spreader from your gadget-crazy neighbor and go over the whole lawn twice, in different directions.

Water your lawn immediately after fertilizing so pellets wash into the soil.

Water in the morning—when evaporation is minimal—and leave the sprinkler on for at least 20 minutes, until the ground is soaked. In most of the country, water only once or twice a week. This forces grass roots to go deeper into the soil in search of more water, which makes for healthier lawn, says Michael Gaffney, horticulturist for the Professional Lawn Care Association of America. Otherwise, short-rooted weeds will take over your yard. If you're not watering often enough, your grass will look blue and won't spring back right away when it's walked on.

Mow off only a third of the grass blade, or you'll weaken the grass. Adjust your mower based on the height of your lawn, then stick to the appropriate schedule—probably once a week.

Don't haul away the clippings if they're short. They'll decompose and release vital nutrients, like nitrogen, back into the soil. If you have longer clippings, get them offa there.

Keep your mower sharp. Dull blades shred, rather than slice, the tops of the grass blades, making your lawn look gray or brown. Call (800) 421-9684 to find a local Toro dealership, where they'll sharpen your mower's blades for about 10 bucks.

...see?

"I've almost finished your five-minute run, Mr. Slate."

HOW TO

IMPRESS THE BOSS

WITHOUT ACTUALLY DOING ANY WORK

Long hours and backbreaking toil are for suckers.

No need to slave your youth away. Lean back, put your feet up, and scam your way into the coveted corner office. Here's how.

When you get up in the middle of the night to take a whiz, phone your boss's voice mail and leave a message. The next morning, when he hears the *time-coded* message, he'll think you're a round-the-clock superemployee. Don't do it too often, though, or he'll think you're a no-life loser.

Have yourself copied in on all memos your boss gets...even ones that have nothing to do with you. When he eventually asks you about it, tell him you're trying to stay on top of as many aspects of the department as you can.

Talk up your coworkers to your boss. Pointing out the fine work others are doing shows you can keep your ego in check and work for the greater good...in other words, you're management material, baby. One thing: Praise only the small stuff. You don't want anyone promoted ahead of you.

Five-finger a couple of sheets of a competing firm's letterhead. Type up a glowing letter to yourself from a fictitious top-brass dude. Include "Been hearing great things about you" and "Let's do a retardedly expensive lunch." Leave the letter half covered on your desk until your boss spies it. Bottom line: Nothing is more impressive than having other people want you. Enjoy your raise, promotion, new company car, and private jet.

Lawn: Superstock; Flintstones: Hanna-Barbera Prod./Shooting Star; M. Jovovich: Robert Trachtenberg/Outline

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Insert mandatory snake joke here.
Impressive biceps a must. BWTC fan.
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Me: A slim, sophisticated Cleopatra-type SWBiF who loves rollerblading, snakes, and maybe you! You: Honest, financially-secure, warm, animal-loving, Tom Cruise-like WM, 25-39, who is sincere. Must be a full-fledged adult.
• SEARCHING FOR MR. DIGGLER

HOW TO

Decode Her Personal Ad

Personal ads can be as full of bull as your résumé. Here's how to avoid the dating version of bait and switch.

Wouldn't you pay big bucks for a list of local women who want it bad? Well, you got it: It's called the personals. Problem is, they're written in code. "There's a certain language to personal ads, and you've got to read them for a while to get the feel of it," says Claudia Beakman, coauthor of *Playing the Personals* (Pocket Books). Arm yourself with *Maxim*'s guide to deciphering the lingo.

Acronym decoder (some personal ad info actually *is* encrypted):

SWBiF (Single White Bisexual Female)
DOM DBPF (Dominant, Divorced Black Professional Female)
SCHF (Single Christian Hispanic Female)
WKYITNIYMAMOTFD (Will Kick You In The Nuts If You Make A Move On The First Date)
ExBH (Excessive Body Hair)
ISO (In Search Of)
SAM (Single Asian Male)
MWM (Married White Male)
N/S (Nonsmoker)
D/D free (Drug- and Disease-free)
LTR (Long-Term Relationship)

If she says she looks like	She probably looks like
Jenny McCarthy	Tonya Harding
Tiffani-Amber Thiessen	Rosie O'Donnell
Winona Ryder	k.d. lang
Meg Ryan	Kathie Lee Gifford
Gwyneth Paltrow	the middle Hanson brother
Princess Leia	the Duchess of York
Cleopatra	Cleopatra...but scarier...with a snake

If her ideal man is	She'll settle for
Brad Pitt	a big ego and a cool leather jacket
Antonio Banderas	an accent...any accent
Tom Cruise	a Scientologist with lots of Boy Scout merit badges
Kevin Costner	receding hair and a fading career
Mel Gibson	a gun and a nervous manner
Leonardo DiCaprio	no braces and a driver's license
JFK Jr.	famous parents and a summer house

If her ad begins	You can expect
"Sophisticated lady"	high heels and lipstick
"Soul mate"	many references to Oprah
"Prince Charming"	few arguments; she likes happy endings
"Footprints in the sand"	she'll quote "Chicken Soup for the Soul"
"Head over heels in love"	a gymnast. All right!

If her dream man is	She wants a man who
"honest"	"isn't seeing anyone else and does not lie"
"financially secure"	"is rich and will buy me stuff"
"warm"	"smiles often and will be nice to my kid(s), whom I haven't mentioned yet"
"animal-loving"	"won't care about waking up with my cat on his face"
"a full-fledged adult"	is all of the above! Go on to the next ad!

She says she's	She means she's
"slim," "trim"	100–120 lbs.
"athletic"	120–130 lbs.
"toned"	130–150 lbs.
"curvy"	fat
"full-figured"	fat
"lots to love"	fat
"big-boned"	fat
"Rubenesque"	fat
"petite"	freakishly short...and fat

She says she's	She means she's
"young"	in her late 20s or early 30s (no one younger than that is desperate enough to run an ad yet)
"young at heart"	40, but can still stay up all night
"looking for someone to grow old with"	already old, say 50 to 60

Photograph: Andrew Eccles; Stylist: Karen Shapiro; ad: Eric Axene

Morning without Tropicana Pure Premium?
Not an option.
Tropicana
PURE PREMIUM
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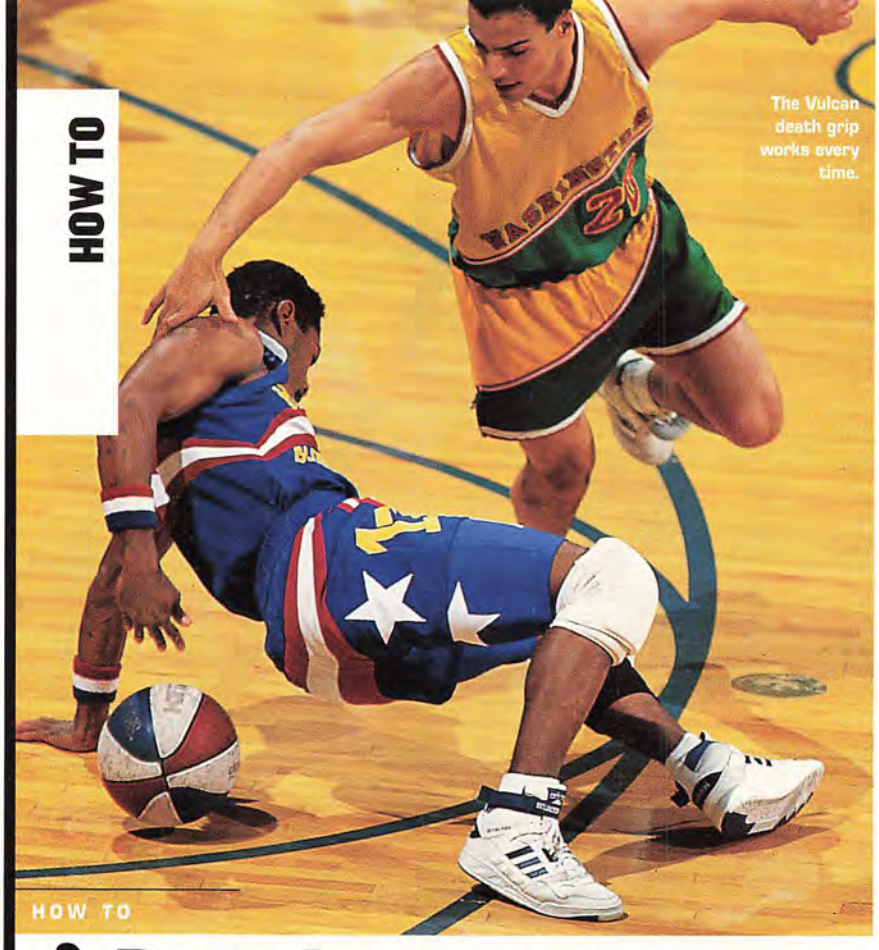
HOW TO



The Vulcan death grip works every time.

HOW TO

Beat the Harlem Globetrotters

Whether you're taking on these court jesters or your local pickup kings, you'll get slam-dunked unless you bring your own bag of tricks.

They've got talent, height, flash, the best record in sports history, even a catchy theme song. But with these strategies, you can whup the clown princes of basketball. A longtime player with the Globetrotters' nemesis, the Washington Generals, gives you the inside moves, tactics so effective that he refused to give his name for fear of violent on-court reprisals.

Hit 'em with your pump fake. The Globetrotters drool at the chance to swat your shot into the cheap seats. Throwing fakes will keep your defender off balance and maybe even draw some fouls.

Use your butt like Barkley. Yes, the Globetrotters have height on you, but that doesn't mean you can't out-rebound them. Look at Sir Charles: Although only 6'6", he routinely snatches rebounds from seven-footers. Barkley stays low, pushing his booty against his opponent and forcing the poor sap to reach not just up but over, reducing his height advantage.

Make them play D. Most above-the-rim players get physically ill at the thought of playing defense. Pass the ball five times before every shot and the 'Trotters will start to get anxious. They'll take unnecessary chances—like lunging for a steal—that will give your team open shots, like long-range threes.

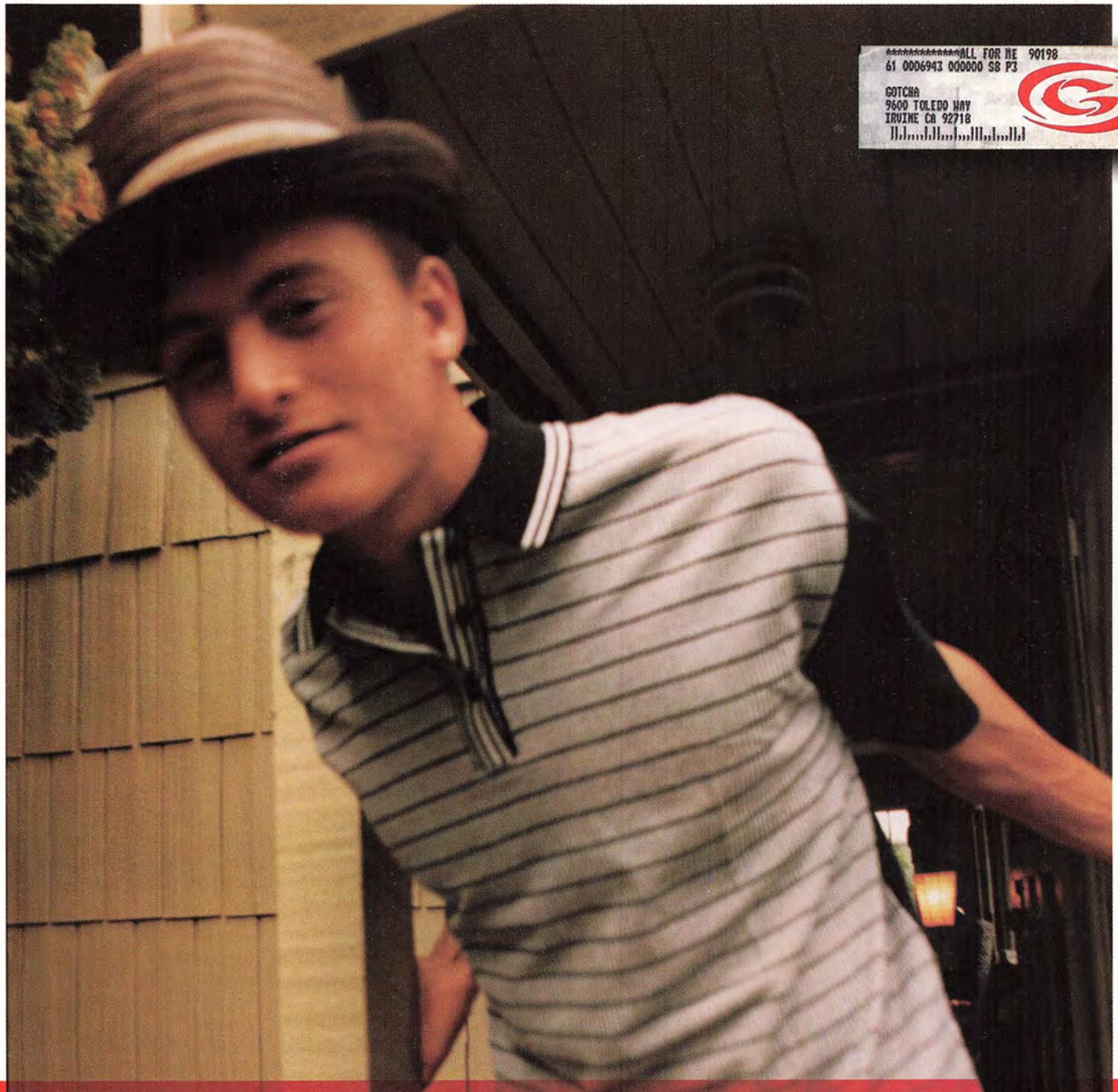
Foul them hard. These are finesse athletes who are used to being treated with kid gloves. So lay some serious lumber on them. It's a no-lose proposition for you: If they start playing physical, they're out of their game plan; if they shy away from the contact, you've got them in your cross hairs.

Turn their fans against them. Foil one of the Globetrotters' trademark gags—dowsing the crowd with a bucket of "water" which turns out to be confetti—by replacing the confetti with water. That'll make them a few real enemies.

Steal their sleep. The Globetrotters' travel schedule is relentless—a team can play about 90 games in 95 days—and they need all the sleep they can get. So tell them about a new dance club in town. Then call the club and inform them that the world-famous Harlem Globetrotters are dropping by. After all that dancing, come game time their butts will be dragging.

Photographs from top: Ken Levine/Allsport; John Iacono/Sports Illustrated

*town & country surf shop,hi *huntington surf and sport,ca *ocean hut surf shop,lavallette,nj



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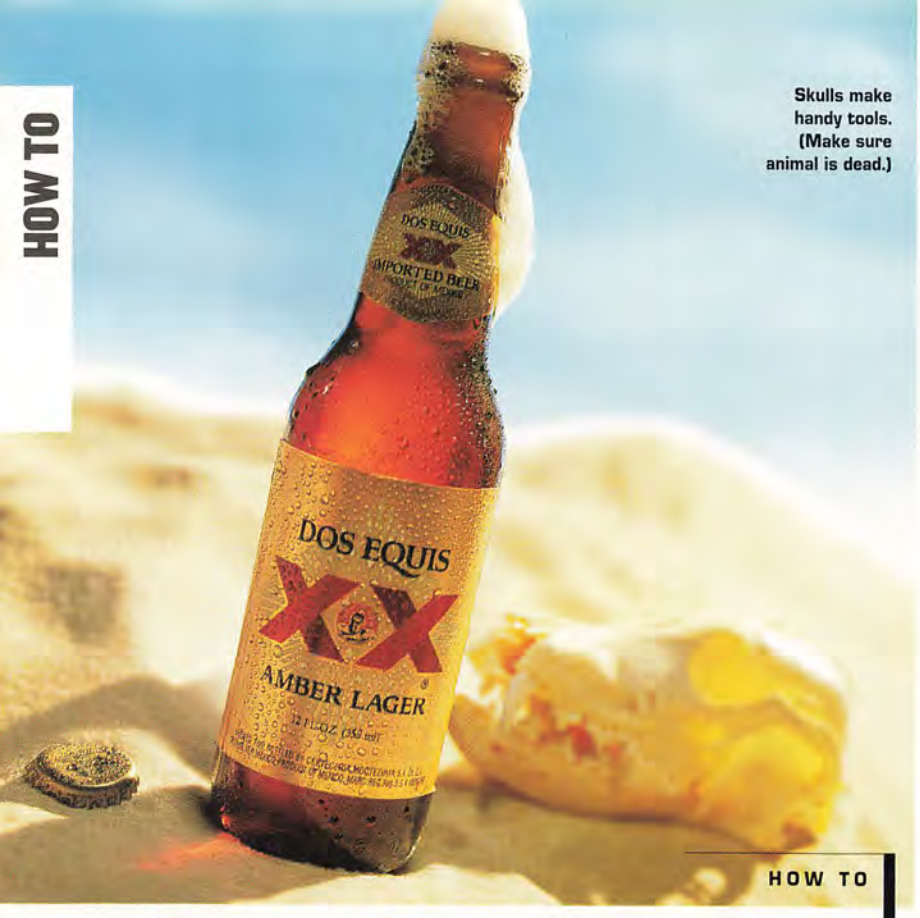

Skulls make handy tools. (Make sure animal is dead.)

HOW TO

Open a Beer Anywhere

No opener? No problem, with these bottle-cap-popping methods every self-respecting beer drinker should master.

Any putz can open a brew with a key or flip the lid off with a table edge. But what if there's no key? Or the only table is a family heirloom? What if you just feel like showing off? Try these alcohol-access techniques.

Window lock. Unlock a window and place the lip of the bottle cap under the lip of the latch. The beer is now upside-down. Pull the base of the bottle toward you and down (and quickly, for minimum spillage).

Bathtub faucet. Settled into the tub but forgot the opener? Insert the top of the bottle into the spout (make sure the water's turned off, bozo). Push the base of the bottle away from you and ease the top off.

Belt buckle. Unbuckle your belt. Put the end of the buckle under the lip of the bottle cap, then pry the cap off. You can also use the "female" part of any door lock just like a belt buckle.

Fire sprinkler. If no one's around at the office, climb up on a chair and use the metal band, or collar, around the emergency sprinkler. (Remember to take the cigarette out of your mouth first.)

Seat belt. Designate somebody as the sober driver (pray you don't draw the short straw), then use the hole in the "male" end of the seat belt to pop the lid off your beer.

Hubcap, trunk. Use a slot in a hubcap, or pop the trunk and employ the hole in the "male" part of the latch.

Fridge handle. Put the bottle cap between the handle and the door and slide it down (most refrigerator handles angle toward the door at the bottom) until it sticks. With a quick karate chop, knock it down a bit more, then twist the bottle and the top comes off. (But sometimes the handle breaks too.)

Beauty tools. Flag down any woman sporting a decent manicure. Ask her if she has nail clippers or a cuticle shaper (a device with a pointy metal end) that you can use to loosen the bottle cap all the way around until it slips off. Then offer to split your beer with her.

Why you really shouldn't try this at home

HOW TO

Jump Out of a Car

Bond does it, Mulder does it, even Courteney Cox has done it. (Or at least their stunt doubles do.) Here's how:

It's dangerous, it's deadly, it's damn near suicide. That's why big-screen heroes only risk it in a bail-or-die situation. So how the hell do they pull it off? A couple of guys who eat pavement for a living share their technique.

The right moment. A professional stunt man won't attempt to jump out of a moving car at anywhere near 55 mph. "About 20 miles per hour is as hot as I'd want to be doing it," says veteran Frank Lloyd, who started his career 20 years ago doubling for Jon on *CHiPs*. The stunt pros wear head-to-toe padding, according to Lloyd, who urges, "This really should be left to the professionals."

The mental prep. Before leaping, the pros picture the roll in their minds: To jump out of the passenger side, they imagine landing on their right shoulder and elbow and rolling onto their back, head pointing in the same direction as the car. "You should already be twisting into a roll before you hit the ground," explains Chris Durand, a 12-year veteran of the stunt biz who just wrapped Bruce Willis's latest action thriller, *Armageddon*. The pros know not to rotate more than a quarter turn in the air; any more could cause a guy to land flat on his back and bang his head, splattering brains across the highway like so much soggy road kill.

The big move. The experts push open the door (*flinging* it open may make it swing back and crush them) and jump away from the car with their right shoulder and elbow aiming for the ground. This creates crucial space between the body and the car's back tires. Begin rolling in the air and...contact. Once on the ground, our pro relaxes and lets the momentum roll him like a log, but keeps his neck straight so his head doesn't bump along on the ground like beer cans trailing after a "Just Married" mobile. Then he gets up, dusts himself off, and asks the director, "Did we get the shot?"

Beer: Satoshi; drinker: Tony Stone/Hulton Getty; car: Bud Gray/MPTV

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The foul stench of outdated technology

HOW TO

Dump AOL

These three Internet providers will free you from the big blue triangle of slavery.

It recently raised its price, its Web access is frustratingly slow, and merely having "aol.com" attached to the end of your E-mail address sets longtime Netizens a-cackling into their keyboards. In other words, it's time to graduate from Internet service provider (ISP) preschool to a real, grown-up gateway. Here are some alternatives.

❶ **If you're shaky on the geek stuff,** you need an ISP big enough to have an accessible (and patient) customer service department. A firm called Mindspring (800-719-4660; www.mindspring.com) scored highest on customer satisfaction in a recent survey by *PC World* magazine of a dozen ISPs and 6,000 regular Internet-using folks. And Mindspring is reported to have the easiest software-setup procedure around.

❷ **If you're a traveling guy,** look for an ISP with multiple points of presence, or P.O.P.'s. If your provider doesn't have lots of P.O.P.'s in different cities, you'll pay long-distance rates to reach your home area number. EarthLink Network (800-395-8425; www.earthlink.net) has 1,115 P.O.P.'s—hundreds more than most national ISPs.

❸ **If you're a game boy,** suss out an ISP that offers special on-line gaming sections where you can play against other people in real time over the Internet and blast your nerdy brethren to smithereens. This costs extra, but some ISPs will let you have your Web connection for free if you play X hours a month. Concentric Network (800-939-4262; www.gamegateway.com/register here/index.html) gives subscribers 20 free hours of game time. Use that sick day!

HOW TO

Handle the Mother's Day Emergency

The last-minute game plan for fixing an "I forgot" and saving your inheritance.

Sure, it's a fake, Hallmark holiday. But as far as the woman who whelped you is concerned, Mother's Day (the second Sunday in May, you ingrate) makes Christmas look like Arbor Day. And here you are, 48 hours before the big moment, wringing your gift-free hands. Now what?

You remember Friday morning: With two days to go—and thanks to the wonders of FedEx and the Internet—you can buy a gift on-line and have it in Mom's hands in time to make her believe you actually gave it a thought. Stick with the classics. Order a dozen roses (boxed) for $49.99 from 1-800-FLOWERS (www.1800flowers.com) and they'll arrive at her doorstep in 24 hours. Click on the Mother's Day icon at candy purveyor Ethel M's Web site (www.ethelm.com) and they'll rush Mom chocolates in a reusable ain't-it-purty heart-shaped tin ($28). Amazon Books (www.amazon.com) will wrap and deliver her a good guilt read, such as *Mothers, Sons, and Lovers: How a Man's Relationship with His Mother Affects the Rest of His Life* ($14.40). If she owns a CD player, get her the *Many Moods of Mantovani* (for her many moods), $12.99 at CDNOW (www.cdnow.com).

M is for the magnum that she packs.

If it's Friday night: Too late for FedEx. Time to suck up to your siblings, particularly sisters, who appreciate Mom (and childbirth) more than you obviously do. Convince Sis to let you chip in on the present she's purchased, and promise you'll take care of Father's Day.

If it's Saturday: If you live in the same town, check the local paper for a concert, a show, or even a sappy movie you and Mom can take in together. If you've wisely moved across the country, do your research at Ticketmaster (www.ticketmaster.com), arrange for the tickets to be waiting at the box office, and deputize Dad to accompany her.

If it's Sunday: OK, you blew it. First, don't lie, whine, or make excuses, because it'll pain your mom to see you grovel. Use your charm; it's all you've got left. Call and wish her a happy Mom's Day. Engage her in a conversation that assures her that she—not your girlfriend or wife—is still the most important woman in your life. Ask her advice, even if it's just what fabric softener to use, advises clinical psychologist Kathleen Mojas, an authority on family relations. "And give her a chance to talk about the things that usually put you to sleep," she adds, "like Uncle Chuck's appendix."

If it's Monday: *Fuck.* Barring a major medical emergency (it might not be a bad idea to arrange one for yourself), you are now officially on your mom's shit-list. You have one option left: Throw yourself on her mercy (*now's* the time to grovel). Then call the florist and get that standing order infor next year.

Contributors: Dan Burrows, Charles Coxe, Greg Emmanuel, Dan Miller, Amy Spencer, Stephanie Williams, Leslie Yazel

Landfill: FPG; mom: FPG

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◁ PUTTZING AROUND ($1,495)

It doesn't come with windmills or bridges or colored balls, but the newest Electronic Putting Challenge is still the only mini-golf course you can fit in your living room. With the push of a button, the seven-foot putting green actually changes topography—one section rises, another dips—to give you 72 different practice holes. Sensors record how far your missed putt rolls off target, scores you accordingly, then automatically returns your ball. Nineteenth-hole lounge not included. **(GL Technology, 888-372-7888)**

▽ LOCK 'N' ROLL ($69)

According to classified FBI documents obtained by *Maxim*, most bikes are stolen because riders hate carrying around awkward, heavy locks. Luckily, the formidable Wedlock provides maximum security with minimal hauling hassle: Its six stainless-steel sections fold up to a compact 6"x1.5" and strap onto any part of your bike. **(Specialized, 408-779-6229)**

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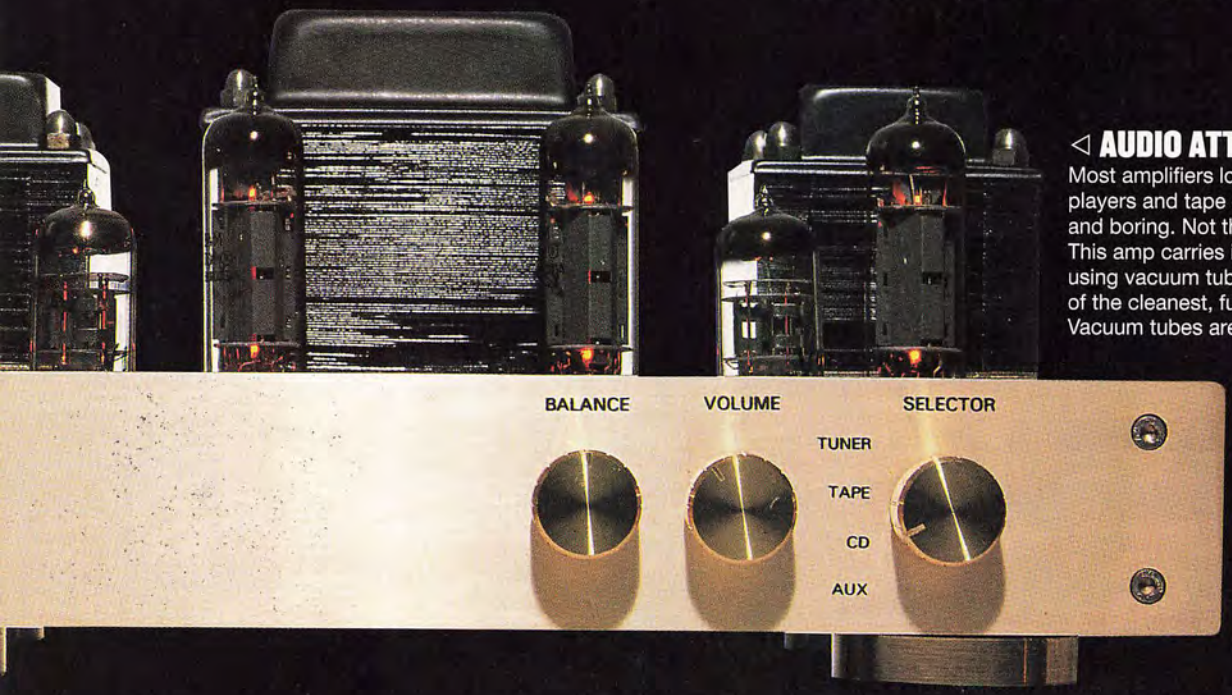


◁ AUDIO ATTI-TUBE ($550)

Most amplifiers look exactly like CD players and tape decks—black, boxy, and boring. Not the JoLida SJ 202A: This amp carries its guts on the outside, using vacuum tubes to pump out some of the cleanest, fullest sound you'll hear. Vacuum tubes aren't a new idea—high-end-audio geeks have been singing their praises for years—but a good tube amp and accompanying preamp usually run about two grand. The JoLida's price will make you happy; its tubes will make you stare. **(JoLida, 800-783-2555)**

△ HAMMER TIME ($299)

It looks like the kind of weapon Ah-nold would pick up to blow the crap out of some alien with plutonium pecs. Actually, it's a high-tech household hammer. Thanks to the world's first oil-free internal combustion engine, the Bammer sends two nails per second into doors, shingles, coffins, whatever. More fun than something like this should be. (Porter-Cable, 800-487-8665)

◁ OUT TO LAUNCH ($190)

Come summer, the skies will fill with bright, colorful kites. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to shoot the damned things down with the SR-71 Blackbird Radio-Controlled Rocket Powered Glider, a three-foot-long replica of the famous 1960s spy plane. The fuel blasts it to a peak altitude of 600 feet, at which point you use the remote control to glide it back to earth. An extra $50 buys you a gas-powered engine and full flying control after the rocket burns out. Japanese box kites earn you extra points. (The Edge Company, 800-732-9976)

▽ FAST TRACK ($150)

What good is bragging about your fastball if you don't even know how fast it's moving? The SpeedChek clocks just about anything in motion—balls, pucks, small dogs—up to 150 mph. Accurate to within two mph and guaranteed to settle those "mine's faster" bets. (Gamma Racquet Sports, 800-333-0337)

Photography by Robert Glasgow

Get Her to Sexperiment

Six women reveal the ways their guys got them to go from uptight to up for anything.

By Leslie Yazel

Unzip her inhibitions.

You and your woman have been using the missionary position so long, you're convinced you could convert a synagogue. But how can you introduce your mate to the thrill of sexploration when she seems perfectly happy with—or afraid to stray from—the well-traveled terrain of your ho-hum love life?

Pick up some pointers from the following testimonials by women whose bed mates won them over to the virtue of variety. Not only will your woman be willing to try your ideas on for size, we guarantee that she'll start improvising on her own, faster than you can say "I'll go get the wet suits."

Turning Her On to Toys

"I had never used a vibrator in my life, although my boyfriend and I had joked about it. Then one night he pulled one out of our bedside drawer. He grinned and turned it on, and I freaked because I thought my roommates would hear it buzzing. Plus it seemed so unnatural—it was blue! He held me and apologized. He said he thought I'd like it because I enjoy being touched fast and sort of rhythmically. He also said he felt like a failure because it takes me a lot longer to climax than it takes him. Then he asked me why I didn't want to try it. I told him the thought of some blue thing inside me seemed, well, slutty. A week later he returned it and got a quieter, off-white model. The fact that he'd gone back to the sex shop to get the one that I'd like better made me realize he cared about making me happy. We tried it that night, and although I felt strange at first, he kept whispering how he wanted to make me feel good, so I let him keep going. He started by just moving it across my breasts and thighs and then heading, uh, home. He was right. It was amazing. I orgasmed a lot faster, too. These days it's usually me who gets it out of the drawer when I'm feeling a little crazy."

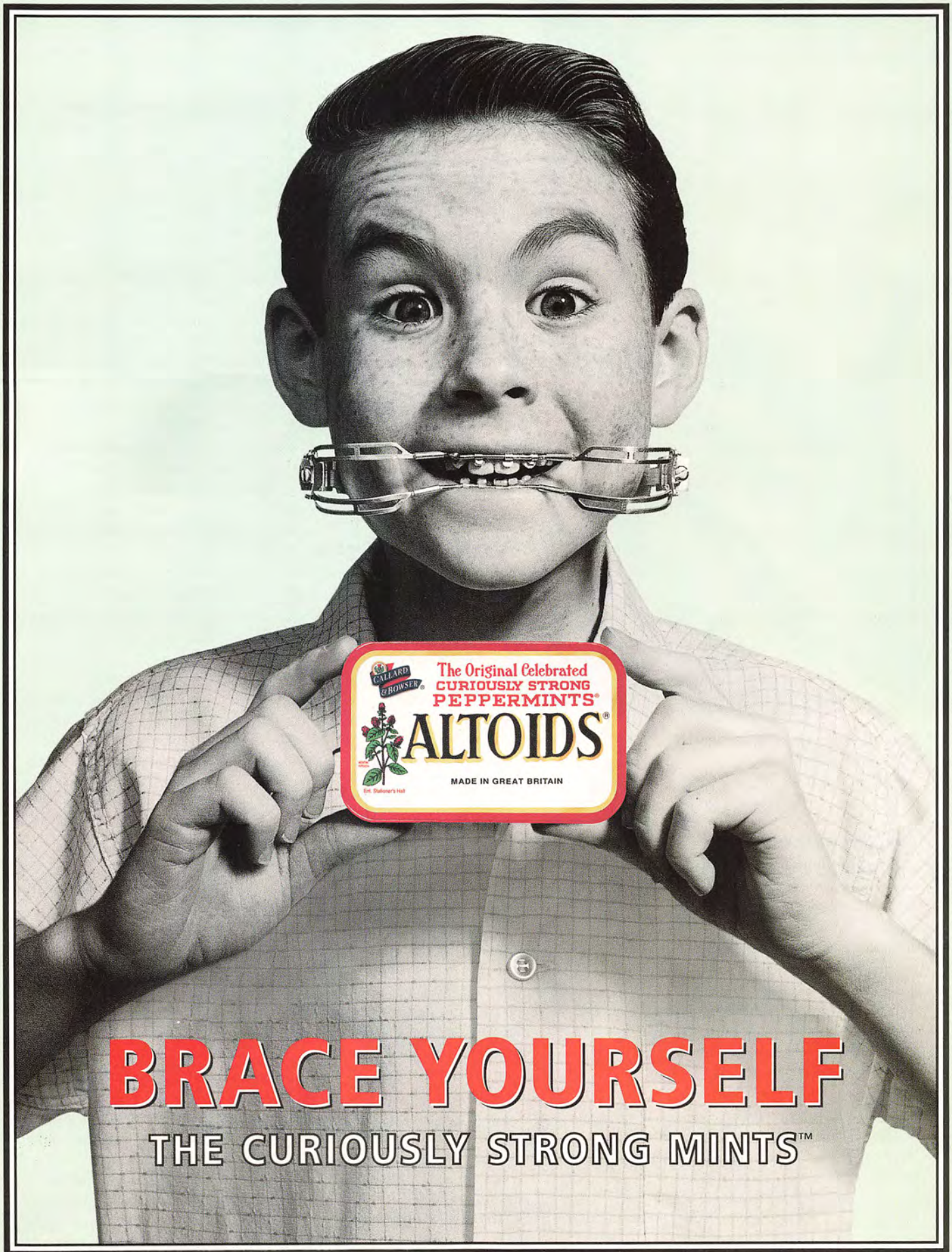
"The thought of some blue thing inside me seemed weird. But these days it's me who gets it out of the drawer when I'm feeling wild."

—Joanne, 22

Selling Her on Sixty-Nine

"I like giving oral sex, and I love it when guys go down on me, but when you do sixty-nine, the guy's face—his eyes, his nose—are positioned much more right in there. Plus, I didn't think I could relax enough to climax if I had him in my mouth at the same time. One night at my place, my boyfriend kept saying how much he wanted to experience sixty-nine with me, because he loved my body. He asked me what I was afraid of, and I told him how all those women-smell-like-fish jokes had made me uptight. I said the only way I would try it was if I had just taken a bath. He jumped up and said, 'Well, let's take a bath together.' When we got back into bed, he started kissing me from my lips down to my thighs, and then he positioned us head-to-toes. I hadn't realized we could do it lying on our sides; I'd always pictured me on top, with some guy suffocating between my legs. So I put him in my mouth, and he moved my legs apart, and suddenly we were doing it. He kept saying how great it was and asking if he should keep going, which was ▷

Photographs by Rob Goldman/Shooting Star; Styled by Karen Shapiro; Grooming by Donna Fumoso for The Make-Up Shop



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http://www.altoids.com

Stuff her sexual suggestion box.

reassuring. I've happily been in that position—post-shower—many, many times since."

—Anne, 33

Bonding with Bondage

"My current boyfriend casually mentioned after two months of dating that he wanted to tie me to the bed. I was horrified, because all I could picture were handcuffs ripping into my flesh or him having a heart attack and dying with me attached to the bedpost. One night when he was going down on me, he reached up and held my wrists so that I couldn't move. I started to struggle a bit, but he moved up next to me and pleaded, 'Why can't you just relax and let me please you?' My unwillingness to try new things was making him feel threatened by my old boyfriend, as if by clinging to old routines I was clinging to my ex's memory. I was touched by this admission, so I said I'd think about it. The next time we were together, he got a silk scarf off my shelf and just placed it on the bed. I liked that, because he was letting it be my call. I left the scarf there while we were making out and then let him move my arms above my head and tie my wrists together, without tying me to the bed. He then made love to me really slowly, talking to me as he touched me, which was a relief, because although the 'taboo' feeling was exciting, I felt vulnerable being constrained. But I trust him completely now, and we do it—with me tied to the bed—about once a month."

—Stephanie, 26

"To be honest, it didn't feel *totally* natural, but it gets him so hot that I'm learning to like it more."

Talking Her into Talking Dirty

"I'd gone on a few dates with my current guy, and one night it was pretty obvious that we were going to have sex. As we were making out and taking each other's clothes off, he started describing what he was doing to me in very specific—and spicy—language. He'd say things like 'I love kissing your tits.' But he never used degrading words, like *bitch*—I'd have kicked him out. Suddenly he whispered in my ear, 'Talk to me. Just tell me how you feel, what you want.' I was nervous that I'd sound silly, but after dating so many guys who just wanted a quick screw or didn't listen to me, here was a guy who was urging me to express myself. I tentatively chimed in with 'I love it when you run your hands across my ass like that.' We took turns saying what we liked or wanted. Every time I said something, he held me tighter or moaned, reinforcing how crazy excited it was making him. Afterward he asked if I'd minded talking to him like that. To be honest, it didn't feel totally natural, but it gets him so hot that I get excited, so I'm learning to like it more and more."

—Sarah, 25

Knocking at the Back Door

"During college I was living with a guy who could usually get me to try new things, simply because he always gave me what most women really want: oral sex. He'd go down on me for an hour, literally, and make me climax two or three times, until I felt sort of stoned and in love. He'd say things while he did it that made it clear he really enjoyed it. When he mentioned that he wanted to be inside every part of me, I knew he meant, uh, back there, but I was glad he phrased it in a sexy way. One night after he'd gone down on me for about an hour and I'd had two orgasms, we were in the shower, kissing, and he slowly turned me around, rubbed the wetness from my front to my behind, and put it in. It was really emotional—I almost cried—and it felt like everything below my stomach was floating. He kept whispering my name and making it clear how amazing it was for him. He climaxed inside me, and we finished showering. I was in pain from the penetration, but he dried me off and made me a cup of tea, the whole princess treatment. It isn't something I do with every guy—only the ones who put me first and make me feel sexy and desirable."

—Heidi, 26

Getting Her to Get Messy

"One night my husband of four years told me he wanted to try to liven up our sex life. I sarcastically told him that if we didn't work a million hours a week and if I didn't feel so unattractive (I'd gained a little weight), that sure, I'd be up for that. The next Friday he showed up at my workplace and said he was taking me away for a stress-free weekend. He'd even arranged for his mom to watch the baby and had packed my bag. We got to our room, and he unwrapped this crazy lingerie outfit with garters. (I'm a cotton

underwear kind of gal), but he held me and assured me that he liked my body better now, because my breasts were fuller and sexier, and he kept having fantasies at work about me in a red bra and him ejaculating on my chest (something we'd never done before). I was surprised that he'd been thinking about me in such a sexy, pornographic way, but it was a turn-on hearing him verbalize what he wanted. I put on the outfit after he agreed to turn the lights off, and he kept telling me how sexy I looked. He went down on me, and I had an orgasm; then he asked whether I wanted him inside me or if he could rub himself between my breasts. The way he asked—sweetly, softly, earnestly—and the fact that he'd gone to so much trouble so we could get away from the daily grind clinched the deal. But soon my chest was getting red and sore, so I got some lotion out of my bag. We were both giggling. We knew we were going to be making 'Get the lotion, honey' jokes for weeks. I was a sticky mess at the end, so we jumped in the shower, but I must admit that afterward, we felt closer and more bonded."

—Olivia, 34 M

YOUR KEYS TO THE KINKDOM

Don't beg. Don't grovel. It ain't manly. Besides, it ain't necessary.

Sex has become as predictable as your morning commute? Beverly Hills relationship therapist and lecturer Sharyn Hillyer gives you a few shortcuts to getting way laid.

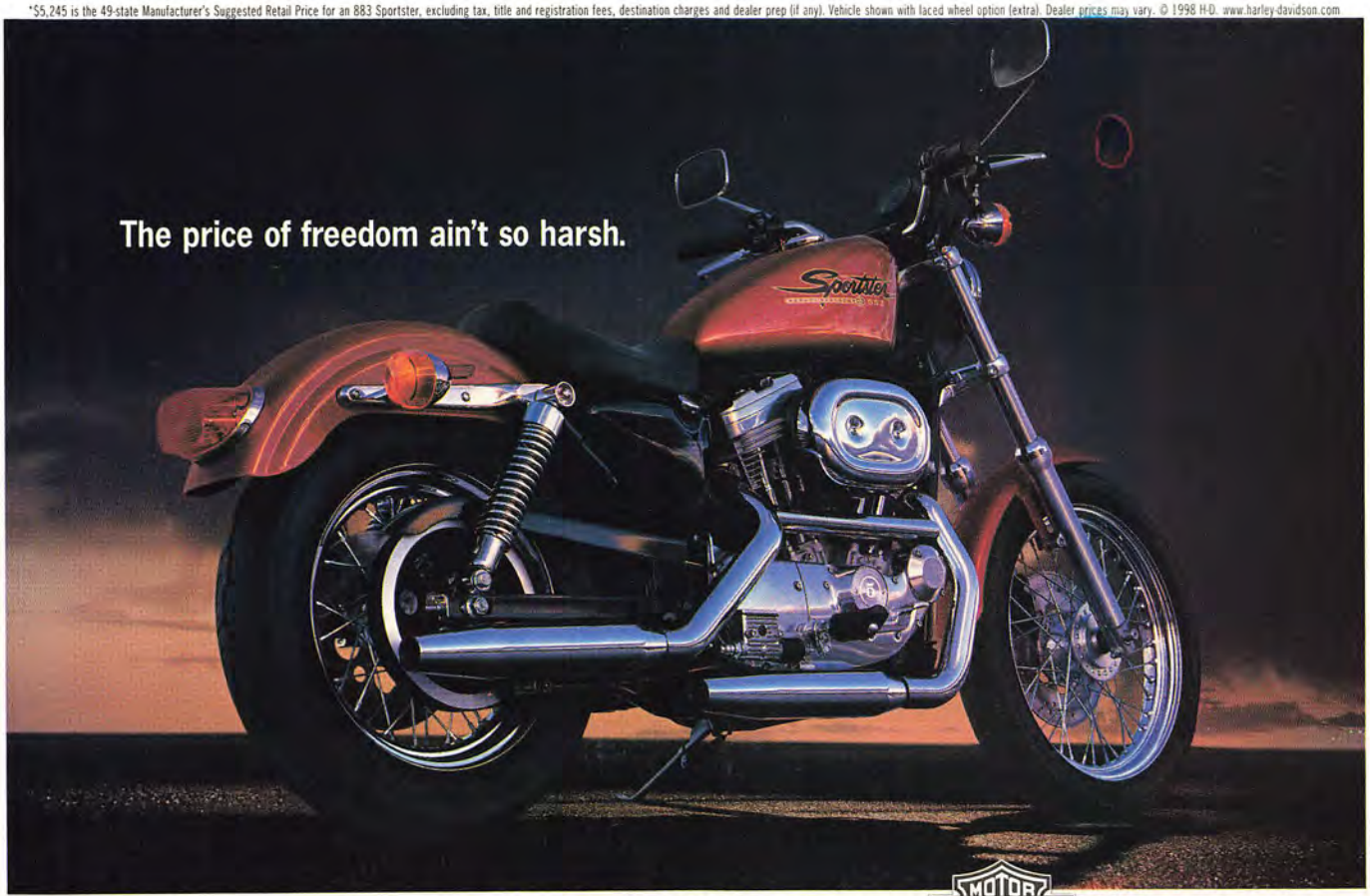
Stick to the rules. If you tell her, "I just want to tie up your hands" and as soon as she's obliged, you secure her feet too, she'll never play pirates with you again. Game over, you fool. You've lost her trust.

Talk her through it. Silent sex is creepy. And if you get all quiet while you're doing something out of the ordinary, she'll truly feel weirded out. Try saying: "Is this OK for you?" and "Can I keep going?" and "This feels so great."

Don't be a bigmouth. Women live in dread that they'll get a reputation as *that* kind of girl. Tell her this is just between you two, so she knows you won't be bragging later to the guys out on the golf course.

Do a post-game analysis. Comments like "Was that fun?" and "Could I have made it better for you?" will show that you really care and appreciate her taking a chance. She's more likely to let herself go next time, too.—*L.Y.*

*$5,245 is the 49-state Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for an 883 Sportster, excluding tax, title and registration fees, destination charges and dealer prep (if any). Vehicle shown with laced wheel option (extra). Dealer prices may vary. © 1998 H-D. www.harley-davidson.com



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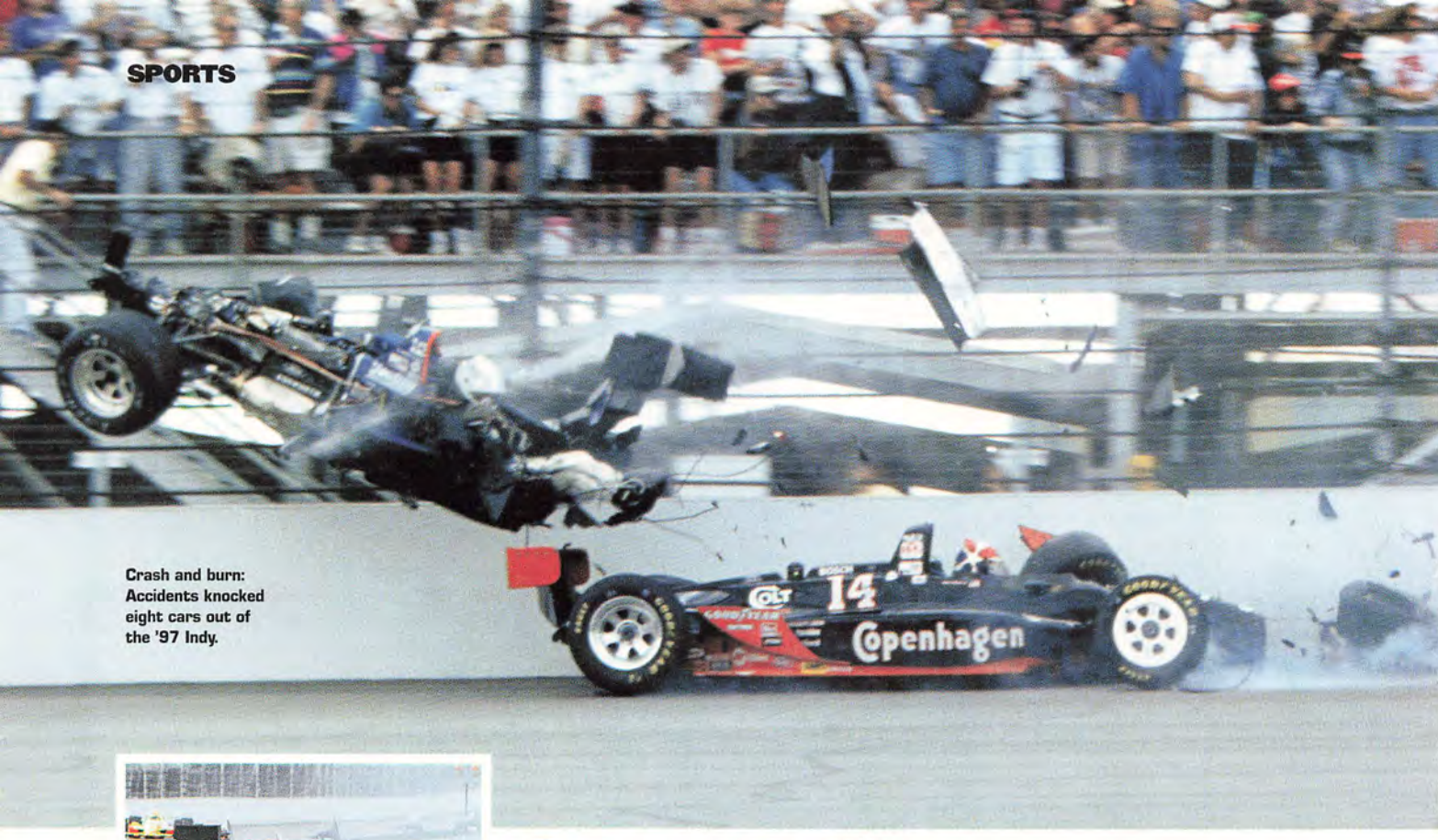


Crash and burn: Accidents knocked eight cars out of the '97 Indy.

Crash Course

Planes take off at 155 miles per hour. Four years ago at the Indy 500, Scott Goodyear hit a concrete wall going 220. Here's what it looked like from behind the wheel. As told to Michael Hill

The start of any race is an anxious thing: You've got lots of metal, lots of methanol, and lots of adrenaline-juiced guys all crammed together—and everyone's foot is itchy to hammer the accelerator. At the start of the '94 Indy 500 qualifier, nobody was more anxious than I. Two years earlier, I'd lost the closest finish in Indy history: Al Unser, Jr., beat me by just 43 thousandths of a second. This time I was going to win it. There was just one problem: Something was wrong with my car.

It hadn't been handling right for two weeks. My mechanics had been all over it, fine-tuning and making adjustments, but I still wasn't getting the speed I wanted. What worried the crew most, though, was that they knew I'd try to overdrive—push the car past its physical limits—in order to compensate. And that can have extremely dangerous consequences.

I was more than willing to take that risk.

Start your engines

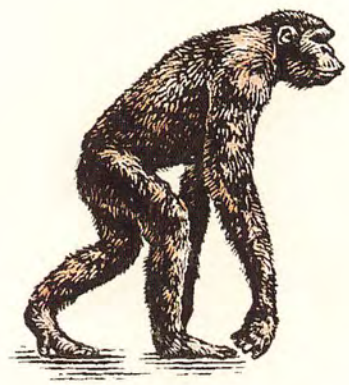
The race began with a roar from the track answered by a cheer from the grandstand. I made my way out of Turn One, got up to full speed, and began to find my groove. But almost immediately, I started to feel the car's sluggishness. And, uncharacteristically, I got a little flustered.

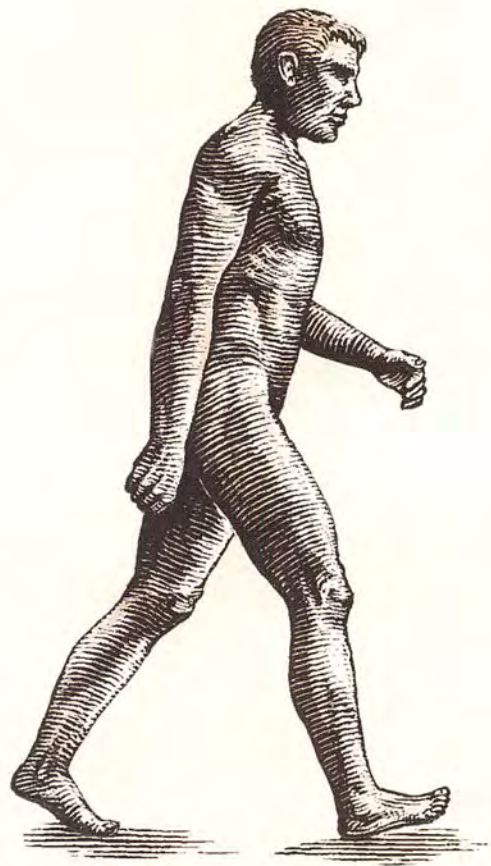
I pushed the car, trying every maneuvering trick I could think of to compensate for the lack of speed. And every 40 laps, I'd pull into the pit, have the four tires changed and 35 gallons of methanol pumped into the tank—all within 12 seconds. It was about two hours into the race when all the chances I had taken finally caught up with me.

As I hit Turn Four, I knew I wanted to make up a little lost time. I looked good going into it, but when I started coming out, near the outside wall, I quickly glanced at my dash. I was maxing out at 220 mph, which was a little too fast for a finely tuned vehicle to handle, and way too fast for this car in its current shape. But that wasn't my only problem: I had turned the wheel too hard.

In an Indy car, the steering wheel only turns about four inches in either direction—when you're covering the length of a football field in less than a second, believe me, you don't need more play than that. When you're on a straightaway, your hands should be positioned at nine and three o'clock. And at the height

Photographs, this page (from top): Brian Spurlock, Mike Fender/*Indianapolis Star*. Next page, photograph, Brian Spurlock; illustration, Paul Wootton





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The highest Indy death toll was in 1909—five lives.

of a turn, the right hand should never be past 12.

But coming out of Turn Four, my right hand was at 11 o'clock. I didn't want to lose my speed, so I took a risk and kept pushing the throttle. That's when I felt the car starting to get away from me.

An Indy car is rear-heavy because its engine and gearbox are located in the back. Take a turn too fast and the back end can slide away from you. That's what was happening here: I was sliding fast toward the inside wall. A sharp corrective steer could save it, I thought, so I jerked the wheel back half an inch. It didn't work—I was still moving at over 200 mph, but now I was facing the infield. This was not a good position to be in, but I still thought it could be saved. So I counter-steered another quarter inch, and I kept the throttle floored. That's how much I believed in my ability.

But the car kept spinning. The back end tailed further away from me, swinging the car like an anchor toward the track's inside wall. The steering wheel began to tighten. My muscles turned to stone. The back of the car, with all its weight, was now driving and taking the front end with it. My feet danced wildly between the throttle and the brake. Thousands and thousands of perfectly executed turns had not prepared me for what happened next: the moment I became a passenger in my own car.

Off the wall

At this point I knew that hitting four feet of solid concrete at 220 mph was unavoidable. But my mind was already beyond that: *Did I pay the medical insurance this month?...Are my wife and kids watching?...I wonder how much this is gonna hurt...Do we have enough parts to put this thing back together?*

Everything went blurry. Bracing for the wall, I locked up the brakes hard, which is what we're trained to do: It was my first admission of surrender. Impact was three tenths of a second away, and the smell of burned tire rubber began to singe my nose. My eyes were still wide open, but now I couldn't see the wall because I was heading back-end first. This is always the worst way to go, since the gearbox and engine are the most solid parts of the car. With no give, the force of the impact is shifted almost completely to the driver. I was floating blindly, the adrenaline loose in my body, and then...impact.

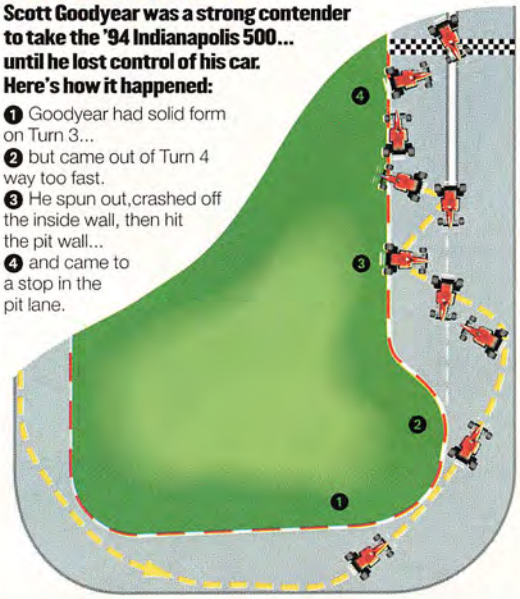
Fifteen hundred pounds of carbon fiber slammed against the wall. The noise was incredible. Paint chips and dust shot into the air like confetti and rained into my exposed cockpit. The seat hit my back with such force that if you'd told me my spine had bowed and then snapped, I would have believed you. My body felt like it had been flung 50 feet, but, strapped in by a six-way harness, it had jerked forward barely a quarter of an inch. The belts are so tight, I wasn't even sure how badly I had been hurt. But a sudden chill took my body, as if someone had poured ice water into the top of my head.

I'd been momentarily deafened by the impact, so even though parts of my car scraped across the ground and the tires howled, I couldn't hear a thing. The loudest boom ever imagined had suddenly given way to a ▷

Out of Control

Scott Goodyear was a strong contender to take the '94 Indianapolis 500... until he lost control of his car. Here's how it happened:

❶ Goodyear had solid form on Turn 3...
❷ but came out of Turn 4 way too fast.
❸ He spun out, crashed off the inside wall, then hit the pit wall...
❹ and came to a stop in the pit lane.



surreal silence. Thick, white, foul-smelling fumes from the skidding tires rushed into my nostrils. It hurt to breathe. But, strangely, there was no specific pain in my body—only a deep, spreading numbness.

The car bounced nearly 15 feet off the inside wall, and I was still going 190 mph, pinballing back toward the heart of the speedway at a 45-degree angle. Less than one second later… impact. I didn't even see it coming. I'd hit the end of the wall that separates the pits from the speedway. My wraparound seat, which extends from the top of my shoulder to my knee, smashed into my hips. I'd been stabbed. Stabbed hard. And an electric shock shot up and down my legs. That was the first real sense of specific pain. Then I faded into

"I hit the wall and an electric shock shot up and down my legs."

semiconsciousness. The world became a place of no color and half-light. My lungs were being sucked downward and scrambled; my stomach was pulled into my throat. Everything around me moved slowly. My eyes closed for the first time.

The crew comes through

To brace myself, I'd been holding on to the steering wheel, and I held it as tightly as I'd ever held anything before. But now, as the tires were lost to the laws of physics, the steering wheel whipped back fast, and the force was pulling my arms from their sockets. I had to do the single most difficult thing a driver ever has to do: let go and give up control.

I had ricocheted hard off the pit wall and was spinning toward the infield again when I heard my crew chief's voice through my radio, "There's a yellow, a yellow!" They were standing on the

Tree sap. Road grime.
The intestinal fluids of assorted flying insects.
Not exactly what mommy's window cleaner was made for.

Auto Glass Cleaner

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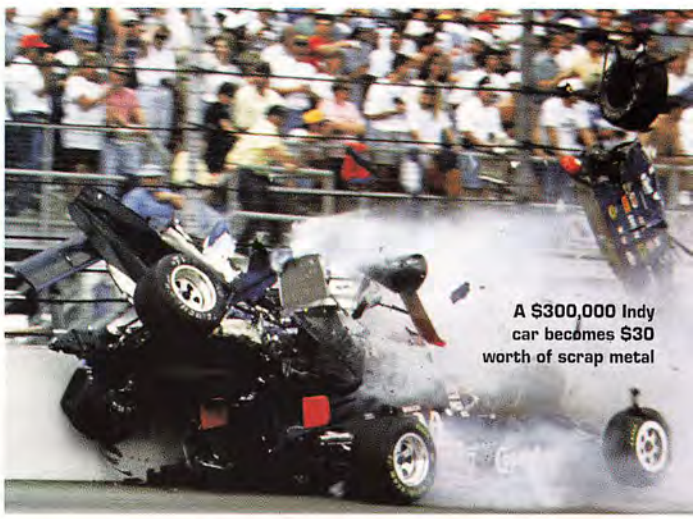
other side of the track and hadn't seen the accident. All they could see was an official waving the yellow warning flag. Knowing that it was crucial for them to start gathering a medical team, I took what breath I could and pushed the talk button on my steering wheel: "We're the yellow."

The car reached the pit lane and stopped. My body was limp, but my brain was still busy, and I was thinking about fire. The flames from methanol gas are invisible: The only way to tell if there's a fire is by the heat. And as I sat there, strapped in, I could feel intense heat course through the car, from the engine to the cockpit, toward my body. The smell of methanol was blinding. I started to panic. The vapors swelled and thickened around me, and I could see the fumes seeping into the air like shimmering ghosts. I had only one thought: *I've got to get out of the car!* But I couldn't move.

Just then, I looked up and saw my crew scurrying toward my car. They'd gotten to me in 10 seconds. Dr. Henry Boch landed on the front of the car, straddling it, looking cartoonish as he jumped up and down, barking instructions to his crew. "Get him unstrapped." My whole body was numb. "Can you hear me, Scott?" I couldn't feel my right leg. "Don't worry, there's no fire!" I couldn't breathe.

They cut me out of the car and strapped me to a stretcher. As they loaded me into the ambulance, I looked up at the blue sky and took my first full breath since before the initial impact. The air felt good in my lungs. The smell of methanol and burning tires was replaced by rubbing alcohol, and I knew I was in the hands of great doctors. I started to relax. But when the ambulance began to move, the weirdest thing happened: Panic hit me. I couldn't see where I was going. Once again I had no control over what was happening to me. In less than a minute, I'd gone from the high of racing at Indy to being a helpless passenger: drifting in and out of consciousness…not knowing how all this was going to end…feeling nothing.

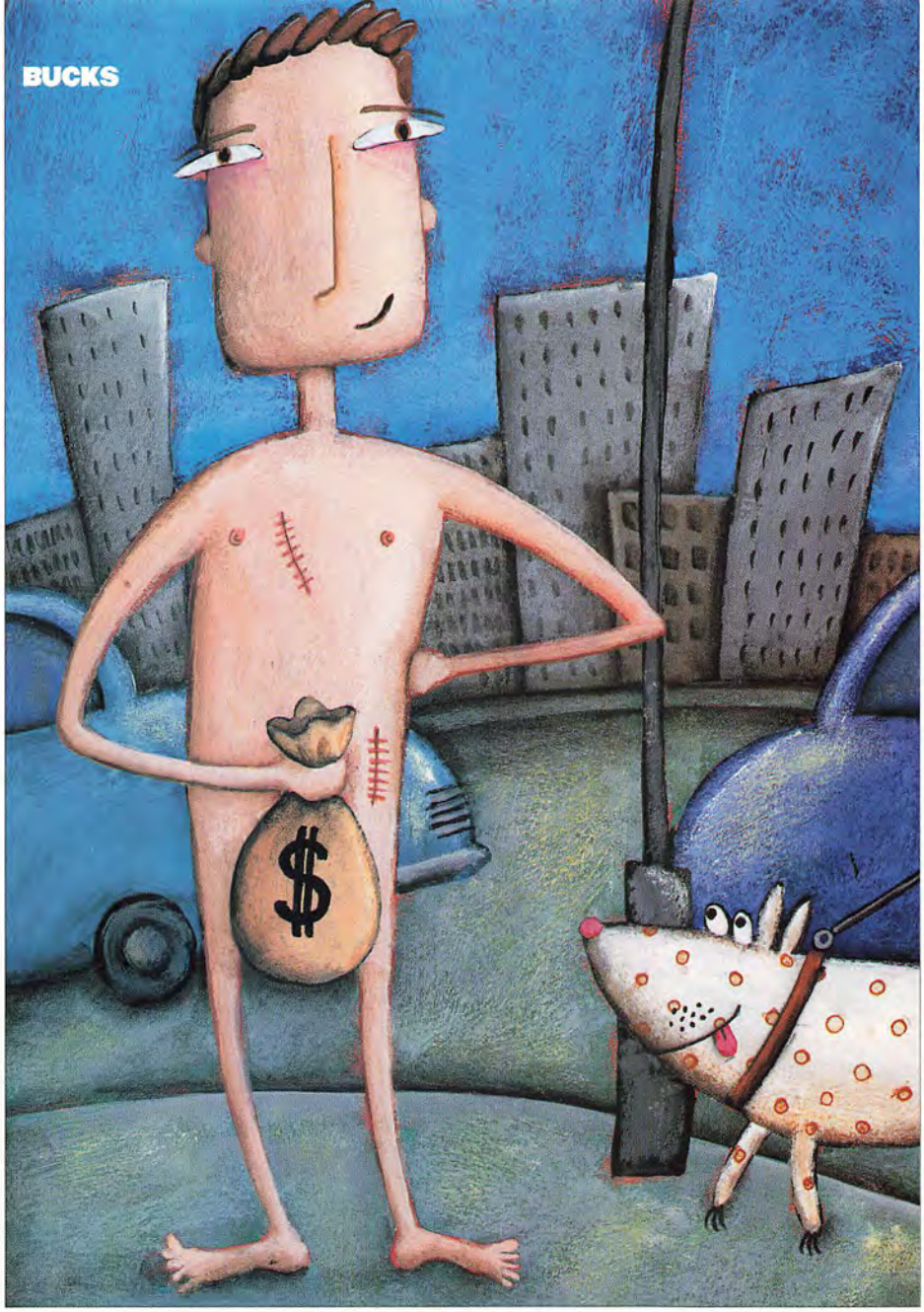
But hoping I could race again. M



A $300,000 Indy car becomes $30 worth of scrap metal

Goodyear injured his right leg and foot, and suffered a serious concussion. On May 24, he'll race in this year's Indy 500.

This spread: Photos by Brian Spurlock



Fast cash for desperate times

When time is short, funds are low, and you owe someone big time, here's some easy ways a smart guy like you can make moolah in minutes.
By Stephanie Williams

We don't want to know the hows, the whys, or any other disgusting details concerning your current plight. Let's just leave it at this: You need money, and you need it fast. It's time to spring into action before some hairy-knuckled man named Bruno kicks down your door.

Sell your possessions

Stuff just gets in the way. It slows you down. It needs to be dusted. Besides, you don't need a television set right now, you need cash. So sell anything that won't help you eat, sleep, get sex, or procure beer.

Start by loading up the car and heading to Play It Again Sports, a secondhand sporting goods chain (call 800-445-1047 for a store near you). They buy dumbbells for 15¢ per plate, lacrosse helmets for $16, ice skates for $6, starter sets of golf clubs for $50, your younger brother's hockey blades and goalie gear for $125. Resist the urge to splurge on a used snowboard.

A pawnbroker will grudgingly shell out $30 each for once-loved possessions (your boom box), stuff you hate (the watch your stepmom gave you), and stuff your girlfriend hates (time to hand over the pistol). Your VCR will fetch $50-ish and your stereo a bit more. Sacrifice your Nintendo 64, Sony Playstation, or Sega Saturn to the cause and you're looking at $60, plus $20 per game. Since your band, Snot Factory, has split up, sell the electric guitar for $75.

And what good is a computer if your fingers have been broken? Computer Renaissance (call 800-445-1047 to find a local store) pays about $50 for a 486 and $300 for a first-generation Pentium. As for your vast literature collection, expect $4 for John Grisham and Michael Crichton hardcovers at most used-book stores, and $10 for your parents' artsy-fartsy coffee-table books, which they'll never miss; paperbacks will get you 10 to 25 percent of the cover price.

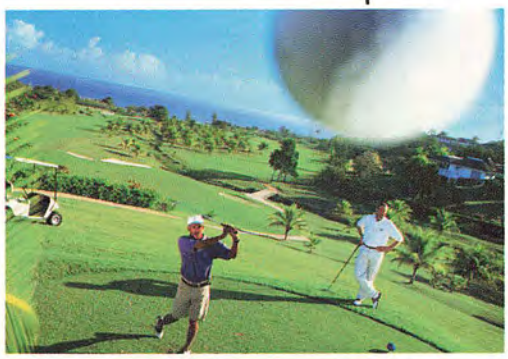
Sell the shirt off your back

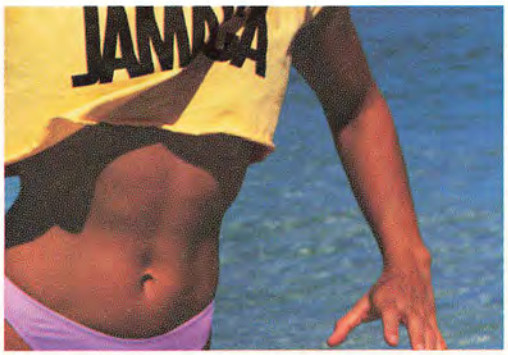
If you've been holding on to your old clothes because you've heard that "fashion recycles every 20 years," get over it. In 20 years you'll be old and fat and those clothes will look about as good on you as a lace corset.

Open the yellow pages to "Clothing—Used." Now open your closet. Clear out half of your wardrobe and start referring to it as "vintage." When you bring it to the store, don't jam it in a Hefty ▷

Illustrations by Suzannah Bettag

Playtime





Even if you don't do it all, it's nice to know it's all here.

JAMAICA

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bag—you'll up your take by presenting it folded and clean. Redeem your 10-year-old leather jacket for $25 and your lone Armani suit for at least $100 (it didn't help get the bank loan, so what's it good for?).

You've probably heard that you can turn your old sneakers and jeans into serious money if you sell them overseas. Of course, if you could afford a plane ticket to Tokyo, you wouldn't be hocking your crappy old clothes in the first place. Meet your new middleman: Seattle's Atlas Clothing (www.atlasclothing.com) buys your '70s Nikes for $15 and '80s Air Jordans for $100 per pair and ships them to rich Eurodorks. And if the tag on your ass says "Levi's," you're sitting on a small fortune. A California company, Green for Jeans (800-538-4799), pays up to $15 for 501s in decent shape, which it sells for $100 to kids in Japan whose only goal in life is to look as cool as you. Finally, your jewelry. Once and for all: No one is impressed with your class ring. No one! Sell it to Mr. Pawnshop for at least $30.

Sell your skills

Now it's time to start trading on your wit, your charisma, your education, or, most profitably, your *cojones*.

Everyone loves to be entertained, and they are willing to pay dearly for it. For your lucrative debut, go drinking with a large group of friends. After three rounds, mention that if paid enough ($250), you'd shave your head. Then suggest $50 as a fair price for each eyebrow. (At this point, if you're lucky, your girlfriend will offer you $400 *not* to do it.) This will incite a frenzy of dares, and you, brave soul, can accept them all. For $25, tell the chick across the room that your name is Michael Bolton and you'd like to be her "soul provider." Walk through the place naked for $100. For $150, circulate around the bar, whispering, "Penis and the buttocks. Penis and the buttocks," with a deranged look in your eye. You can blame it all on the booze tomorrow.

Once you've had enough of live entertainment, give journalism a go: You can sell lame sob stories to the *National Enquirer* (800-628-5697), which pays up to $500 for "stories of tragedy and triumph, courage and sacrifice, humor and outrage." Bombard *Reader's Digest* with amusing anecdotes, which sell for $400 apiece (www.readersdigest.com). Just keep it rated G—those old folks scare easy. And, as you're no doubt aware, *Playboy* shells out $100 for jokes (E-mail them to jokes@playboy.com). *Maxim* pays $150 for the Joke of the Month (jokes@maximmag.com).

Hollywood may be the most remunerative way to go. While your buddy stands by with a camcorder, "accidentally" throw yourself off the roof of a building while wearing a duck costume and quacking out the theme song to *Bonanza*. Send the tape to *America's Funniest Home Videos* (Box 4333, Hollywood, CA 90078). If the studio audience thinks you're the most pathetic jerkoff they've seen that night, you'll win $10,000.

Sell your body

Your body is a temple, and now's the time to ransack it. You can make $300 to $500 a day as a male porno star. You'll need an agent who handles your brand of talent, like Jim South at World Modeling (818-986-4316). Of course, he'll just tell you to screw yourself. ("We don't really like it when guys call here," says the receptionist.) A better way to land this job, according to the FAQs of porno knowledge (www.faqs.org/faqs/alt-sex/movies/part3/), is to find a cute wannabe porn queen who will perform only with you. Start with bus stations.

You can also turn your jewels into cash by moonlighting as a male escort. You may be accompanying a lonely widow to the ball, or you may be providing more intimate companionship. Check the yellow pages for "full-service escort" operations. You keep about half of the $100 to $400 *per hour*, plus any bills the women fling at you with wild abandon. Bolster- ▷

Illegal. Immoral. Insane. And highly lucrative.

You may be hard up for cash, but you should never, ever do anything like this:

- Buy alcohol for minors ($9 a sixer).
- Rent out your apartment to horny teenagers ($20 per hour).
- Hook your neighbors up to your cable ($90).
- Snatch a Pekingese in the park and wait for the reward notices ($100).
- Blackmail your ex with a naked Polaroid ($500).
- Put talcum powder into small baggies and sell it as heroin (about $5,000...before a crazed but baby-fresh junkie cuts out your liver).
- Carry out a hit for the Mob ($10,000).
- Slam on your brakes suddenly and sue the schmuck who rear-ends you for whiplash ($500,000).
- Start a cult (unlimited money, unlimited sex, unlimited Kool-Aid).

Tonight's television shows will eventually be reruns. Your life won't.

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In the Philippines, the market price for a kidney is around $25,000.

ing your résumé with skills like "fluent in French" and "certified massage therapist" can only help your cause. And it certainly won't hurt if you look like Alec Baldwin.

Of course, you can look as mangy as *Stephen* Baldwin and still get a job as a nude model for a college art class. Call the school's art department to apply. It pays just $8 to $15 an hour, but a beer gut is not a problem: "You can be fat, tall, skinny, short, furry…Variety is good," says one art-department staffer.

If you're muscular, though, you'll make more as a bouncer. The cooler the club, the less you'll get paid, but you'll average about $100 a night on the books, and losers who want to see the VIP room will grease your palm with another $200.

No matter what you look like or how you're built, drug companies are always looking for guinea pigs to test their new wares. They lure their prey with help-wanted ads in college and city newspapers that often begin, "Looking for MEN 18–55…" Dermatological researchers at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital (212-305-6953), for example, pay you $15 to let them clip one of your toenails (to test for fungus), or $20 to $25 per visit to let them apply ointment to your athlete's foot. If they put four blisters on your arm and apply cream to them for a month, you can make $700. But if you live near the University of Texas at Austin, you just struck oil: A drug research company called Pharmaco will give you $300 per tooth to test painkillers while having your wisdom teeth pulled, or $1,550 to test acne drug L762973. If you agree to be quarantined in their cushy facilities—complete with big-screen TV—for several weeks, you can make $4,050 testing a new blood-clotting drug. (Call 800-773-2782 and ask for the automated "info hot line" to hear about similar upcoming studies so you can drive your ass to Texas.)

Plasma is always a hot commodity. Sell yours once every three days or so for about $35 a week…that is, if you don't mind the dreaded apheresis machine, which hurts like hell and can cause suspicious-looking track marks. Selling sperm is great work—if you can get it. Unfortunately, only about 5 percent of guys have the stuff it takes to get $35 to $50 a pop. If you're game for a little adventure and want to flirt with death, you could always hop a plane and sell a kidney in the Philippines, where the market price is more than $25,000, and it's legal. Although illegal—and, at about $4,000, much less tempting—there's still a market for kidneys in Madras, India, as well. When you get to town, simply ask anyone to direct you to Kidney Street. Really. M

Prime Time

OUR FEATURE PRESENTATIONS

Hickey Heaven

Plant it right here and check out our May lineup of go-for-the-throat features. Coming up:

- Own your woman forever with these no-fail tips on how to **Last Five Minutes Longer,** p. 66
- Interested in sports gambling your way to fat city? Find out how from **The Wizard of Odds,** p. 70
- Fight the forces of universal sissification with our Alan Alda–baiting **Are You a Man or a Wuss?** quiz, p. 76
- Now sittin' on the docket of *Baywatch:* **Donna D'Errico.** A revealing profile (frontal shots, too) p. 80

And more...

Busily spawning *90210: The Next Generation,* **Jennie Garth** made her first baby a year ago next month. See our tribute to yummy mums on page 98.

Photograph by Lance Staedler/Outline

She couldn't decide which of her seven orgasms was the best.

LAST FIVE MINUTES LONGER

Never want to hear the words "Oh, baby, I was *so* close!" again? Master these hang-fire techniques and we guarantee that your phone number will be scrawled on women's room walls across the country.

By Russell Wild

It takes about five minutes for light to travel halfway from the sun, for Crayola to manufacture 60,000 crayons, and for Bill Gates to make $195,000. It also takes the average woman about five minutes longer to reach orgasm than it takes most of us.

Every poll since the Crimean War has shown that one of women's main beefs is that men decant too soon. Experts say most guys reach orgasm in under three minutes (after 30 to 60 thrusts). Most gals require at least seven minutes. Do the math, and give her a few seconds for good measure.

But if you'd rather be doing something besides math... and doing it longer...continue reading. Our experts swear that by following their advice, you'll last at least an extra fiver. Hell, if you want, you'll remain hard so long that your erection will need to be carbon-dated.

MIND OVER MANHOOD

In every movie where a nuclear generator is involved, there's always a moment when the sirens start screaming, the meters start moving into the red, and everyone near the reactor starts yelling, "It's gonna blow!" And then someone pulls the emergency cutoff switch. Here are a few switches of your own to pull when critical mass is imminent.

Bring it to the brink. The practice most frequently suggested by sex therapists is called the stop-start method, says Mark Schoen, Ph.D., a sex educator and producer of the instructional video *You Can Last Longer: Solutions for Ejaculatory Control* (Sinclair Institute). You basically rock along until you feel an orgasm rushing on. At that point you freeze, either inside your lover or after you withdraw (she'll probably feel less bereft if you stay inside). Gain control of your senses. Ask yourself what day it is. Give your sausage a moment to cool. Start again. Repeat as needed. Nothing could be simpler. An orgasm, you see, is one part lust, two parts friction. Stop the friction, stop the orgasm.

Fine-tune the technique. To get the most out of the stop-start technique, you should endeavor to bring yourself closer to the detonation point each time you do the technique. That way, you'll learn to read your body's signals, to monitor your level of excitement, and to nail the exact millisecond you need to stop. Over time, experts say, you'll be able to come so darn close to ejaculation without actually spilling any seed that you'll almost think you have. Yet you'll be able to stay erect and keep on going and going with only an occasional moment's hesitation—perpetually blissful, like some kind of sexual legend.

But will Betty Lou see you as a Casanova or as a cad whose constant stopping and starting makes her feel like your sparring partner? "Most women are very supportive. Why wouldn't they be? The key is to make sure that the two of

you talk about what you're doing and why," says Rohn Friedman, M.D., director of the human sexuality program at Boston's Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center.

One gal we interviewed indicated that his stopping and starting actually helped her get off. "I often feel uptight about how long it takes me to climax," says Jennifer. "For my part, alleviating the pressure to orgasm far outweighs the interruption in stimulation, because it's not like every time my boyfriend stops, I go back to square one. In fact, it's a lot sexier, because he leaves me hanging—begging, if you want to be honest, which ironically makes me climax faster."

Of course, your teammate doesn't always have to be present for you to practice. Sex experts heartily advise you to take advantage of those tender moments when you're making love to yourself (doesn't sound quite as pathetic as "masturbating," does it?) to practice the stop-start technique.

Press the million-dollar point. You can't see it, but there's an ejaculatory duct down at that low-profile soft spot between the scrotum and the anus (closer to the anus). Press on it as you feel yourself almost ready to spout (firmly for at least three or four seconds), and you will stop the ejaculation. The pressure can be applied with your fingers or hers, or, if you're flexible enough, just about anything—your heel, for example. (Sit cross-legged atop one heel, then have your sweetheart straddle you, facing in or out.)

Taoism (pronounced "*Dow*-ism"), begun as a pro-sex consciousness-raising movement in China thousands of years ago, calls this down-under spot the million-dollar point (alluding to its magnificent value). Ancient Taoist sexual practices direct men to make great use of their million-dollar point to delay ejaculation for long periods. By so doing, the Taoists believed, a man will improve his health and live a long life.

Robert Jaffe, Ph.D., says he's not sure about the long life, but he confirms that pressing on the right point will delay ejaculation. "Although," adds Jaffe, a family therapist and sex counselor in Encino, California, "most men find the manipulation somewhat annoying." Tony, one guy who experimented with digging his heel in, complains that his leg went to sleep in the middle of lovemaking. "But it was a small price to pay for becoming one woman's idol," he modestly confesses. ▷

"I wish we smoked."

Discover your PC muscle. The penis can be trained without the hassle of starting and stopping or pressing your fingers anywhere, says sex therapist and former sex surrogate Anita Banker-Riskin, coauthor (with her husband, Michael Riskin) of *Simultaneous Orgasm & Other Joys of Sexual Intimacy* (Hunter House, 1997). But first you must make the effort to develop your pubococcygeus (PC) muscle, which you're now sitting on. The PC muscle involuntarily contracts as you ejaculate, causing semen to fly. But if you purposely contract it during the peak of sex, the PC muscle, says Banker-Riskin, acts like the brakes on a car and can bring an ejaculation to a halt.

Practice pelvic crunches (a.k.a. penile push-ups). "Like any other muscle, you need to exercise the PC," says Banker-Riskin. But first, you need to identify it. Take a leak and stop the flow without using your hands. Now do that same trick (without actually urinating), and squeeze hard. You just flexed your PC muscle. Hold for one second. Now relax. Repeat. Do a set of 10 once every day. After a week, add another set per day. Build up until you're doing five sets of 10 every day. By that stage, says Banker-Riskin, you will likely notice your new power. Proceed with your sex life, halting ejaculation as you would with the stop-start or press technique, but using your newly developed mighty PC muscle instead.

Among sex experts, the PC muscle maneuver is a little controversial. James Barada, M.D., director of the Center for Male Sexual Health in Albany, New York, and psychotherapist Jaffe say the Riskin couple may be onto something. Friedman, however, says that some men find squeezing the PC muscle stimulating and, by squeezing it, wind up popping quicker. You'll just have to try it and see.

"It was a small price to pay for becoming one woman's idol."

EXPANDED REPERTOIRE

Don't worry, we're not suggesting triple half gainers with a twist. But there are simple ways to move, groove, and think that can delay the money shot long enough for it to earn interest.

Try different strokes. As any Cub Scout who has ever rubbed two sticks together knows, speed and friction make heat. So to turn down the heat, sometimes all you need to do is slow down. "If you want to climax more slowly, move slowly," says sex coach and surrogate Paul Gethard (yes, that's his real name), of Fountain Valley, California. "No heavy thrusting. Just slow, erotic movements."

The ancient Taoists recommended slow, shallow, circular movements to speed up her orgasms while slowing his down. "Going around and around offers maximum stimulation to a woman, because it rubs both her clitoris and the sensitive outer rim of the vagina," says George Schiffer, director of the Singing Wind Healing Tao Center in Arlington, Virginia. "It also keeps the man's mind engaged in his gyrations, and this minor distraction helps him last longer." The old Tao masters, says modern Taoist Schiffer, also suggested rhythmically alternating between deep and shallow thrusts. They particularly savored nine shallow followed by one deep.

Photography by Andrew Parsons/Utopia; stylist: Yesenia Alfaro; groomer: Richard Cooley/Utopia. Stopwatch: courtesy of Kenjo. On him: Gap white cotton shorts. On her: Clothes courtesy of La Petite Coquette Boutique

Lights, camera, traction...

Who better to learn erection control from than the porn-star studs who are paid money for putting off the money shots?

You think you have a hard time controlling your erections? Imagine doing it under floodlights, surrounded by cameras, with a director shouting at you, "We need five more minutes before climax!" Alexander Diamond, president of In-x-cess Productions Inc., has produced more than 200 hardcore skin flicks. Here, Diamond shares the trade secrets of the best bones in the business.

Randy West. "When I was working with Randy on *Demolition Woman,* I asked him how he stays hard for up to two hours. 'Alex,' he told me. 'I think of garbage...or a pile of earth, anything nonsexual. I have this thing about Asian women, so then when it's time for me to climax, I'll think about the hottest Asian women I've ever known.'"

Rocco Siffredi. "Rocco can climax three or four times a day," says Diamond, who worked with Rocco on *Marquis de Sade.* "His secret to control? He walks onto the set and immediately chooses the model that most turns him on. Then he'll turn to the director and say, 'We'll save her for the finale.'"

Mark Davis. "When we were filming *Passenger 69* in 1993," says Diamond, "Mark told me his trick to lasting long is to take his mind off the act, and to reminisce about things he used to do growing up as a kid in London."

Peter North. "Peter's famous for the farthest ejaculation shot in the business. He shoots about two feet away, on cue," says Diamond, who worked with him on *The Passion.* "Peter told me that his secret is that he doesn't smoke or drink, he eats lots of protein (chicken breasts, no red meat), and he takes many vitamins. It works. A lot of actresses like him a lot."

"The actual rhythm doesn't matter," says Barada. "As long as you thrust in an alternating fashion, you'll likely slow your ejaculation." And don't worry about boring her with shallow shoves, adds Barada. He agrees with Schiffer that the outer rim is the place to be. "Most sensation in the vagina is at the entrance, where there is a higher density of nerve endings, not the rear," he says.

One office administrator, Candice, emphatically concurs. "The combination of short and long thrusts is what good sex is all about. The short give the best stimulation, but the long offer an incredibly intimate feeling of being deeply connected. Almost any woman would prefer this thoughtful type of intercourse to mindless pile-driving."

Change your mount. Gethard says that the missionary position may build strong triceps, but it often leads to rapid ejaculations. "You get to the point where you're so tired, you just need to ejaculate and collapse," says Gethard. Try a more relaxed position, he suggests, such as spooning—both of you are lying on your sides, with her in front. Or flop onto your back and allow her to straddle you and do all the work.

It's simple to delay the money shot long enough to earn interest.

Friedman agrees that the female-superior position often works better than the missionary, largely because it allows her to do the driving and the male to relax his muscles, giving him better control over his ejaculation. "But," he cautions, "all guys are different." For some men, the grand view that a woman on top provides can be dangerously exciting.

Keep your eyes off the prize. Don't focus on your honey's choicest parts, suggests Banker-Riskin. If, for example, your most coveted vision is that of Betty Lou's breasts keeping time with the bouncing mattress, try looking directly into her lovely eyes. If the sight of her dark nether triangle drives you wild, raise your sights north of the waistline. If every part of the female anatomy, even Betty Lou's nostrils, drives you wild with lust, then try closing your eyes.

DRUGSTORE TAOBOY

Two very effective orgasm-control aids the venerable Tao masters couldn't buy at the pharmacy but you can are condoms and desensitizing creams.

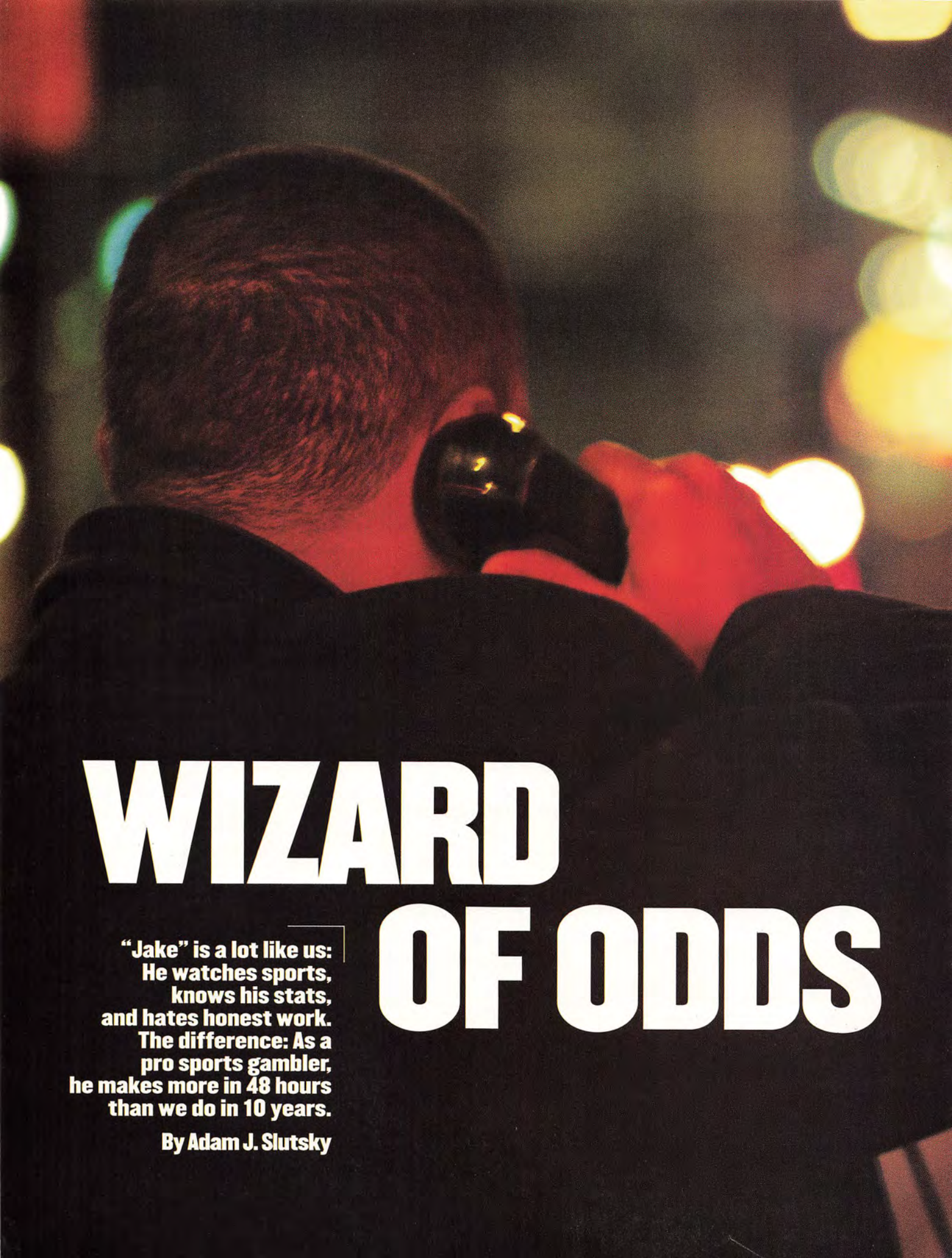
Dress the bishop. Covering Mr. Sunshine in latex is a backseat-proven way of lessening penile sensation and prolonging the enjoyably inevitable. But different condoms provide different levels of help, so you'll want to experiment. Dry might be less stimulating than lubricated. Ribbed condoms tend to be thicker (and less stimulating to you) than smooth ones. Thicker yet are the industrial-strength condoms, such as Ramses Extra and Trojan Extra Strength brands. Natural skins are the thinnest of condoms and will slow you down the least. (They are also porous and won't protect you against disease.)

Numb your little buddy. They go by names such as Mandelay (gel) and Stud 100 (spray). As long as the active ingredient is benzocaine (3 to 7.5 percent in a water-soluble base) or lidocaine (approximately 10 milligrams per spritz), then the product has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration "for temporary male genital desensitization, helping to slow the onset of ejaculation." These products can in rare cases cause irritation, especially if left on the skin for too long. It's best to wash after sex. But don't worry that they'll redden or numb your partner's vaginal lining—they won't. "The drug is absorbed into the skin of the penis. You'd have to put on a pretty big glop for it not to be absorbed," says Barada.

See Dr. Sex. On the off chance that nothing we've said here slows your Donald down, medical doctors can prescribe a cream called EMLA, which is much like the nonprescription desensitizing creams but possibly more effective. "Most doctors will give it to you simply for asking," Barada says.

And then there are pills. "We've found that certain antidepressant medications, like Zoloft, can prolong erections," says Barada. The medications are given in small doses, and they're given intermittently, not long-term. The main side effect of these drugs is drowsiness, and typically they would be prescribed for men suffering from premature ejaculation and not for mattress cowboys looking to improve their already respectable saddle times. But it can't hurt to ask.

Class dismissed. Prepare to be worshipped. M



WIZARD OF ODDS

"Jake" is a lot like us: He watches sports, knows his stats, and hates honest work. The difference: As a pro sports gambler, he makes more in 48 hours than we do in 10 years.

By Adam J. Slutsky

I first met Jake in the enormous poker room at The Bicycle Club, one of the nicer casinos in southern California. Somewhere north of 50, Jake struck me as a slightly more polished version of Captain Quint from *Jaws*: thinning black hair tinged with gray, two-day-old stubble on his face, jeans looking like a family of four had lived in them for a week. But the gold Rolex Daytona he wore said this guy's exterior was a facade, that he was a well-disguised wolf among sheep.

We were both waiting for a seat to open up; I was biding my time for a game of four- to eight-dollar Hold 'Em, while Jake was on the board for $50-to-$100 dealer's choice. We got to talking, and for one reason or another—it must have been my honest face—Jake confided in me that he was, in fact, a professional gambler. He went on to say that he was quite successful, too.

When I told him I was a writer, he clammed up for a bit, but I asked him if at a later date he might consider granting me an interview. He took my card and grunted that he'd think about it.

A few weeks later, at about 3:30 A.M., my phone rang. It was Jake. He was in an exceptionally good mood—winning a quarter million in the course of an evening would put a rise in my shorts too! He agreed to do an interview, providing it was done under his conditions. Sleepily, I agreed, not really knowing what I was getting myself into.

The interview took place under "controlled" conditions all right—namely, on his 45-foot luxury yacht, *Sea Ray*. When I arrived at the dock in Marina Del Rey, Jake, wearing a Lakers cap and impenetrable sunglasses, scowled at the sight of my miniature tape recorder. Before I could put him at ease, he ripped it from my hand and tossed it in the water, then subjected me to a rather embarrassing policelike pat-down.

With his suspicions quelled, we boarded his yacht and motored out to sea at a speed of about 20 knots. After an hour or so, when land was just a speck in the distance, he turned the sonar on, found a rocky ledge, and dropped anchor. Then he fired up a fat Cuban, and we finally got down to business.

MAXIM: When did you first start gambling?
JAKE: Junior high. My friends and I bet on everything. Of course, there wasn't much money involved, just bragging rights. But as I got older, the stakes increased. We all had jobs in high school, and one of us usually lost his entire paycheck on a weekly basis.
M: Did you ever get in over your head?
J: All the time. Once, in high school, I had to tell my dad that I'd knocked up some girl and needed to borrow money so she could get an abortion. Eventually, I told him the truth—that I had made bets I couldn't cover. He was fucking furious. I thought he was going to beat the living shit out of me.
M: I take it he was against gambling?
J: My dad was an auto mechanic...an honest day's work for an honest day's pay kind of guy. But when he died, I used what little money I got from his life insurance policy to start my career as a professional gambler.
M: I don't think he would've been too pleased with that.
J: Dead is dead.
M: What made you decide to be a professional gambler?
J: To be honest, I really wasn't cut out to do anything else. I went to a local college but dropped out midway through the first semester. I was failing everything—I just hated studying, hated going to class, hated the routine. But I loved the thrill I got from sports betting. ▷

M: What happened next?
J: I put my nose to the grindstone for the next few months, working like 60 or 70 hours a week, doing all kinds of jobs, just to accumulate cash. It was my last hurrah as a working stiff. The day I turned 21, that was it—no more nine-to-five bullshit for me. I used the money I'd saved plus what I got from my dad's life insurance policy to start my bankroll. All together, I had somewhere around $80,000.
M: What happened your first few years?
J: I read all the major sports magazines and all the newspapers. Injury reports, trade rumors, info on practices, everything I could get my hands on. It's funny, I hated studying in school, but this I didn't mind. And I did OK...enough to eat and pay the bills.
M: Any run-ins with bookies back then?
J: Yeah. A few. One time, I had a really bad weekend—I lost almost every game I picked [pro and college football], and I knew I was gonna come up short. At the time, the bookie I was using wasn't the kind of guy you came up short with, if you get my drift.
M: Think he would have hurt you?
J: No doubt in my mind. According to him, he never killed anyone, but a few of the people who crossed him probably wished he had.
M: What could he do to someone to make them wish they were dead?
J: How about sticking a lead pipe in their ass? That bad enough?
M: Uh, yeah. So what did you do?
J: I knew this guy who ran a chop shop for stolen cars. Well, my bookie drove this beautiful Corvette. So I stole his car, sold it to the chop shop, and then used the money to pay him back. Funny, huh?
M: Nice work if you can get it.
J: Actually, since the money was so good, I agreed to steal a few more cars. But on my second gig, I got caught boosting a convertible. Lucky for me I didn't have any priors, so they reduced my charge to a misdemeanor.

Win enough to buy a bigger wallet.

"Now my bets are anywhere between $10,000 and $100,000 per game."

"Oh, crap: I bet on both teams!"

M: When did you start doing well—making what you considered good money?
J: It was almost 10 years to the day that I really started to make bank, and by that I mean a monthly profit of five or six thousand dollars. My methods really hadn't changed at all—I was still working my butt off doing my homework—but all of a sudden, I just got really lucky. No explanation.

A couple years after that, I was making three or four times that a month—but I was also betting $5,000 a game, three or four times what I used to bet. And now my bets are anywhere between $10,000 and $100,000 per game.
M: Plenty of women once the money was good?
J: Oh, yeah. I've been married four times. The only one I regret losing was number two. I had just started doing really well, and I didn't want to lose that momentum, so I didn't make time for her. I just wanted to keep my nose to the grindstone and keep scoring.
M: What's the most you've ever won on a single bet?
J: $275,000, although it cost me 30 grand, so the adjusted total would be two-forty-five. Every year, down in Florida, they have powerboat races—cigarettes, scarabs, formulas—from Miami to the Bahamas. Real *Miami Vice* stuff. One year, I had a boat entered. I wasn't driving it, of course. I just owned the boat. Another guy, a real rich motherfucker—I think he owned 20 gas stations across Florida—also had a boat entered, a boat much ▷

Photography by Mark Peterson/SABA

Want Some Action?

So you want to be a professional sports gambler, just like Pete Rose? Here's how to do it.

■ If you've ever cleaned up in your office NCAA pool, you're technically no better than a common serial killer: Nevada is the only state that allows wagering on sports, and only at licensed sports books. Of course, this unenforceable law is routinely ignored, and every newspaper in the country prints the Vegas line for upcoming games. Two and a half billion dollars is bet legally at sports books in Vegas each year; the *illegal* sports-gambling industry is estimated at more than $90 billion.

How can you cash in on a hot tip that the Cubs will sweep the Series? (Actually, *we'll* take that bet.) If you live in Vegas, it's easy: Get thee to any big-casino sports book. If you live outside Nevada but value your kneecaps too much to get involved with heinous, evil-smelling bookies, there's always the Internet. The no-sports-gamblin' law makes it verboten to accept wagers over state lines but OK to *place* wagers over state lines. Savvy cyberpreneurs have taken advantage of this loophole by setting up gambling sites outside the U.S. Experts estimate that more than $500 million in sports bets will be wagered on-line by 1999, and as much as $1.6 billion by 2001.

How do you know these places will still be operating tomorrow? Your problem. (In fact, at press time, a few of these offshore gamblers' havens were under criminal investigation.)

However you do it, here's the basic strategy for making a living at sports gambling.

Rule #1: *Do your homework.* Read preseason guides and the dailies, watch *SportsCenter*, and listen to the experts for anything that might affect a game. Slumps and streaks, injuries, trade rumors. Watch the news, too: When a star player gets arrested for assault, drug possession, or DWI, it's bound to have an effect on your team's morale. Place a bet without first arming yourself with good info and you're just pissing into a fan, but without that cool staccato sound.

Rule #2: *Only bet games you feel you've got an edge on.* If you don't have an angle on a particular game, save your money: Picking a side "to keep things interesting" is amateur shit. "You have to be able to recognize the smart bets from the bad bets, regardless of what they are," says Jake. "If the smart bet at the time is the duration of two dogs fucking, you gotta make it, no questions asked."

Rule #3: *Prepare to lose...a lot.* Even with inside dope, you're going to lose nearly half your games—there are just too many factors to take them all into account. "At any given time, any team can defeat any other team," notes Jake. "Human desire and emotion account for a lot and can overcome mammoth point spreads."

"That's $100 on Splintershins to win?"

Rule #4: *Understand "the spread."* Most people wrongly assume that the spread reflects two teams' relative abilities. Actually, it's simply the oddsmakers' attempt to choose a score that will divide the game's total betting pool in half (so sports books don't take a bath because of too many winners). This is why the spread "moves" as bettors vote with their dollars. Say Denver starts as a 10-point favorite at home over Miami, a.k.a. "DENVER–10 over Miami." If Marino fans crawl out of the woodwork and pick Miami to beat the spread, the spread can decrease (say, to DENVER–7 over Miami), reestablishing that voting equilibrium.

How does this help you? Because games are played on the field, not in the sports bar. If you think the general public's wrong and the spread's an inaccurate reflection of the scoring potential of the two teams, time to cash in.

Rule #5: *Avoid sucker bets.* Multiple-winner bets, such as parlays and teasers, offer high payoffs but are extremely difficult to pull off. When was the last time you picked five winners in a row, spreads and all? You won't know enough about all the contests involved to bet sensibly. . .and if you have to rely on luck, you may as well play craps. And don't waste time on 900-number picks-of-the-week lines. If you could reliably pick the winners of ball games and hence could make millions watching sports for a living, would you bother with the hassles of running a 900-number business, or would you live in Caesar's Palace, sharing a Jacuzzi with identical-triplet hookers? We rest our case.

bigger and faster than mine. He also wasn't gonna drive it. Anyway, I bet him $275K that my boat would beat his.

M: Why? You said you knew his was faster.

J: Oh, it was. Much faster. But I paid off his driver—$30K. Strange thing was, it wouldn't have mattered. The guy's boat blew one of its engines not long after the race started. Maybe my dad was helping from above.

M: What's the most you ever won in a single day?

J: $763,000. It was over 48 hours, though, not just one day. I won every single football game I bet—college and pro—30 or 40 games. Even if I tried, I couldn't lose. The fucking golden touch. They say it happens once in every serious gambler's life. I'm a believer.

M: What'd you do to celebrate?

J: I went out and bought a Ferrari. But on the way home, I got T-boned by a delivery van. I wasn't hurt, but the car was totaled. I guess it was God's way of letting me know that my luck had run out. Funny, I couldn't win a bet to save my life for weeks after.

M: Any moments worse than that one?

J: Oh, yeah. Probably the worst was when I had to call my son during his sophomore year of college and tell him he couldn't register for the second semester.

M: What happened?

J: I was having an absolutely horrible weekend. No matter what I bet on, I lost. But rather than be smart and take the weekend off, I kept doubling and tripling my bet, thinking that when I won, it would all even out. Only problem was, I didn't win.

M: How much did you lose?

J: A fucking lot—let's leave it at that. My son was registering for the next semester in a few days, and he needed to pay for it—but I didn't know if I'd have it.

"Yes, I have been here since 1958."

"If I had lost, I probably would have offed myself."

M: What happened?

J: I called him back the next night, after the Monday night football game, and told him everything was OK.

M: You bet that much on one game?

J: Desperate times, desperate measures. Besides, if I had lost, I probably would have offed myself and my son would be set for life—I've got a big-ass life insurance policy.

M: When you make a bet, do your emotions come into play?

J: I used to get real emotional about my bets. Gave myself a nervous breakdown in the process. Now they don't faze me. I've learned not to sweat the little things. Once the bet is made, that's it. Over and done with.

M: How much money have you made as a professional gambler?

J: Without sounding like a braggart, I'll die a very wealthy man. I've got plenty of money in the bank, a nice stock portfolio, a few houses, an apartment in New York City, and a shitload of toys—you know, boats and cars, things like that.

M: I don't get it. If you've got so much, why keep betting at all?

J: I'm addicted. Not only that, I enjoy betting. For me, it's better than an orgasm. Much better.

M: What about your friends? What do they think?

J: I don't have friends, just acquaintances. Friends want too much from you. We can discuss politics, the weather, the price of tea in China, whatever, but sooner or later, everyone just wants to know my picks.

M: What advice would you give to the would-be professional gambler?

J: You want to know what it takes to be a professional gambler? An even temper, a cast-iron stomach, a brain like a sponge, balls of steel, and a lot of fuckin' money. It's got more ups and downs, twists and turns, than any roller coaster on the friggin' planet. And it's never boring. You only live once…This is the way to go. Now the interview's over. You write. I'm gonna fish. M

Oddest Odds

For those compulsives who can't resist a wager, no matter how bizarre, Britain's William Hill Company (011-44-113-296-8667/ www.williamhill.co.uk) offers odds against these events occurring in 1998:

Any Spice Girl has a baby:	3 to 1
Queen Elizabeth II abdicates:	25 to 1
NASA confirms existence of intelligent extraterrestrial life:	66 to 1
Loch Ness Monster is proved to exist:	500 to 1
Michael and LaToya Jackson are found to be one and the same person:	500 to 1
Spice Girls movie wins "Best Film" Oscar:	500 to 1
Doctors transplant a human brain:	1,000 to 1
Elvis Presley is discovered alive:	5,000 to 1
Elvis Presley crash-lands a UFO on the head of the Loch Ness Monster:	14,000,000 to 1

SURE BETS FOR WINNING BIG

A sport–by–sport guide to creating vast piles of filthy lucre.

Start by doing what the pros do: Give each team a "power rating" by matching them up in various categories: points scored, points allowed, takeaways versus giveaways, free-throw percentages... whatever. The more categories, the more effectively you can compare two teams. Remember, you don't need to find something that will lead to a 50-point differential, just a slight edge to tip a game's real odds ever so slightly away from the official "spread."

A handful of useful tips, by sport:

FOOTBALL

■ Torrential rain and blustery wind make

it notoriously difficult to throw the ball, and a team with a superior running game can really take advantage of these conditions. Also, if you want to bet the over/under line (the oddsmakers' prediction for the total of both scores), know that bad weather often results in lower scores.

■ If a spread is three points or fewer, take a close look at special-teams play, particularly kickers: A last-minute field goal or successful onside kick can decide a tight game.

■ Watch for changing conditions on the road. A team that's used to Astroturf rather than grass—or open air instead of a dome, or hot weather instead of Buffalo—can turn in sub-par performances. The more major deviations from a team's norm, the more likely it'll fall short of the mark.

BASKETBALL

■ Early-season mismatches, especially in the NCAA—North Carolina versus East Dickhead State, for example—are often prime betting opportunities, because people have a soft spot for underdogs. Throw 30 or 40 juicy points into the bar-

gain and they can't help themselves, and all those underdog bets keep the spread artificially low. Take the favorite: Blowouts happen.

■ Underdog teams known for playing strong defense are a favorite among knowledgeable gamblers; by keeping overall scoring low, they tend to cover their spreads.

■ Particularly in the NBA, watch for close games at the ends of extended road trips, and put your money on the well-rested home team. Tired, homesick squads don't always play with their usual vigor, and while a good team will still pull out the expected wins, it may not have the juice to cover the spread.

BASEBALL

■ Ignore pitchers' season stats. Hurlers are streaky, and they only pitch once or twice a week anyway, so when comparing them, just look at their win–loss records and ERAs over the last three or four games.

■ Compare one team's pitchers and bullpens to the other team's hitting. If a smokin'-hot pitcher is facing crap hitters, he's more likely to go the distance (or close to it) and chalk up the win. But if he's looking at great hitters, and there's a talentless bullpen backing him up, think twice before throwing money at him.

■ Bet on winning or losing streaks to end, particularly early in a season. With 162 games to dick around in, individual early-season wins and losses are less meaningful than in, say, football, and "streaks" are often media constructs (i.e., sucker bets). Think about it: Division winners often end seasons barely above .500—in any one game, anything can happen.

HORSE RACING

■ Look for a circled *L* beside the horse's name in the program: It denotes a first-time user of Lasix, a legal drug with the nice side effect of helping new users find new speed. (Less good: An uncircled *L* means the horse is on Lasix but not for

the first time; a circled *L* with a slash through it means the horse is coming off Lasix.) Look for a lowercase *b*, too—it denotes blinkers, which give your horse the tunnel vision to get the job done.

■ Watch for horses coupled with seasoned jockeys after a few races under other, lesser-known riders. A good jockey can bring out a horse's true ability...and what with its earlier losses, the price is sure to be good.

■ Shy away from horses cursed with crowd-pleasing names, striking looks, or wildly attired jockeys. Anything that tempts naive or just-for-fun bettors to throw money its way deflates the potential payoff if it does win, making the betting price too high.

■ Bet late, like the "smart money" does. Horse racing is notoriously easy to fix, and anyone with an inside scoop—a shady veterinarian, a randy stable boy with a terrible secret—will bet late to prevent schmucks like you from following his lead and diluting his winnings. Watch for big odds changes in the minutes before post time, and follow if you dare. (Just don't get stuck in line.)

Previous page: illustration: Elizabeth Brandt. This page: basketball: Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport; horse racing: James L. Stanfield/Nat'l Geographic Society Images; baseball: Sports Imagery; football: Ezra Shaw/Allsport

ARE YOU A MAN OR A WUSS?

If you'd rather have a steel spike driven through your eye than say the word *frappuccino,* you've probably got nothing to worry about. But just to be on the safe side, have a look at the following danger signs to see whether our overly civilized world is turning you into an overly sensitive, baby-vegetable-eating, foreign-film-loving you-know-what.

By Mark Golin and the *Maxim* Trolls

In the South of France, on the wall of a small, isolated cave, archaeologists recently discovered an almost perfectly intact painting dating back to the very time when man first walked the Earth. The picture shows a group of shaggy knuckle-scrapers feasting on the carcass of a dead animal. On the far right, a rival tribe approaches with clubs at the ready. In between the two groups, a single figure stands, arms wide in friendship as if to say, "Can't we all just get along?" Beneath this ancient peacemaker, a single and enigmatic word is hewn into the living rock: Wuss.

This "original wuss" (as evolutionary biologists refer to him) was no doubt gleefully clubbed to death moments later; his descendants, however, are still alive and thriving.

Never has there been an era so wuss-friendly as the one in which we live today. It is a well-behaved society, encouraging men to forget the small part of themselves that loves eating fried pork rinds and answering every question with a sullen shrug. It is a sandpaper society, constantly rubbing up against men and rounding their shoulders with invitations to be more in touch with their female side, more interested in Woody Allen movies. It is a society that views our age-old instincts to howl at the moon as an embarrassing evolutionary oversight. In short, it is a society that wishes we'd just grow up.

Well, forget it.

There's nothing wrong with a little sensitivity. After all, what would happen if no one flushed toilets? But men must be ever vigilant that they never entirely succumb. To help you resist the relentless gravitational pull of "the wuss side," our editorial staff has put together some early warning signs that danger may be politely tapping at your door. If you recognize yourself in only a few of the following examples, there's still hope. But say the words "Hey…that's me" more than 10 times and…

Good luck.

Illustrations: Rian Hughes; Potsie: Everett; steak: Steve Wisbauer/Still Life Stock; man & dog: Bill Losh/FPG; man & fish: Hulton Getty/Tony Stone

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A WUSS WHEN...

...you no longer make fun of people less fortunate than you.

...you say "we're pregnant" instead of "she's pregnant."

...you call someone else immature.

...you believe you have a food allergy.

...you've obviously spent a lot of time creating your humorous answering-machine message.

...you're never late for anything.

...no brunch is complete without a mimosa.

...you only get to eat steak on special occasions.

...you bite your lower lip on the dance floor when you are really "getting down."

...guys can trust you with their girlfriend... alone...for the weekend...in Europe.

...you feel you owe it to the filmmaker to watch the credits.

...you fancy yourself a student of human nature.

...the only time you see a naked woman is at bachelor parties...and you're married.

...you're afraid of wasting a salesman's time.

...you can't eat an entire pair of women's underwear.

...you give another driver the finger and then pray that the two of you don't hit a red light simultaneously.

...you no longer laugh at jokes in front of your wife.

...the first thing you always do when you get out of bed is put on a bathrobe.

...you buy a car for its safety rating.

...you own a theme calendar.

...you brag to your single friends that "this ring is a chick magnet."

...you really think you can make a difference.

...you find yourself saying OK more than you say yes or no.

...you don't have any friends who aren't married to your wife's friends.

...you've got a VACATION HAT!!!

...you think that if Howard Stern only knew you, you'd be great friends.

...your T-shirts are wittier than you.

...your kid doesn't want to see where you work.

...Friday night is whoopee night.

...you use a pair of scissors to make the ribbon curl on a gift.

...you hope the baby is a girl.

...you've used the words *soul mates.*

...you keep a journal and hope that someday someone will read it.

...your wife's not home and you still eat at the dining room table.

...you know your resting heart rate.

...you'll never be happy as long as people are starving.

...you can't remember the last time you laughed at a really fat person.

...you've never stiffed a waiter for crappy service.

...you can't imagine killing anyone under any circumstances.

...people who already owe you money want to borrow more...and you give it to them.

...you own a passport but have never left the country.

...you take your biggest risks on Casual Friday.

...your son forgets to tell you about the father-son baseball game.

...you'd rather move to another seat in the theater than tell someone to shut up.

...you take no joy in a fart.

...the first thing you think about before going anywhere is the "bathroom situation."

...you've never caught a fish.

...YOU GET RELIGIOUS EVERY TIME YOU GET SERIOUSLY ILL.

...you can't remember the last time you peed outdoors.

...you have a flourishing E-mail life.

...you share a dessert.

...you collect anything.

...you leave a close baseball game in the 8th to avoid traffic.

...you don't know anyone who has been in prison. ▷

You know you're a wuss when...

YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF BELIEVE THAT PRAISE IS A BETTER GOAL THAN MONEY.

There's nothing more important in life than having goals. But the wrong ones can leave you so psychologically mangled that it would have been better if you had died a clean death...like getting hit by a garbage truck. We've polled the village elders here at *Maxim* to determine the kind of goals that keep a healthy young swine grunting for sheer joy:

Bad Goal: To have a breakfast nook added to your house
Good Goal: To have three extra inches added to your middle finger

Bad Goal: Learning to take it "one day at a time"
Good Goal: Trying to say "Rectum? Damn near killed him!" at least once every day

Bad Goal: Spending time unraveling the enigma that is "you"
Good Goal: Teaching your inner child to smoke unfiltered cigarettes

Bad Goal: Learning more about the world you live in
Good Goal: Putting a stop to public television once and for all

Bad Goal: Mastering the hammered dulcimer
Good Goal: Buying a jackhammer

Bad Goal: Finally telling your father that you love him
Good Goal: Fathering an elementary-school bully

...the only bars you go to have two initials in their name (P.J. Wuss's).

...you're scared of yelling at the neighborhood kids.

...you insist on being the thimble in Monopoly.

...you collect ski-lift tickets on your jacket.

...you've never said "blow me" under your breath in front of your boss.

...you agonize over greeting-card selections.

...a book changes your life.

...you use foreign words when an English word would do just fine.

...you apologize before you absolutely have to.

...you clip anything from a magazine.

...you have to be drunk to express yourself.

...you still read the inscriptions in your high-school yearbook.

...a Scrabble board is your turf.

...you can't go hiking without a bag of trail mix.

...you never use the mini-bar in your hotel room.

...you've got a Big Day tomorrow.

...you have an affair with a woman uglier than your wife.

...you write letters to the editor.

...you've got a pet name for your penis...but your girlfriend doesn't.

...you secretly hate your best friend.

...you refer to Wednesday as "hump day."

...you ask your wife whether you're fat.

...A SQUIRREL CROSSING THE ROAD CAUSES YOU TO SWERVE RATHER THAN SPEED UP

...the only time you puke is when you have the flu.

...you're the oldest guy in the bar...by 10 years.

...you cough dramatically in front of smokers.

...you seriously consider getting into stand-up comedy.

...you could really go for a chef's salad.

...you shun tap water.

...you try to maintain a tan.

...baking bread is better than therapy...and you should know.

...you wear a bandanna on the weekend.

...you return from a trip abroad with a foreign accent.

...you return from a trip to Epcot Center with a foreign accent.

...you gasp when the figure skater falls.

...you're always the first one drunk.

...you vote with your heart.

...you go on a retreat of any kind.

...you find yourself saying "Hey, where did you guys go?"...a lot.

...you've never ordered a "large."

...you know all the words to "Dust in the Wind."

...you can see into a neighbor's window...but you don't look.

...you arrange the food before you bring it out to your buddies.

...locker rooms make you uneasy.

...you bring a guitar to a party.

...your wife's friends giggle whenever you walk into the room.

...you are happy and generally pleasant to be around.

You know you're a wuss when...

YOUR WIFE IS CHEATING ON YOU.

joe smith

This is a tough one to suss out, because unlike men, women approach the matter of infidelity with far more subtlety. But don't worry, bro'. *Maxim*'s here to help you uncover the truth...no matter how nasty, sweaty, and video camera–worthy it may be. After talking to some of the world's leading detectives, we've developed this list of sure signs your little lady's getting a pepperoni delivered.

1. She has 30-minute heated conversations with a wrong number.
2. The paperboy suddenly stops charging you for delivery.
3. Her new tattoo reads: *Property of the Dallas Cowboys*.
4. She hires a gardener...but you live in an apartment.
5. You're only allowed to call home from work before 10 A.M....and then again after 4 P.M.
6. There's another guy at the dinner table every night of the week.
7. One of the suits in your closet is so big that you must have shrunk...and according to the business cards in the breast pocket, your name has changed as well.
8. You haven't seen her since just before New Year's Eve.
9. She starts conversations with "Bill is much more aggressive in bed than you are."
10. You walk into the bedroom and there's a large naked man moving up and down on top of her.

This page: Monty Python: Kobal; food: Ted Morrison/Still Life Stock. Next page: broccoli: Steve Wisbauer/Still Life Stock; cobra: Gerard Lacz/Animals Animals; Boy George: Dave Hogan/Corbis; Abel: James J. French/Superstock; Simmons: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe; Gallagher: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe; Flatley: Dave Bennett/Globe; Flanders: 20th Century Fox/Shooting Star; Arnie: Photofest

WELCOME TO WUSSVILLE

■ **Wuss Phrases:**
"I don't think I'm comfortable with that."

"Is this a good look for me?"

"Red wine gives me a headache."

"Stop that!"

"10 P.M. already?"

■ **Wuss Habits:**
Washing hands after using bathroom

Flossing

Having a real doctor treat your shotgun wound

Paying for things

Stopping at red lights

Reading

■ **Wuss Occupations:**
Mime

Assistant anything

Male wet nurse

Old-people's companion

Tollbooth operator

Keebler elf

■ **Wuss Body Part:**
Shins

■ **Wuss Activities:**
Tidying up

Conversation

Reminiscing

Speed walking

■ **Wuss Drug-Store Items:**
Carter's Little Pills

Foot deodorizers

Bandages

Calamine lotion

■ **Wuss Pets:**
Anything without scales

■ **Wuss Zodiac Signs:**
You have got to be kidding.

■ **Wuss Planet:**
Venus

■ **Wuss Destinations:**
Six Flags Over Anywhere

The West Coast

Your backyard

The Spoon Museum

www.wuss.com

Heaven

■ **Wuss Foods:**
Soup

Bit-O-Honey

Pita bread

Vegetables (except corn)

■ **Wusses Want To Be Like:**
Michael Landon

Richard Dreyfus

Bono/Sting/Yanni

■ **Wusses Wish Someone Would Write a Book Called:**

101 Sacred Places That Accept American Express

Life is Really Neat-O: The Allie McBeal Story

Cats are Angels with Tails

The Big Book of Soft Things

■ **Wuss Sounds:**
Swish

Owww!

Ping

Tinkle

Shhhh!

■ **Wuss Standard of Measurement:**
Metric

■ **Wuss Holidays:**
Everything except 4th of July

■ **Wuss Inventions:**
Air bags

Scotchguard

Hangers

Medicine

■ **Wuss Worries:**
Flies are getting into the house

No one will want to high-five me

The milk's gone bad

Not enough fiber in diet

Death

■ **Wuss Tools:**
Tape measure

Hammer (just the claw part)

■ **Wusses Believe In:**
Their therapist

The Psychic Hotline

Fortune cookies

Reincarnation

Mankind

■ **Wuss Office Supplies:**
"While You Were Out" pads

Staple remover

Wite-Out

■ **Wuss Words:**
Melt

Homesick

Edelweiss

Bittersweet

Slacks

Please

■ **When Wusses are by Themselves, They:**
Hum

■ **Wuss Ailments:**
Cold hands and feet

Chronic Fatigue Syndrome

Ennui

■ **When Wusses Die:**
No one notices

Their souls go to cooking school

Earth is a better place

The Wuss Hall of Fame

Much like anything else (except 8 1/2" x 14" legal pads), wusses can and do come in a host of sizes and shapes. And given recent scientific research which has determined that even momentary contact with a wuss can cause prolonged and severe annoyance, it's in every man's self-interest to acquaint himself with the various forms that *wussus minimus* can assume.

Abel

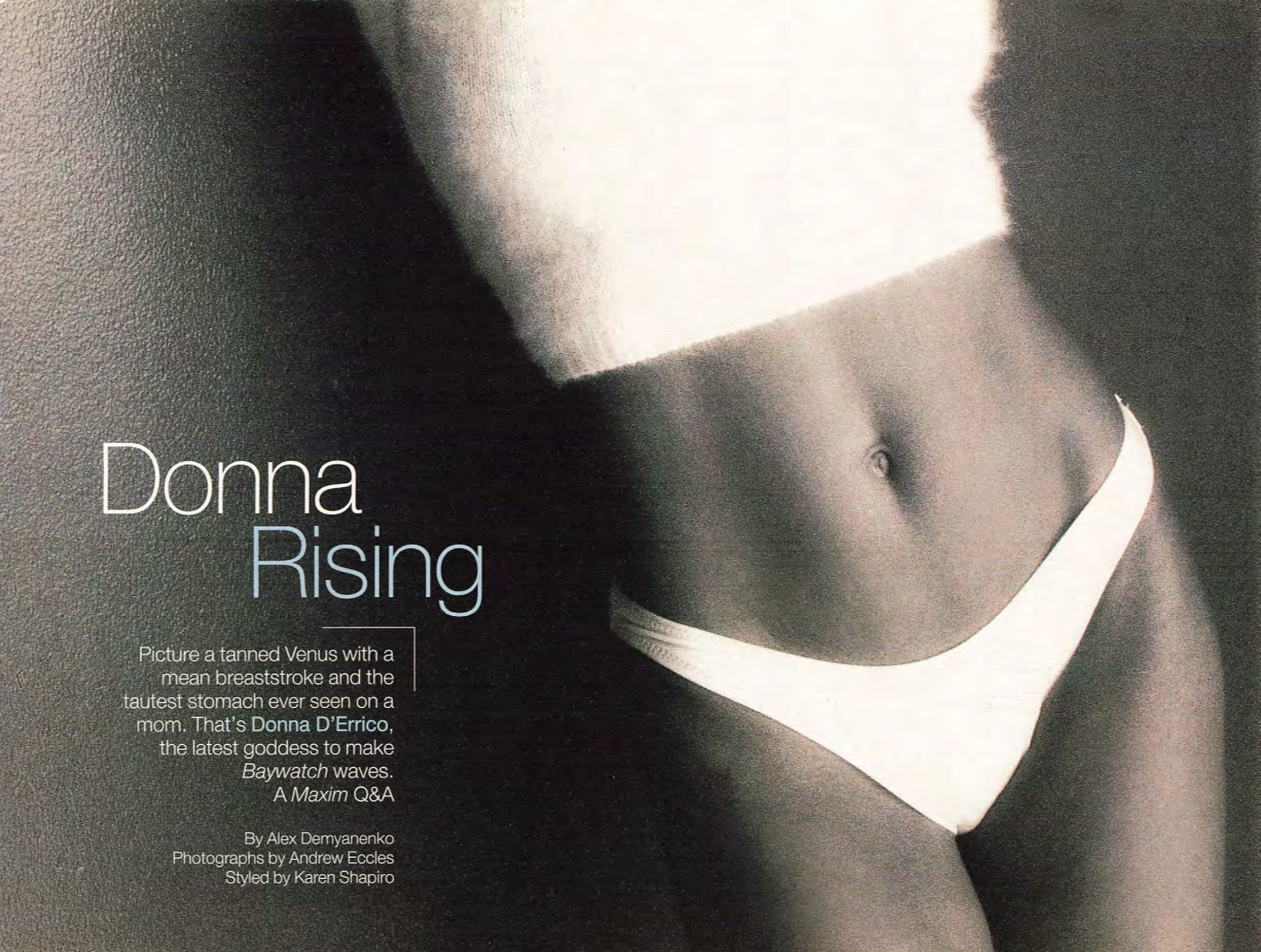
Michael Flatley

Richard Simmons

Ned Flanders

Gallagher

Arnie



Donna Rising

Picture a tanned Venus with a mean breaststroke and the tautest stomach ever seen on a mom. That's Donna D'Errico, the latest goddess to make *Baywatch* waves. A *Maxim* Q&A

By Alex Demyanenko
Photographs by Andrew Eccles
Styled by Karen Shapiro

Think big. That's *Baywatch*'s Donna D'Errico. She's got big eyes, big lips, big hands and feet, and...well, etc. She's Barbie-plus with charm. After moving to Las Vegas from her native Georgia in 1995, she got the sort of big break that only happens in old movies about spunky, tap-dancing orphans with Lou Gehrig's disease. She was a lonely single mother—barely earning enough to keep her son, Rhyan, in Huggies—when she was "discovered" while buying a can of coffee. Within months she was on the cover of *Playboy* and making an even bigger splash with concurrent roles as the new bombshell on *Baywatch* and its now defunct spin-off, *Baywatch Nights*. Continuing the proud American tradition of curvy blonde starlets marrying heavy-metal star louts, she hooked up with Nikki Sixx of Mötley Crüe, and has settled into an implausibly domestic West Coast life. Recently she surfaced to talk about bad sex, female stalkers, and why TV lifeguards only swim with one hand.

MAXIM: So did you move to Vegas to make it huge?

DONNA D'ERRICO: Not at all. I grew up in Columbus, Georgia, which has one and a half malls and nothing going on. I mean, they're still working on the same piece of highway that they were working on 10 years ago! So when a friend invited me to visit her in Vegas...the visit turned into a move.

M: And the move turned into...?

DD: Well, I was a single mom, totally independent, didn't date, nothing. It was all I could do to just survive. I was even on the WIC program—Women, Infants, and Children—because I couldn't afford formula and stuff like that. I was really, really struggling.

M: Then you got a job at a limo company?

DD: A company? [Laughs] It was just one old limousine. There was no livery license. I don't think it was even legal. I just sort of skirted it around town, picking up passengers and charging them 20 bucks to bring them to the next casino. I couldn't even call it a job. I only drove the thing a few times.

M: How did you meet up with *Playboy*?

DD: I was shopping in a grocery store, in Albertson's, late at night, when this woman started following me. I thought maybe she thought I was shoplifting.

M: Well, were you?

DD: No! [Laughs] Either that or I thought she might be gay. All these thoughts were running through my mind. Then she handed me her business card, and her official title was Playmate Recruiter. I guess they have these Playmate scouts all over the place, and if they find one, they get a bonus.

M: What did you run out and buy with your first paycheck from *Baywatch*?

DD: Furniture. I had nothing. Literally nothing. All I had was stuff for my son's room and a television on the floor.

M: Tell me a *Baywatch* secret.

DD: Well, if you're swimming underwater, you have to hold one arm—the one closest to the camera—down at your side, so the camera can see your face.

M: Good thing you're so nimble. Name one thing you want to do before you die.

DD: You're going to laugh...I've always wanted to climb Mount Ararat, or whatever the hell it is, and look for Noah's ark. Or maybe drive up to Area 51, near Las Vegas.

M: So you believe in aliens?

DD: Big time. If you don't believe there's other life out there, you're pretty conceited.

M: Who was your first boyfriend?

DD: His name was Keith. I was 17, and it was the first time I ever had sex, too. Horrible, messy, painful experience. I really couldn't see what the draw was.

M: So when did you learn to love sex?

DD: Shortly thereafter. [Laughs]

M: How'd you meet your husband, Nikki?

DD: A blind date in November 1996. But we knew within days that we'd get married.

M: What was the big attraction?

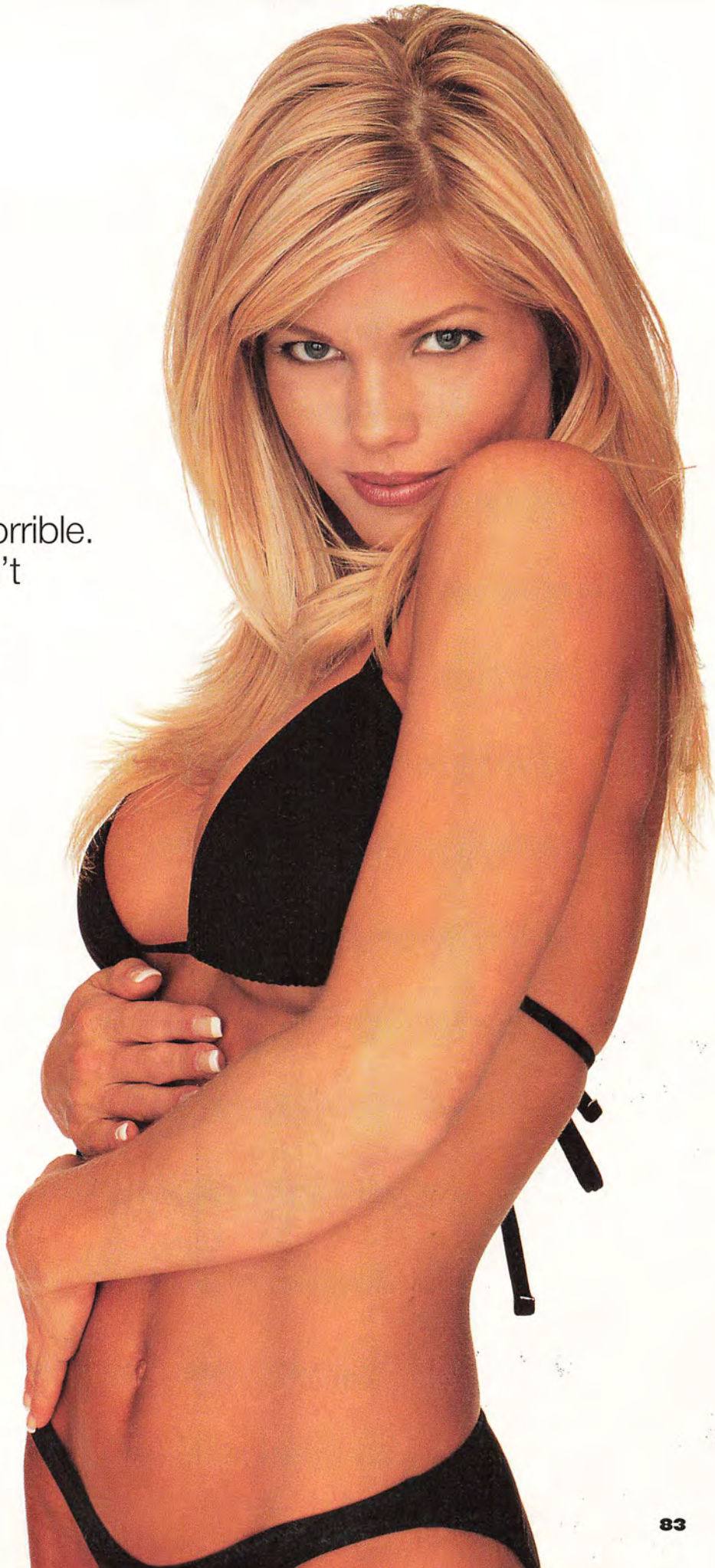
DD: More than anything, the fact that he was interested in what I had to say. I'd never really had good communication with another man. They all just wanted to get in my pants. But when I talked to Nikki, he wouldn't just say "Uh-huh, yeah, whatever." He was actually listening to me.

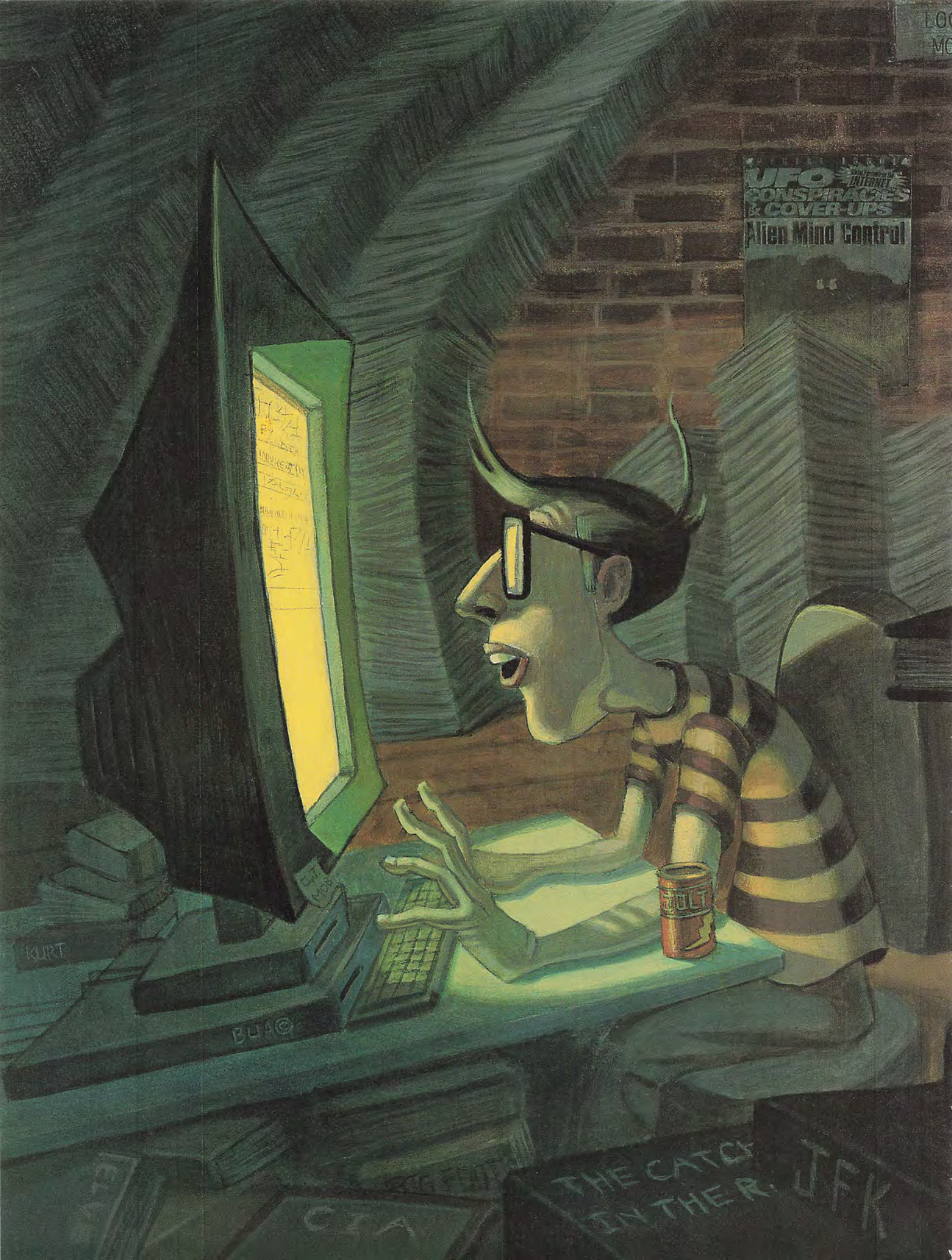
M: Uh-huh, yeah, whatever.

DD [laughs]: OK, well, I'll talk to you *later*. M

Styled by Karen Shapiro; Hair & makeup by Rob Van Dorssen for Nubest & Co., Marthasset, NY; white sweater by Laundry Industry; white bikini brief by Norma Kamali; black sheer shirt by Norma Kamali; black bikini by Mossimo

"The first time I had sex was horrible. I really couldn't see what the draw was."




UFO
CONSPIRACIES
& COVER-UPS
Alien Mind Control
KURT
BUAG
JOLT
THE CATCH IN THE R
JFK
CIA

CONSPIRACY THEORY CRACKPOTS

Nobody just dies anymore. They're assassinated by a secret wing of the Vatican...under orders to cover up a plot...to control your mind...by inserting a biochip in your butt. At least, that's what the conspiracy theorists believe. By Devon Jackson

It's tough to know what to make of conspiracy theories. Sometimes—well, 99.9 percent of the time—these "theories" are nothing more than a delusional observation Krazy Glued to a random fact by some basement-dwelling loner who hasn't seen sunlight in years. But every now and then you overhear a snippet at a bar that gets you wondering. Maybe, you start to think, Oliver Stone is only half the loon he appears to be. Here's our spare-the-horseshit guide to the current crop of crackpot conjecture.

Smells Like Kurt Was Killed

The Facts: On April 8, 1994, Nirvana frontman Kurt Cobain was found dead in his suburban Seattle home. A 20-gauge shotgun and a suicide note were within arm's reach.

The Theory: In the blunt words of Seattle journalist Richard Lee, "Kurt Cobain was murdered." Lee and a merry band of Cobain-conspiracy theorists have created a circus atmosphere among Nirvana devotees (as well as a few book deals for themselves) with their "shocking new evidence" and chock-full-of-holes allegations. They claim that Cobain's ambitious wife, Courtney Love, arranged to blow off poor Kurt's head. The motive? A dead Cobain is a more profitable Cobain.

The Smoking Gun: There's no shortage of "proof," so why not start with a trustworthy source like Eldon "El Duce" Hoke, of the Los Angeles punk band The Mentors, who claims that in December 1993, Love offered him $50,000 to knock off her hubby. A slightly more eyebrow-raising nugget comes from Canadian journalist Ian Halperin, who says there were no fingerprints on the shotgun—obviously, it's tough to wipe away your prints with your brain on the floor. Halperin and Tom Grant, a private detective, also maintain that the heroin overdose of Kristen Pfaff (the bassist in Love's band, Hole) two months after Kurt died was—surprise!—not an O.D. Somebody whacked her because she knew too much. And then there's Michigan stockbroker-turned-conspiracy-peddler Bradley Barnett. He claims that he met Kurt in a Melvin-and-Howard scenario a few days before Cobain's death, and Kurt told him that he'd overheard Courtney plotting to rub him out.

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: Come on, kids, we know you loved him, but Cobain had already tried to kill himself twice before—and Courtney saved his ass. And while the police admit that there are no identifiable fingerprints on the gun, they also say that's not uncommon. Just because Courtney traded in her grunge ethos for a new nose doesn't mean she killed her husband. It simply means she's a sellout.

The truth according to *Maxim*: Cobain *was* murdered—but it wasn't an act of Love. When a spat over a sack of doughnuts turned ugly, Elvis Presley pulled the trigger.

Holden Caulfield Made Me Do It

The Facts: Seconds after killing John Lennon on December 8, 1980, Mark David Chapman calmly waited outside Lennon's apartment building in New York City and began rereading his copy of J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. Less than four months later, on March 30, 1981, John Hinckley, Jr., tried to snuff out President Ronald Reagan. In his possession at the time? A copy of *Catcher*.

The Theory: These kinds of coincidences are just too much for any God-fearing conspiracy theorist to take sitting ▷

down. Which may explain why *Paranoia* magazine couldn't restrain itself from running an article musing that *The Catcher in the Rye* could be "a triggering device which sets off a post-hypnotic suggestion...[a mind-control trick developed by the CIA]...unleashing...the command to kill." Basically, the CIA brainwashes some poor schlub to commit a murder, and a phrase in the book sets the devious plan in action.

The Smoking Gun: In World War II, Salinger reportedly served in the U.S. Army's Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC). *Paranoia* speculates that the military could well have trained the aspiring writer in psychological mind control. And then there's this: On the day of Hinckley's assassination attempt, Hinckley's older brother Scott had a dinner scheduled with an old family friend—Neil Bush, son of then vice president George Bush, who was the former head of the CIA, which was once mentioned in a movie that costarred...Kevin Bacon!

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: Maybe, just maybe, really screwed-up, alienated loners like to read books about really screwed-up, alienated loners.

The truth according to *Maxim*: Both Chapman and Hinckley were wearing shoes at the time they were arrested. Screw the CIA. It was the footwear industry.

A Credit Card in Every Head

The Facts: It's no secret that experimental "smart cards"—wallet-size cards capable of containing one's credit and medical history, as well as other personal information—are already being tested in welfare programs in Ohio and other states. It's also been well-documented that scientists at MIT's Media Lab glowingly envision the day when all of us will have a computer chip embedded in our clothing and shoes. They even hint that chips may one day be implanted in our bodies.

DID A SUPERSECRET GOVERNMENT UNIT BLOW UP THE OKLAHOMA FEDERAL BUILDING WITH A NEW WEAPON?

The Theory: Yes, it's a fevered rant, but Texe Marrs, an evangelist with the small, right-wing Living Truth Ministries in Texas and author of the self-published *Implantable Biochips and the End of Human Freedom and Dignity,* has found an audience for his wacked-out theory. Marrs, bless his paranoid heart, frets that the government will use this technology not only to monitor where you are and what you're thinking, but eventually to transmit messages and control your behavior, creating a nation of vegetablelike slaves.

The Smoking Gun: Don't just listen to Texe on this one (as if you would), seeing how he bases his evil-implant theory on a recollection of a comment he remembers overhearing a White House official make years ago. Instead, consider this prediction from MIT Media Lab professor Neil Gershenfeld in a 1995 interview with *New York* magazine: In 30 years, "We will edit the human [DNA] to grow this stuff out of us." Presto: your very own barcode birthmark.

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: Uh, Texe? Hasn't TV already made us a nation of zombies?

The truth according to *Maxim*: There's only one thing that the government wants to insert in us, and they're already doing it...from behind.

Versace Was Dressed Down by The Mafia

The Facts: Italian fashion designer Gianni Versace is gunned down in front of his South Miami Beach estate on July 15, 1997.

The Theory: According to New York–based private detective Frank Monte, it was not serial killer Andrew Cunanan who killed Versace, but the Mafia. Monte, who was once Jackie Onassis's bodyguard, says a worried Versace hired him a year before the murder because the designer had run afoul of the Italian Mob. The hit, he says, was carried out by the Sicilians, who simply used Cunanan as a patsy.

The Smoking Gun: Versace was killed with two bullets to the head—the Mafia's signature method of execution. And Monte claims the cops never ran a match on the bullets that killed Versace. If they had, he says, they'd have seen that Versace was shot not with a .40-caliber pistol (which Cunanan was said to have stolen from one of his previous victims) but with a .22—the Mafia's signature firearm. Monte also says that the Mob snuffed out Cunanan at least a week before Versace's murder, and kept his body on ice—literally—in the houseboat where the cops eventually found him.

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: Videotape from Versace's security camera shows Cunanan, with nary a speck of ice on him, dashing from the murder scene.

The truth according to *Maxim*: Elton John ordered the Versace killing. The designer had promised Elton a dress which he instead gave to Princess Diana.

The Feds Bombed Oklahoma

The Facts: On April 19, 1995, an explosion ripped through Oklahoma City's Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, killing 168 people. A jury found Timothy McVeigh guilty of the bombing.

The Theory: After extensive analysis, Australian geophysicist Harry Mason, who specializes in mineral resource exploration, offers a blindingly bizarre alternative scenario: A super-supersecret unit within the U.S. government, perhaps a faction of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (the ATF), set off the blast with a new electromagnetic weapon.

The Smoking Gun: Local seismologists recorded strange seismic activity seconds before the explosion, says Mason, but—naturally—the FBI confiscated their findings. In an article in *Nexus,* an Australian conspiracy magazine, Mason cites eyewitness accounts of preblast phenomena that, he maintains, indicates the use of an electromagnetic weapon—a silver beam shooting out of the top of the building, shock waves that fried electronic ignition devices in nearby cars. And the motive for using the weapon? Because Secret Service agents were killed in the blast, Mason hints at a plot ▷

Illustrations by Bua; Photograph by Chris Rogers for AKA Reps

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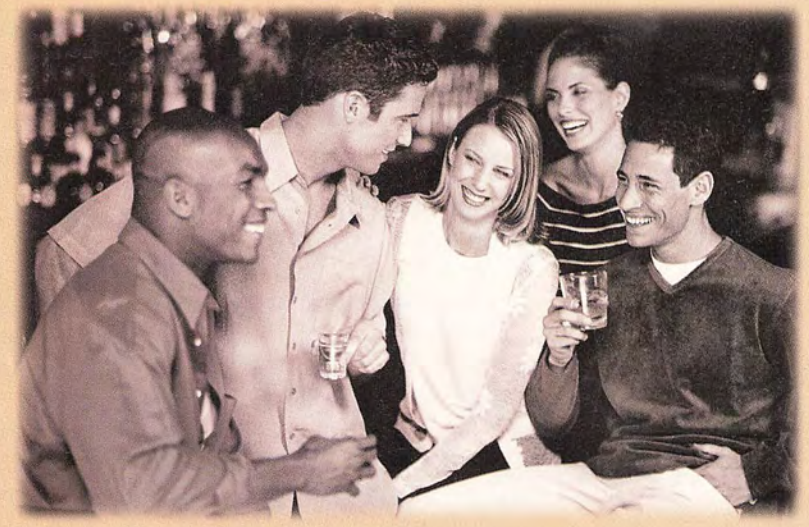

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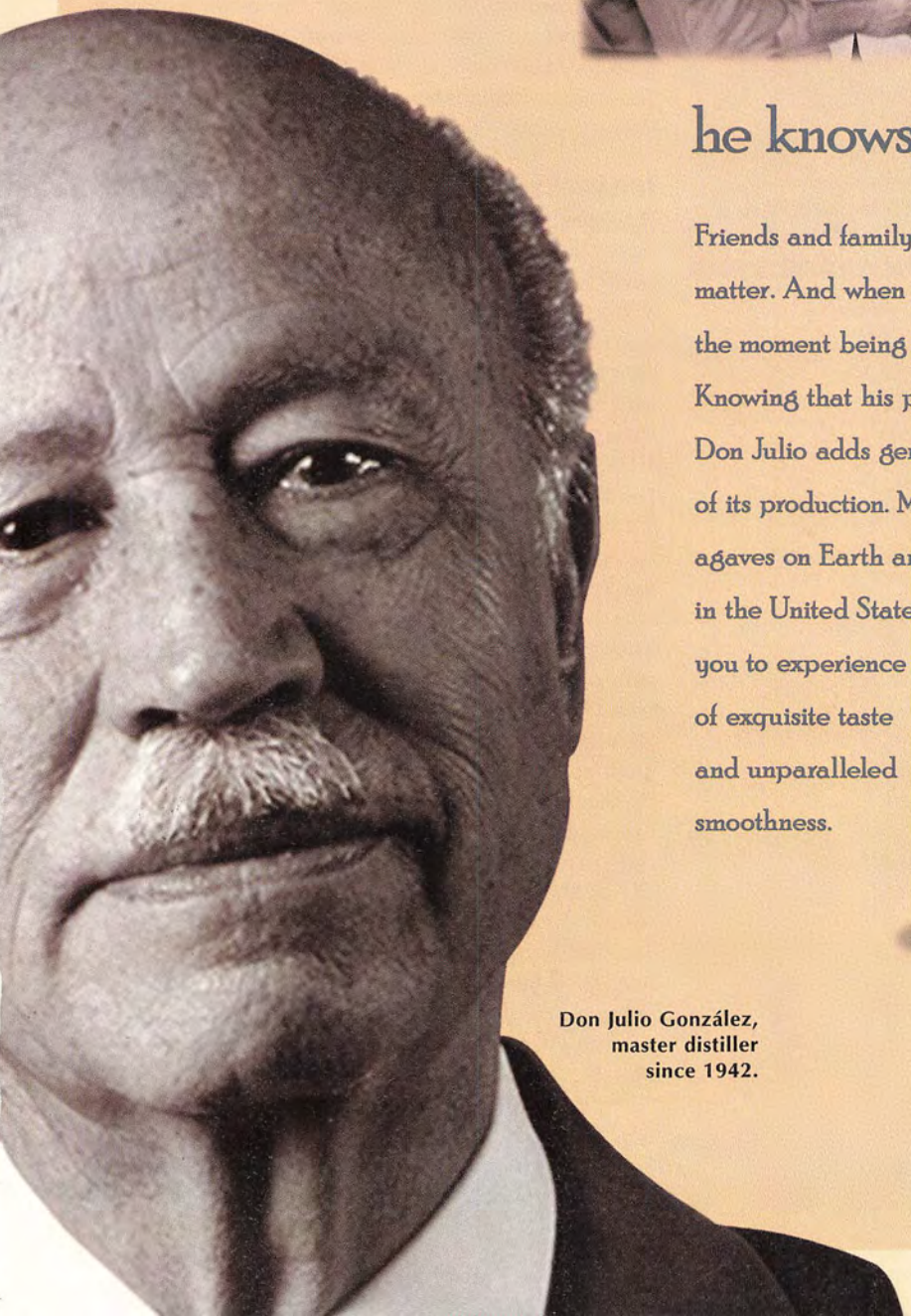

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PORTRAIT OF A CONSPIRACY THEORIST

Born: Roswell, New Mexico

Apartment: Underground bunker stocked with filtered water, beef jerky, and wank magazines

In the fridge: High-caffeine colas (for all-night ".gov" flame sessions)

On the wall: A map of Ruby Ridge dotted with red pushpins

Dangling from ceiling wire: Model-airplane Flight 800 being split in two by Navy missile

On the turntable: *Led Zeppelin IV*, spinning backwards

In the closet: Heaven's Gate–style black Nikes, aluminum-foil hat that disrupts government x-rays, "Santa/Satan: You Do The Math" T-shirt

On the nightstand: Framed close-up of JFK on the slab

Pet peeves: Frequent alien abductions for white-hot anal probing can clog busy weekends

Hobbies: Ransacking own apartment for listening devices; writing Waco screenplay, scrubbing scorch marks out of underwear

Prized possession: Six-inch rusted flake of metal from alien ship (found in nearby auto junkyard)

against the Service's anti-drug operations.

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: Blow up an entire building to kill a few agents? Surely the ATF must have heard of car bombs, right? And if McVeigh wasn't in the bombing biz, what the hell was he doing with all that ammonium nitrate and fuel oil in his truck? Planning a big ol' weenie roast?

The truth according to *Maxim*: The French did it. We just don't know why.

The Mob Framed O.J.

The Facts: In June 1994, Ronald Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson are found knifed to death in front of her home. Sixteen months later, a jury finds Simpson not guilty.

The Theory: Beverly Hills rumormongers are all abuzz over this provocative little gem. In his book *Virtual Government*, Alex Constantine, a newspaper writer, radio commentator, and conspiracy theorist known for his well-researched if fanciful theories, claims that O.J., Goldman, and Nicole were all dealing cocaine for the Mafia. More tantalizing, he says that Nicole and Mezzaluna waiter Goldman were pinching drug profits to open their own restaurant. When Nicole and Goldman didn't pay back the Mob, they were simply offed—solving the money-siphoning problem and putting the scare into the Juice. With a little fancy footwork from some "friends" in the LAPD and the FBI, Simpson ends up fingered as the killer.

The Smoking Gun: Constantine weaves a compelling but complicated web, so hang on. Eleven months before Goldman was stabbed to death, his friend, Brett Cantor, was also killed in an eerily similar manner. And Goldman's fellow Mezzaluna waiter Michael Nigg was shot in the head and killed, while yet another Mezzaluna waiter barely survived a car bombing. Constantine implies that many of those working at Mezzaluna were involved with the Mob and/or the drug trade. Need more evidence of the Mafia connection? According to Constantine, during Simpson's trial, Nicole's sister Denise Brown allegedly carried on a relationship with ex-Mob strongman and FBI informant Tony "The Animal" Fiato. And the capper: O.J.'s best friend, Al Cowlings, once served as a bodyguard for convicted Mafia drug smuggler Joey Ippolito, who, Constantine says, escaped from a Florida jail three weeks before the murders and made numerous calls to O.J.

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: Yes, there do seem to be more Mob ties here than at a Godfather's funeral...but what about all the blood? O.J.'s piss-poor alibi? The gash on his finger? And let's not forget that a civil court later found Simpson culpable of the murders. Unless it turns out that the Akita speaks Italian, it's safe to assume that O.J. walks the links because Marcia Clark and the LAPD screwed up royally.

The truth according to *Maxim*: Ever see Judge Ito and John Gotti in the same room?

The Pentagon Will Scramble Your Brains

The Facts: Project HAARP, an acronym for the High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program, is a multimillion-dollar experiment conducted by the Air Force and the Navy. Located in a remote corner of Alaska, HAARP consists of 180 72-foot-high towers outfitted with all kinds of gadgetry. On its Web site, the Navy explains that HAARP will be blasting millions of watts of radio-wave energy toward space to irradiate the ionosphere (an atmospheric layer about 35 miles from the surface of the Earth) and "observe its complex natural variations."

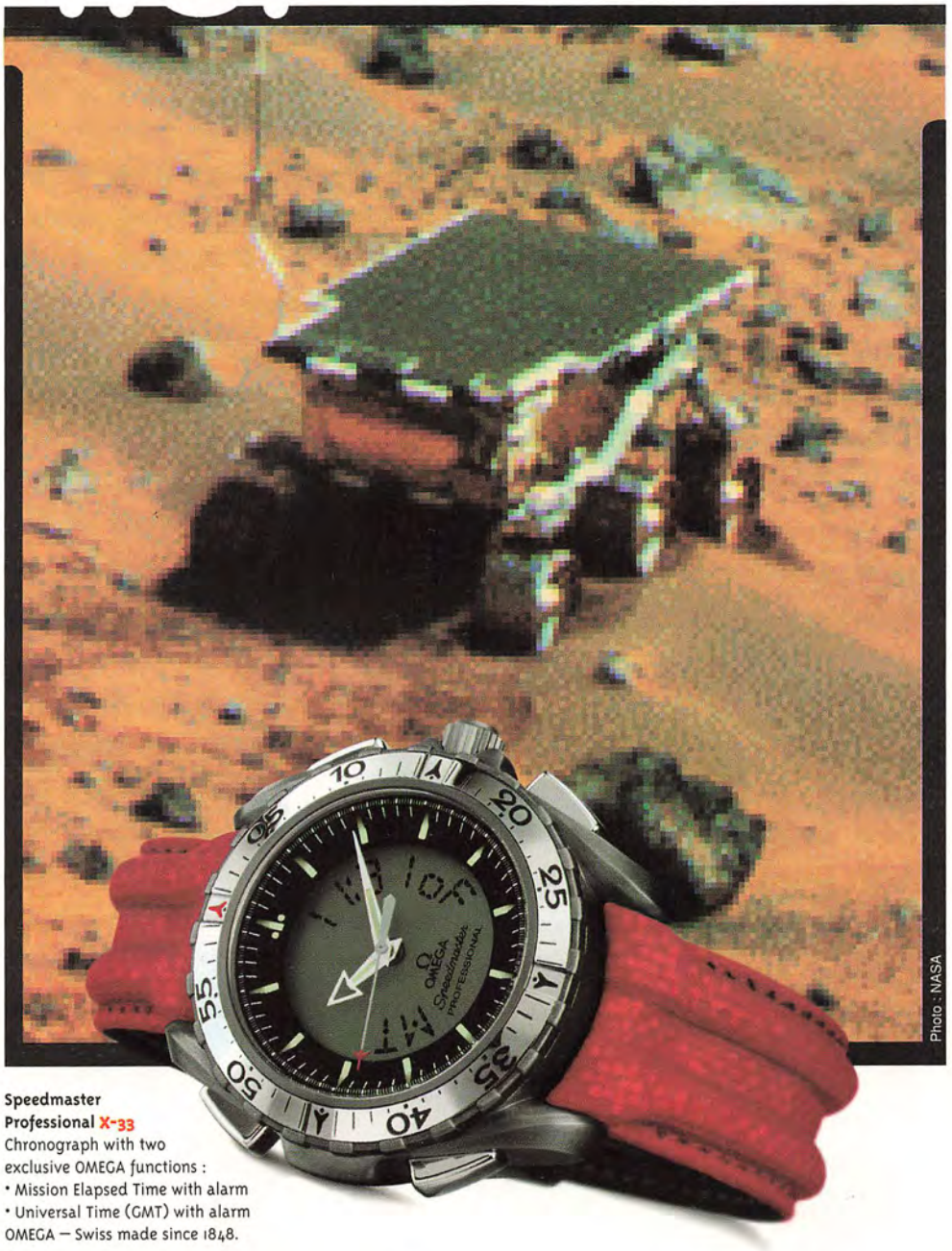
The Theory: Environmentalists and Alaskans see a darker plot. In their 1995 book, *Angels Don't Play This HAARP*, Jeane Manning and Nick Begich (son of Alaska's late congressman Nick Begich, Sr.), argue that HAARP has all the markings of a *Star Wars*–style megaweapon, one capable of scrambling radio transmissions, altering wildlife migration patterns, causing blackouts, and jamming global communications systems. Their arguments are compelling—until, that is, they start babbling about "mind manipulation at a distance." Otherwise known as reading our brains and controlling our thoughts.

The Smoking Gun: Begich and Manning did their homework. They dug up Texas physicist Bernard Eastlund, who worked on the patent which they claim provided the groundwork for HAARP. In it, Eastlund sounds very much the mad scientist, claiming his invention could control weather patterns and disrupt airplane and missile guidance systems.

Meanwhile, back on planet Earth: 180 towers? Come on, if the government really wanted to control your mind, they'd come up with something smaller and more inconspicuous. Like a credit card implanted in your brain.

The truth according to *Maxim*: Mind manipulation at a distance? We haven't seen evidence of that. All we know is that our government is good and honest in every way. We should pay more taxes and make the president a monarch. M

OMEGA, the only watch worn on the Moon, is now on its way to Mars



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THE CITY THAT LAST CALL FORGOT

You could spend your time in New Orleans buying crappy SHUCK ME, SUCK ME, EAT ME RAW T-shirts, or you could do like **Steven Russell** and scare the hell out of your life insurance agent. Guess which is more fun.

If you've never had sizzling candle wax dripped on the more sensitive areas of your anatomy, I'm not going to tell you it's an entirely disagreeable experience. Sure it hurts, but it's that borderline "owww...ohhh" hurt, like easing your privates into a Jacuzzi on an icy day. Then, just as you're getting used to it, the wax starts to cool and harden, creating the odd sensation that you're being gradually preserved.

Since the wicks flickering inches from my flesh are being wielded by a couple of half-naked, raven-tressed Vampirellas, I wonder just what I'm being preserved for—a predawn snack? I twist to search out Leebo among the crowd of spectators, but the whip (did I mention the whip?) binding my wrists to the cage severely limits my mobility. One corseted daughter o' Dracula puts her crimson lips to my ear: "Looking for your buddy? He gave us a nice tip, told us to take care of you, and took off. Said he'd catch you on the flip side."

How the hell did I get into this? my suddenly alert brain demands of my alcohol-fuzzed memory. I mean, the last three days aren't a total blackout, but enough gray patches exist to make me nervous. Even as images of Bourbon Street, table dances, alligators, and dark cemeteries fall into place, I realize Leebo can't be saddled with all the blame. Such a tawdry episode just wouldn't have happened if I'd visited him in Houston, where he pretends to be a mild-mannered middle manager. He's just the easily lit match: I'm the one who lives in the big puddle of gasoline, a.k.a. the Big Easy, the Crescent City, the Town That Last Call Forgot. New Orleans.

FRENCH TWISTED

For many people, New Orleans is synonymous with Mardi Gras, the pre-Lent, citywide open party that culminates on Fat Tuesday in a public display of gluttony, drunkenness, nudity, cross-dressing, and general wretched excess that would make Caligula blush. But whether it's Fat Tuesday or a random Wednesday, New Orleans is a 24-hour party town.

Why is this the Sin City of the South, the Bizarro Disneyland where funerals turn into parades and parades turn into drunken orgies? Many credit the French, who imprinted their New World colony with an enduring laissez-faire attitude toward temperance and pesky morals before Thomas "Champagne" Jefferson suckered Napoleon out of the whole shebang for $15 million in 1803. Nearly 200 years later, this European tolerance lingers, aided and abetted by enough Caribbean, African, and Latin ingredients to spike any melting pot. Others blame climate: subtropical heat and humidity encourage the gulping of chilled alcoholic beverages in quantities large enough to make you forget not only the constant trickle of sweat down your back, but half of the Ten Commandments. And local liquor laws are so lax that sunrise is the closest thing to last call and open-container rules are but a quaint concept.

But when it comes to New Orleans, I say, Don't look a drunk horse in the mouth. Of course, that's the sort of thinking that got me into this mess to begin with.

TROPICAL DEPRESSION

Saturday, 10 P.M. Phone rings. "I heard that little gal took off on you and went back up North." Breaking glass, the soundtrack of Leebo's life, tinkles in the background.

"Yeah, Leebo, she decided she needed a little space."

"Well, I figured I'd hop a flight over and cheer you up."

My face, reflected in the blankness of my computer screen, drains of color. Leebo has visited me a couple of times since I moved here a year ago, and it's always been more an event—a drunken, debauched, dangerous event—than a visit.

"You—you're in town?"

"You bet your Big Easy. Let's hook up on Bourbon."

"Bourbon Street? You've gotta be kidding..."

"Hustle your ass." Click.

I sit back and stare at the blinking cursor. I'm supposed to be researching a *Maxim* travel piece on New Orleans, but maybe I could use a night out on the town. You know, research. **10:30 P.M.** I hop a streetcar to the French Quarter, and I can feel my inhibitions shedding with every stop. You see, the Uptown area was settled by the English, and at least on the surface it retains that repressed Brit influence, but when ▷

Photography by Kent Hardouin

Just another Monday night: 1:30 a.m. at Monaco Bob's Country Club

R you ready for the R Bar? Rooms to rent, one flight up

the streetcar deposits you on Canal Street, you're crossing the border into the Vieux Carré (Old Square) district. Make no mistake, this is where the Bible Belt comes unbuckled, sliding down to reveal a black satin thong and a serpent tattoo.

If you've ever walked down a carnival midway, the flashing neon, blaring music, scuzzy barkers, and teeming crowds of Bourbon Street will strike a familiar chord—until you notice that everyone is plastered. That's because instead of cotton candy, curbside stands hawk plastic "go cups" of draft beer for as little as a dollar and frozen drinks for three bucks.

As I cross Toulouse Street, my progress is impeded by a boisterous crowd beneath several tiers of hotel balconies. The throng's collective gaze is locked two floors up, on a hot babe in a clingy black cocktail dress—the typical University of Some Southern State coed on a sorority road-trip bender. A bottle of champagne in one velvet-gloved hand and several gaudy bead necklaces in the other, she's apparently hoping to turn the beads-for-skin tables (see sidebar, page 93) on some frat guys down below. They aren't having any of it, though, and it doesn't take too many wolf whistles before she merrily succumbs, rolling her dress below her impressive bare rack to her slender hips. A resounding cheer goes up as she lets the beads fly. Only then do I notice the handcuffs swinging from her wrist.

11:30 P.M. I finally spot Leebo hanging out at a stand that sells "hurricanes," fruity rum punches. The bartender pours a five-Mississippi count of rum for an extra buck, and the effects of our first round are soon evident. After lingering in the open doors of several dark, dank, and proudly skanky strip joints, we decide to splurge on Rick's Cabaret*, an atypically upscale topless club frequented by Dan Aykroyd, Nicolas Cage, Trent Reznor, and other discerning celebs. I dip into my *Maxim* advance for overpriced cocktails, but when Leebo returns from the bathroom in the company of the manager, I assume we're about to be kicked out for being such obvious low rollers. Instead, we're steered to the velvet-roped VIP section, our drinks are comped, and there are enough centerfold-quality dancers draping the arms of our upholstered chairs to make Hugh Hefner hyperventilate.

Wait just a frickin' minute. Leebo's chatting up a stripper who's a dead ringer for Jewel when I, wondering what *we're* doing up here, inquire if perhaps he mentioned to the manager that I'm researching an article for *Maxim*.

"It may have come up in conversation," he laughs through the thick mane of Naked Jewel Girl's hair. "And in case anyone asks, I'm a famous photographer."

I'm too dazed with lust to argue, and as the lucky recipient of so much pro bono nudity, I feel compelled to fund a few $20 table dances. Soon my advance is pretty well wiped out and we once again stagger out onto Bourbon.

2:45 A.M. Thousands of revelers still pack the street, but I'm more than ready to hit the sack. One man's depressant is another man's rocket fuel, however, and Leebo declares his intention to get a nightcap at the Dungeon, a biker-heavy Quarter bar that doesn't even unbolt its door until midnight. I hand him my cell phone to summon a cab later, and head home.

SWAMP STOMPING

Sunday, 8:40 A.M. The pounding in my cranium is morning-after Morse code, and I'm trying to pry the childproof cap off a bottle of Extra Strength Tylenol when the phone rings.

"Whoever you are, speak very softly."

"It's Leebo. Come get me—I'm somewhere on Bourbon."

"Still? No way, you come here."

"Uh…I can't. I'm sort of tied up."

*For all destination details, see page 96.

I seriously consider hanging up, but curiosity gets the better of me. "Where are you?"

"Not sure. Just head down Bourbon and I'll see you. Hurry."

Half an hour later, as I cruise the Quarter for Leebo, I absent-mindedly glance up at the hotel where the sorority girl performed her impromptu strip last night—only to see Leebo grinning back at me from between the iron bars of the very same balcony. I do a double take, but he's still there, wrapped in a sheet and apparently unable to stand.

He pulls back the sheet so I can see he's handcuffed to the railing and says, "It's getting hot out here. Get me loose."

"Where's the key?"

"I dropped it in that damn gutter."

"And the girl...?"

"Passed out in bed. I'll buy breakfast if you get me out of this before I become a tourist attraction."

For a $10 tip, the concierge procures bolt cutters from maintenance, lets me into the room, and—completely unfazed—liberates Leebo from the balcony.

On the drive back Uptown, Leebo fills me in: As soon as he got to the Dungeon, he spied Balcony Babe not only grooving to the mellow sounds of AC/DC, but coyly cuffed to the bar. When he inquired about the key, she produced it—on her tongue. It wasn't long till they were back in her room, performing the horizontal hula on every available piece of furniture before going for a sunrise encore on the balcony. That's the last thing he remembers before waking up in bondage—just within reach of the cell phone in his discarded pants.

10:30 A.M. Leebo slaps his forehead, a move I have no doubt would put me in intensive care. "I forgot to tell you; some captain guy called about an air-boat ride. Said he only had room on the 11 o'clock tour."

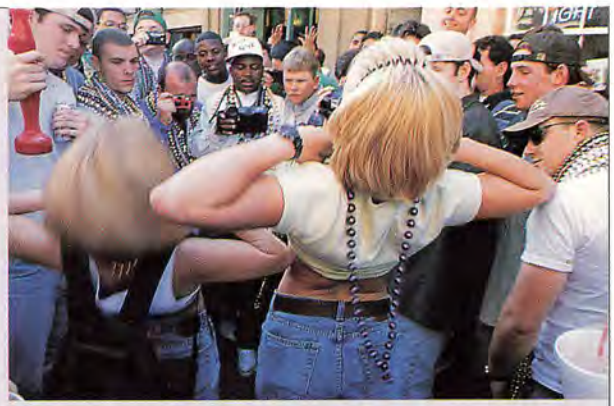
Shit. I need to explore the swamp for the article, so I drop Leebo off , speed across the river, and flag down the air-boat.

Basically a Teflon sled bolted to a six-foot, Chevy 454–powered fan, this screamer is capable of skimming across marshes at 120 mph, though Airboat Swamp Tours skipper Scott Hughes considerately keeps below 70 so I can breathe. There are no seat belts, and, amazingly, a waiver isn't required.

It's simply incredible how radically the scenery changes as we wind deeper and deeper into the bayou. N'Awlins has been carved out of fetid South Louisiana swamp a bucket at a time over the last three centuries and is still completely surrounded by a primordial world of black water, gnarled cypress trees, and eerie hanging moss. Even the light is different, filtered into an otherworldly amber by lush tropical vegetation. When Hughes cuts the roaring motor, we're overwhelmed by a wild chorus of pelicans, egrets, frogs, and who knows what else.

The first creature we see up close is a nutria, a sort of glandular swamp rat (they grow up to 25 pounds) unwisely imported early this century from South America. They are now breeding faster than the Osmonds on fertility drugs and gnawing havoc ▷

When I grow up I'm gonna swallow your fat ass



Baubles for Boobs

What is it about New Orleans that inspires even Ohio librarians to spontaneously strip for a string of beads?

Like many things in New Orleans, the origin of the beads-for-boobs phenomenon is shrouded in mystery, but since it involves nudity and aberrant behavior, Mardi Gras is a likely suspect. Drunken crowds cheering Mardi Gras parades have long battled like pit bulls to catch souvenir bead necklaces tossed from elaborate floats. At some point in fairly recent history, an enterprising woman must have figured out that flashing her ta-tas would snag more beads. God bless her.

The good news for guys hitting town the other 364 days of the year is that Bourbon Street revelers have greatly extended the season of this Olympic-caliber spectator sport.

Why are women so willing to shed their threads? Competition. As Debra, a Florida student, explains, "My roommate came back with a suitcase full of beads last year, and I bet her I'd get more."

To enter the game, sink $20 into prime baubles available at the ubiquitous souvenir shops. Then commandeer a hotel or club balcony with a hawk's-eye view of a block's worth of uninhibited honeys and dangle your shiny bait over the heads of passing talent. If a blushing cutie so much as pauses to make eye contact, every male within a mile will assist your quest with a chorus of "Show us your tits! Show us your tits!" And just when you think there ain't no way, more often than not she'll let out a little squeal and proudly unveil her bazooms for your inspection. Drop her your beads and she'll don them with pride.

THE REST OF THE GUYS IN THE AUDIENCE STARE WITH A MIXTURE OF ENVY AND PITY AS THE HOT WAX STARTS DRIPPING ON ME.

on ecologically fragile wetlands. The state has even put a $2.50 bounty on their furry heads. "I come out here at night and shoot 200 or so of them," Hughes says proudly.

Hughes is unarmed right now, so I get a bit nervous when we spot the predatory eyes of a 12-foot-long alligator breaking the water's surface, though it doesn't seem to mind at all when we drift—quietly—within a few inches.

3:20 P.M. The brutal afternoon heat has boiled the remaining toxins out of my system, and after a quick shower, I'm jonesing for a cold drink. Leebo is more than game, so we drive through my local daiquiri stand (you heard me—drive-thru daiquiri stand) for a gallon of "nuclear kamikaze" and hit St. Roch Market, a true locals' seafood/soul-food shack on the edge of the somewhat dicey Bywater neighborhood. Styrofoam containers make do for plates, and the half-dozen tables wobble like J. Edgar Hoover on stiletto heels, but that doesn't stop us from laying waste a Superdome-size mound of superbly seasoned crawfish, potatoes, and corn on the cob, all for less than $10.

Na-a-a-a-ap time.

BELLYING UP TO THE BUFFET

Put down your drink and sample these Big Easy specialties, in the joints that do them right:

- Oysters—Acme Oyster & Seafood House (724 Iberville, 504-522-5973)
- Muffaletta (sort of an Italian sub made distinctive by its olive spread and chewy, herb-infused bread)—Central Grocery (923 Decatur, 504-523-1620). The sandwich was invented here, so expect a line out the door.
- Gumbo, a rich, spicy seafood stew—The Gumbo Shop (630 St. Peter, 504-525-1486)
- Red beans and rice—Dunbar's Sandwich Shop (4927 Freret, 504-899-0734)
- Crawfish—St. Roch Seafood Market (2381 St. Claude, 504-943-5778)
- Eggs Conti (with chicken livers and spicy Creole sauce, and other adventurous brunch fare)—Coffee Pot Restaurant (714 St. Peter, 504-524-3500)

NIGHT CRAWLING

10:15 P.M. I have a plan to minimize risk tonight: avoid the Quarter and hire a taxi for our inevitable bar-hopping.

Our first stop is Mid-City Lanes, where a zydeco band is getting cranked up. Sure it's a bowling alley, but Rock 'N' Bowl (as it's better known) is also a prime venue for local music. New Orleans's homegrown is Cajun, the white folk music that features fiddle and accordion and kinda swings; and zydeco, the Creole folk music that features fiddle and accordion and is a bit funkier. The night is young, so even with enough beautiful women at the bar to pick up a spare, we bowl a few games on the '50s-style lanes—knocking down more beers than pins—and split.

Next up is the R Bar, one of the top places to see and be seen in the freewheeling Faubourg Marigny neighborhood. In addition to cheap imports, a hip jukebox, and a vintage Harley sitting on top of the beer cooler, this "bed-and-beverage" also rents rooms right upstairs, in case you happen to get lucky with one of the Betty Page clones clustered around the pool table. The boisterous crowd spills out onto the sidewalk, where I spot a couple of gal pals I know who are obviously feeling no pain; I ask Lucille what substance gets the credit tonight.

"Green Ruin," she whispers woozily, pulling a small, unlabeled bottle filled with a chartreuse liquid from her purse.

Absinthe? An herbal liquor distilled from a mild psychoactive plant called wormwood, absinthe was wildly popular in France and New Orleans in the 19th century as an aphrodisiac and a hallucinogen. It was also poisonous and reportedly caused madness, so the United States stuck a permanent cork in the party in 1912. Romantic intrigue with the "green curse" has lived on, however, spurring local artistic and gothic types to dust off old recipes and start cooking up absinthe at home.

"Care for a shot?" Lucille coos.

The taste is sharply bitter, but soon my entire tongue is numb anyway. A second shot and my lips are numb too.

"We think this batch is about 150 proof," Lucille explains. "And the wormwood makes you see stuff."

I've had plenty, but Leebo and the girls pass the bottle till it's drained. I place a call to Ron, our cabby. We need wheels.

1:30 A.M. The bunch of us are discussing which bar to hit Uptown when Leebo suddenly screams at Ron to stop the taxi in front of St. Louis Cemetery Number One, on Basin Street.

"Hey, this is where they filmed that acid-trip scene in *Easy Rider*," Leebo slurs reverently. "Let's check it out."

"Not a good idea," I say. "The gates are locked at night—"

Too late. Leebo is out and scaling the wall. "Leebo," I call into the cemetery, "this is illegal. Get your ass back here!"

His only reply is a fading maniacal laugh. I sigh and pull myself over the stone wall, landing hard on my butt amid a ▷

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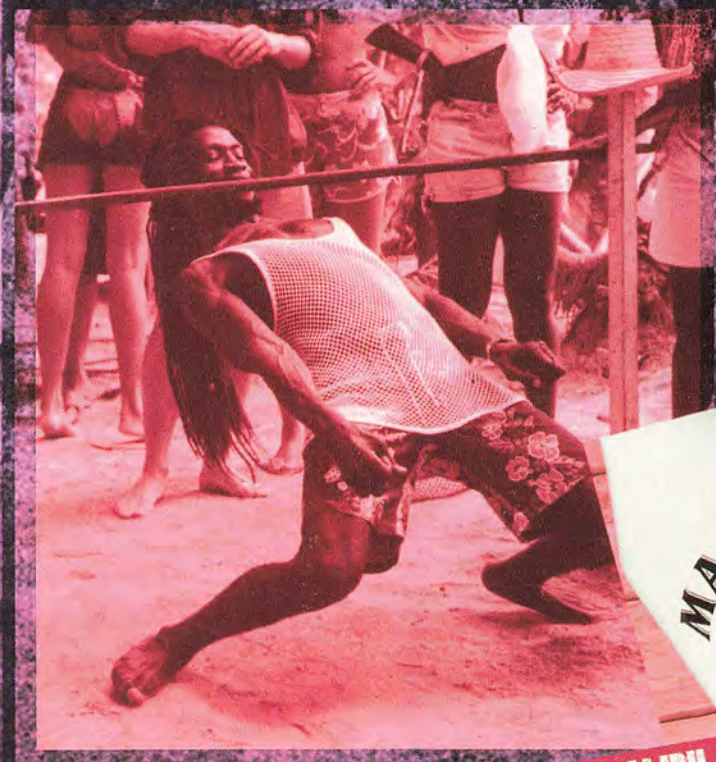
ON THE ISLANDS, WE HAVE BARS ANYWHERE YOU WANT THEM.



IT'S FUN. IT'S CARIBBEAN. IT'S MALIBU.

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tight maze of crumbling tombs and towering statuary dating back to 1789, a boneyard that's plenty atmospheric during the day, downright creepy in the dark. You see, periodic flooding tends to pop caskets from saturated New Orleans soil like a scene from *Poltergeist*, so instead the dearly departed are laid to rest above ground in eerily picturesque "cities of the dead." There are hundreds of tombs packed into the small cemetery, some deteriorated so badly it appears they might fall over, others so pristine the white stone seems to glow in the moonlight.

Leebo could be as far back as the old Protestant section by now, and I can only guess what the absinthe is doing for him. "C'mon, dude! Hide-and-seek is over. You win!"

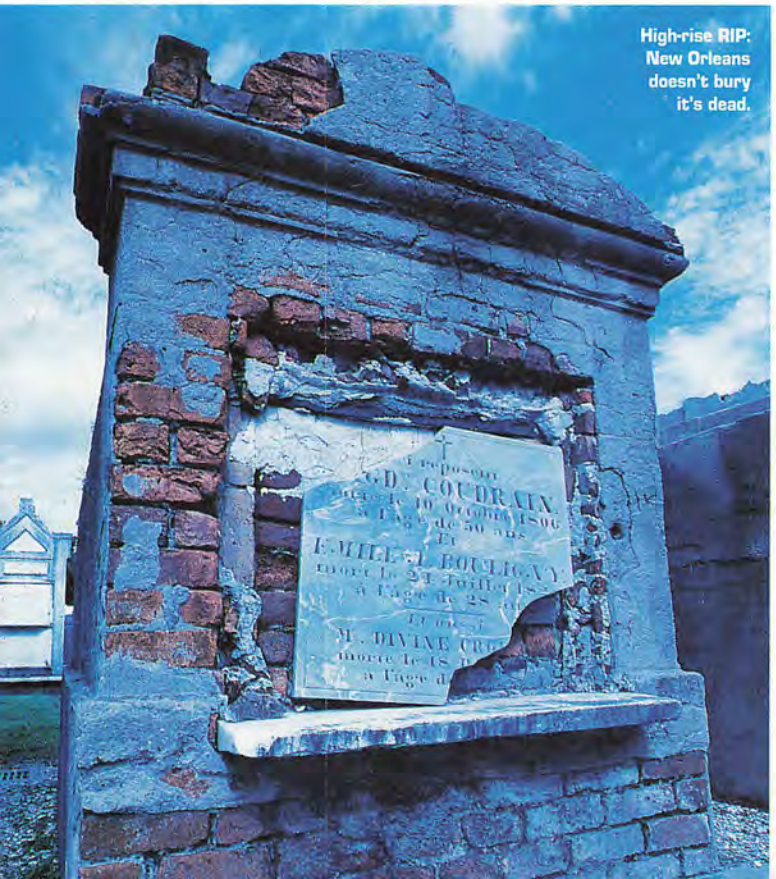
The answer is several flashlight beams suddenly bobbing in my general direction, and I'm not exactly eager to explain my presence to anyone with a badge.

"The train is leaving the station!" I yell as I scramble over the wall, hoping to alert Leebo without giving him away. When the beams light up the gate, Ron, the girls, and I peel off.

VAMPIRE HUNTING

Monday, 10:30 A.M. Waking up with two women in my bed would normally be a grab-the-camcorder scenario, but right now I just need pain relief. Untangling myself to fetch a glass of water and a fistful of aspirin, I check my phone messages. The first is my *Maxim* editor, wondering where the hell the first draft of the travel piece is. I wish I knew, pal. The second is Leebo.

"Absinthe makes the head go yonder, huh?" he hoarsely cracks. "Anyway, this here's my one constitutionally guaranteed call, placed from the Orleans Parish Prison drunk tank, so I guess it's up to you to bail my ass out. I'll buy lunch." Click.



High-rise RIP: New Orleans doesn't bury it's dead.

*MAXIM RECOMMENDS

Want to stagger in Steven and Leebo's footsteps? Here's the info, plus the phone number for the local E.R.

- Rick's Cabaret—315 Bourbon (504-524-4222)
- The Dungeon—738 Toulouse (504-523-5530)
- Airboat Swamp Tours—2446 Barataria (504-689-7497 for reservations)
- St. Roch Market—2381 St. Claude (504-943-6666)
- Mid-City Lanes Rock 'N' Bowl—4133 S. Carrollton (504-482-3133)
- R Bar & Inn—1431 Royal (504-948-7499)
- Monaco Bob's Country Club—1179 Annunciation (504-586-1282)
- Charity Hospital (New Orleans's general hospital) (504-568-2311)

Luckily, Lucille's landlord is a bail bondsman, so Leebo's on the street by afternoon. From what he can recall, the flashlights belonged to a couple of rent-a-cops, who nabbed him.

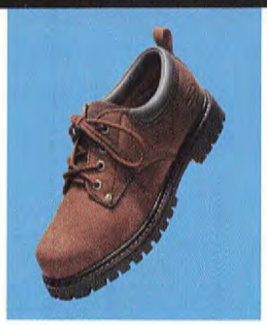
Disappointed that the girls have left, Leebo dives into bed, giving me the rest of the day to labor on my article. His flight leaves in the wee hours, so he convinces me as night falls that he's fully capable of venturing out for a few drinks without winding up in cuffs for the third night running.

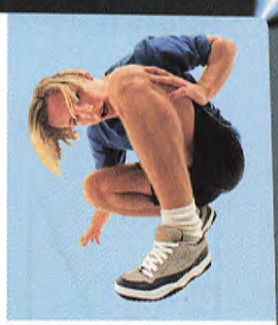
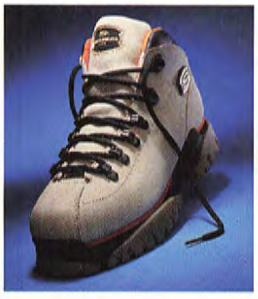
Midnight (the witching hour) Complying with my request to stay close to home, Leebo suggests Monaco Bob's Country Club, a dive near the waterfront. As soon as we walk in, I know why. Remember those old Dracula movies where the Count's hussy handmaidens seduce some stuffy Victorian guy and then hickey him into the hereafter? Well, they're working for tips in New Orleans now, drawn by the city's spooky ambiance, no doubt. Billed as "Mammary Monday," this weekly amateur strip night isn't your typical silicone-and-G-string scene, for damn sure.

Four dancers take turns writhing across the homemade stage to high-decibel tunes that run toward Nine Inch Nails and Iggy Pop. One wild-haired temptress sheds her gown to reveal a giant snake tattoo that wraps its tail around her ankle and flits its forked tongue at her breast. You can hardly blame it. Others work the goth-chick image—black capes, corsets, and gloves—so hard you know it's more than just a costume. I especially like it when they hang upside down from the crimson-lit medieval cage.

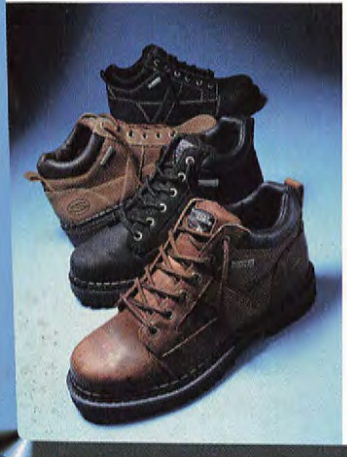
I'm informing Leebo that we'd better take off for the airport soon when two vampire vixens yank me up on the stage with them. Before I know what's happening, I'm lashed to the cage and they strip me down to my boxers and light thick red candles. The rest of the guys in the audience stare with a mixture of envy and pity as the hot wax starts dripping.

I'll get Leebo for this if it takes forever. And the way these babes are eyeing my neck, I may have forever. Oh, well—there are worse places to spend eternity than New Orleans. M



...IT'S THE



Foot Locker
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98
SKECHERS USA
FOOTWEAR

Our moms never looked like this! (If they had, we'd still be paying for the therapy.) A Mother's Day tribute to Hollywood's hottest mamas.

Momshells!

They say nothing's more American than Mom and apple pie. To our way of thinking, however, there's nothing more American than a mom who's *also* a delicious dish. And so we've rounded up the most nurturing—yet alluring—celebrity mommies for this very special, vaguely patriotic *Maxim* Mother's Day tribute.

At a long, lingering glance, you'll notice that these are not your standard-issue moms. But what, apart from their oddly taut tummies, makes them unique? Well, let's just say they share a distinctly un-motherly approach to life: one that excludes potholders, coupons, gruel, minivans, bathroom cleaners, Pepto-Bismol, and, occasionally, panties. It's a spirit we salute! So join us when we say "Happy Mother's Day...and *God bless America!*"

(Note to our real moms: Please don't take this whole thing personally. The editor made us do it. And no, we wouldn't jump off the Golden Gate Bridge just because he asked us to.)

Elle Macpherson

Offspring: *Arpad Flynn (born 1998) with boyfriend Arpad Busson, a London-based financier*

How your average mom goofs up: *Forgets to buy Stove Top stuffing; is forced to serve family potatoes.*

How Elle goofs up: *With three supermodel pals, launches a global chain of unsuccessful Fashion Café theme restaurants. It currently owes creditors $700,000. "Cynics were debating the wisdom of basing a restaurant around women who scarcely eat at all," commented London's* Evening Standard.

Donna D'Errico

Offspring: *Rhyan (born 1993); three stepchildren with her husband, Mötley Crüe bassist Nikki Sixx*

How your average mom expresses herself: *Tearfully completes a needlepoint rendering of Princess Diana, Queen of Hearts.*

How Donna expresses herself: *Grabs a tattoo gun and imprints a bloody star on her heavy-metal husband's ankle. (He returns the favor.)*

Michelle Pfeiffer

Offspring: *John Henry (born 1994) and Claudia Rose Kelley (adopted 1994) with husband, David E. Kelley (producer of* Ally McBeal*)*

What fazes your average mom: *One coupon left over after weekly visit to supermarket.*

What fazes Michelle: *While taking kids to McDonald's (her first visit "in a decade"), she panics during the ordering process because she cannot remember the term* Happy Meal.

Gena Lee Nolin

Offspring: *Spencer (born 1997) with her husband, video producer Greg Fahlman*

How your average mom amuses herself during pregnancy: *Chooses colorful "Sunny Funny Bunnies" decor for the nursery, complete with matching throw rug.*

How Gena Lee amuses herself during pregnancy: *Starts an April Fools' Day rumor in the press that she will cybercast her baby's birth over the Internet direct from her hospital bed, complete with a chat session.*

Pamela Anderson

Offspring: *Dylan Jagger Lee (born 1997) and Brandon Thomas Lee (1996) with on-again-off-again husband Tommy Lee*

How your average mom celebrates the birth: *Switches from blue sweatpants to pink, or vice versa. Takes pictures of lethargic baby to bore friends with.*

How Pam celebrates the birth: *Dons skintight black vinyl outfit to pose for "edgy" mother-and-child photos, then sells them to the British magazine OK! for an estimated $40,000.*

Julianne Moore

Offspring: *Caleb (born 1997) with her boyfriend, director Bart Freundlich*

Your average mom's emotional range: *1) tired; 2) asleep*

Julianne's emotional range: *1) unrelenting—as the naggy mom-to-be—in* Nine Months; *2) uninhibited—as the coked-out porn-star mom in* Boogie Nights; *3) undead—as the mummy in* Tales from the Darkside: The Movie

Heather Locklear

Offspring: *Ava Elizabeth (born 1997) with her husband, Bon Jovi guitarist Richie Sambora*

Your average mom's idea of spontaneity: *Takes "scenic route" driving home from the mall.*

Heather's idea of spontaneity: *While on vacation in scenic Hawaii, decides to shuck her panties and give Sambora a "private table dance."*

Opening spread: Macpherson: F. Escalar/Sygma; D'Errico: Andrew Eccles, stylist: Karen Shapiro, groomer: Rob Van Dorssen/Nubest & Co., Manhasset, LI; Pfeiffer: Visages. This spread: Nolin: Steve Shaw/Outline; Anderson: David Jensen/Outline; Locklear: Visages; Moore: Davis Factor/Outline. Following spread: Hill: Outline; Tylo: Jon Mckee/Gamma Liaison; Shue: Visages; Bassinger: J. Varriale/Outline.

Lauryn Hill
(member of the hip-hop group the Fugees)

Offspring: *Zion David (born 1997) with unidentified father*

How your average mom lets off steam: *Intense bouts of knitting. Subsequently, draws comforting Calgon baths.*

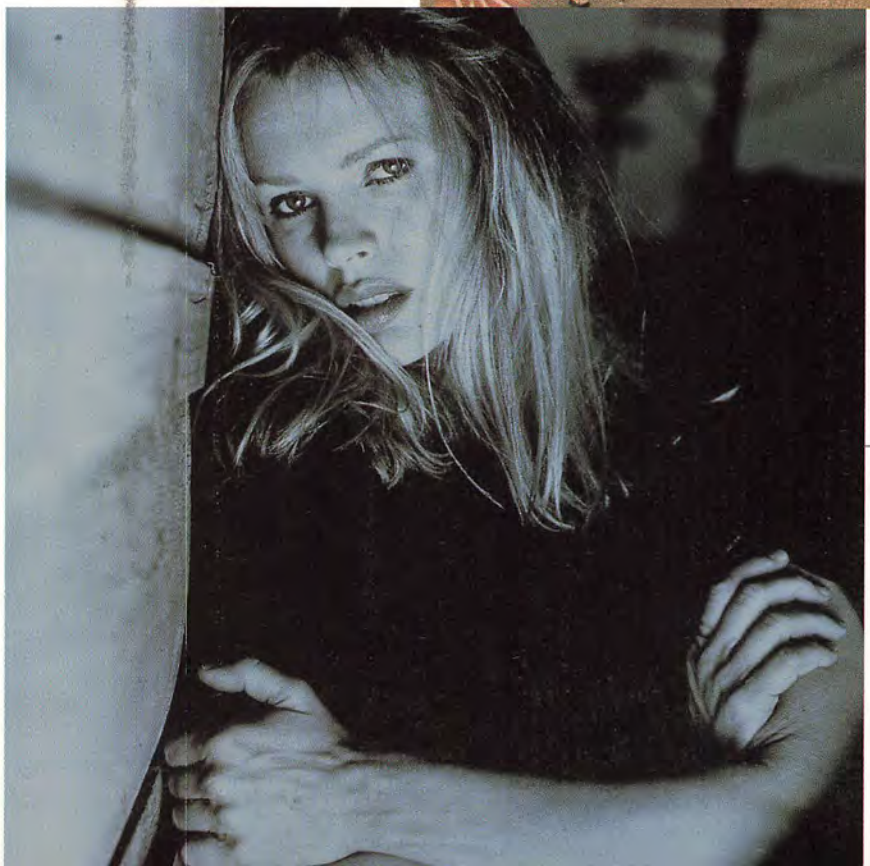
How Lauryn lets off steam: *Writes songs about, among other things, motherfuckers. Subsequently, wins Grammys.*

Hunter Tylo
(actress, The Bold and the Beautiful)

Offspring: *Katya Ariel (born 1998) and Izabella (1996) with husband, actor Michael Tylo; son and stepson from a previous marriage.*

Why your average mom-to-be wears miniskirts: *She doesn't.*

Why Hunter wears miniskirts while eight months pregnant: *To convince a judge in a wrongful termination lawsuit against* Melrose Place *producers that she can be preggers and sexy. (In 1996, while expecting, Tylo was dropped from the show, deemed incapable of portraying a slinky sleazeball siren. She later collected $4.9 million in damages.)*



Elisabeth Shue ▷

Offspring: *Miles (born 1997) with her husband, TV director Davis Guggenheim*

Early warning sign that your average mom may spoil her kid: *Names it Princess, Star, or Yahweh.*

Early warning sign that Elisabeth may spoil her kid: *Before Miles was born, took her dog to The Dog House, an L.A. "day care" for canines, where activities include paw painting, ceramics, story time, massage, and the opportunity to watch Elisabeth Shue movies over and over.*

Kim Basinger

Offspring: *Ireland Eliesse (born 1995) with her husband, Alec Baldwin*

Your average mom's vision of what her kids will learn in school: *Math, science, art, French.*

Kim's vision of what her kids will learn in school: *"Alec and I always say that one day one of our kids is going to come home and say, 'Freddy's daddy says Mommy was in a naked movie!'"*

Last winter, El Niño left plenty of death and destruction in its wake, but it left one other thing as well: enough snow to turn every river west of the Rockies into an atomic flume come spring. Grab a paddle. By Michael Bane

THE BEST WHITE WATER

It happens every four to five years. A warm patch develops somewhere out in the Pacific Ocean and merrily turns every weather pattern on Earth upside down: droughts where it normally rains, Biblical downpours where the sun usually shines 364 days a year. And out West, enough snow to make hardcore skiers hide in their homes like old women.

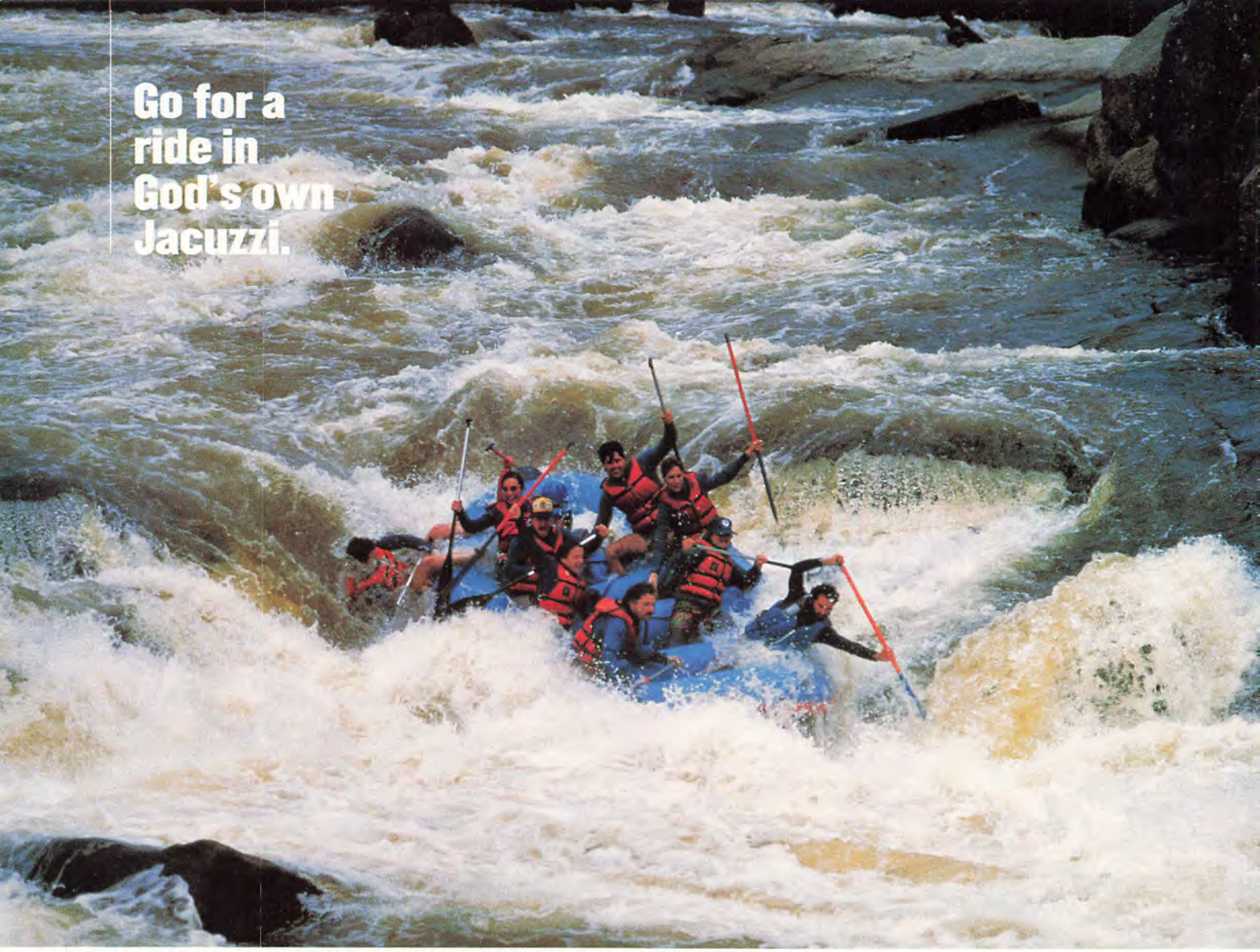
But this winter was a little different. What we just went through may well have been the strongest El Niño in the past 100 years, says Vernon Kousky of the National Weather Service's climate prediction center. And with it came far more snow than anyone expected.

Oh, by the way...as you read this, all that snow is starting to melt.

We're talking water, tons and tons of water, rushing straight into every river west of the Rockies. And those rivers are starting to surge. This is exactly the setup that rafters spend a lifetime praying for. "We'll be looking at faster water and bigger waves," says Dee Holladay, of Salt Lake City–based Holiday Expeditions. "In an El Niño year, the river just hits you harder." How much harder? During a normal season in Utah's Cataract Canyon, Holladay says, water moves at about 40,000 cubic feet per second; the 1982–83 El Niño flows were closer to 117,000.

And this year? God only knows. To hook you up with the kind of adventure that makes the Ace Bandage Co. very happy, we've compiled a list of great American rivers most likely to see El Niño–inspired action. But our recommendations don't stop there: The outfitters we've picked have proved themselves on the white-water front lines for years. Not every company can bring you down the river safely in El Niño conditions—these guides can. And, for your convenience, each river has also received a special Underwear Rating that specifies, in no uncertain terms, how many times you'll soil yourself along the way. ▷

IN 100 YEARS



Go for a ride in God's own Jacuzzi.

California

Forks of the Kern: To Live and Die Near L.A.

Underwear Rating:

The Kern is the closest white water to Los Angeles, which means that if God punishes L.A. with rain—and who would hope for anything less?—the Kern starts to rock. The two-day trip on the river's lower section is a playful romp through the sagebrush and scrub of the high desert; bring yer mom and dad. But the experts-only Forks of the Kern trip will put your heart in your throat. "There are more than 15 Class V drops in 18 miles of river," says Eric Grathwol of O.A.R.S., an outfitter in Angels Camp, California. And most of them make *The River Wild* look like a day in the duck pond. (For an explanation of river class ratings, see opposite page.) Fall out of the boat and you're gonna be wet for a long, long time. Of course, given the Forks' over-the-edge intensity, you could also get yourself dead. If you manage to keep your ass in the raft, you'll be hurled over a big falls called the Vortex and then through the Gauntlet, an ominous 200-yard stretch of Class V rapids leading into a ballsy 12-foot drop that will have you saying prayers to every god there is.

Trip Info: A two-day trip down the lower Kern River runs all year and costs $298 per person. The three-day Forks runs through June and costs $648. Contact O.A.R.S. at (800) 346-6277.

Main Toulumne: White-Water Gold Mine

Underwear Rating:

The Toulumne tumbles out of the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, through California country once scoured by gold-rush miners hoping to strike it rich. In fact, your raft will float past their abandoned mine shafts and ramshackle cabins. Not that you'll notice: You'll be too busy paddling for that little thing you call your life.

The entire trip isn't a death ride, but the first six miles *will* kick your ass—no breaks, no breathing room. You'll hit Hell's Kitchen rapids, where the water comes at you so hard it's been described as an open fire hose. There's also Clavey Falls to contend with. Clavey, a real boat-tipper, is an eight-foot drop that feeds into a huge hole. In riverspeak, a hole is a whirlpooling of current that can suck everything—people, rafts, Winnebagos—straight to the bottom.

Trip Info: One-, two-, and three-day trips ($159 to $419) run through August. Contact ARTA River Trips at (800) 323-2782.

Utah

Colorado: As Big as It Gets

Underwear Rating:

This, kiddies, is the Big Enchilada. You can spend a month running the entire Colorado River, but for a five- or six-day greatest-hits package, you'll do no better than this white-water roller coaster

Previous page: Chris Johns/Nat'l Geographic Images; this page: Phil Schermeister/Nat'l Geographic Images; Next page: rafters: Rob Boudreau/Tony Stone; river: Chad Ehlers/Tony Stone

through Cataract Canyon.

Deep in Utah's Canyonlands National Park, the Colorado descends steeply, and when it converges with the Green River, hold on to your jockstrap, because this water positively boils. When you pitch camp by the side of the river on the third night, all you'll hear is the collective thunder of the 23 monstrous Class IV–V rapids just up ahead, singing a lullaby of death and destruction. Sweet dreams.

But the mind-blower is yet to come.

Called the Big Drops, this is where the Colorado plunges 30 feet in three hairy stairsteps. "The Big Drops are considered one of the largest rapids in America," says Casey Kleinman of Holiday Expeditions. "The biggest drop, Satan's Gut, is an eight-foot plunge, but it looks like 16 when you're in the boat. This one swallows up lots of rafts." Cataract Canyon may well be one of the few trips you can tell your coworkers about without actually boring the living crap out of them.

Trip Info: Five-day trips (May and June) cost $825. Six-day trips (July through October 1) cost $890. Contact Holiday Expeditions at (800) 624-6323.

Yampa: Voyage of the Undammed

Underwear Rating:

The Yampa straddles the Utah-Colorado border and runs straight through a government-protected wilderness area. It's not an in-your-face, hell-for-leather ride, but it *is* wild—in fact, it's the last in the Colorado River system that hasn't been tamed by a dam.

"The Yampa's one of the best trips in the country for getting away from people," says Holiday's Kleinman. It's fairly inaccessible, and the Park Service aims to keep it that way by controlling the number of rafters on the river. Over the course of a five-day trip, there's a decent chance you won't see any other people. Which means no one will hear you gasp when you head into Warm Spring Rapid. Back in 1965, a flash flood temporarily dammed the river with boulders and tree trunks, and today what's left of the debris forms the Yampa's trademark raft-flipper.

Trip Info: Four- and five-day trips cost $659 and $740 and run through June. Contact Holiday Expeditions at (800) 624-6323. ▷

The Colorado: quiet here...a little too quiet

Measuring Mayhem

Just like hurricanes and earthquakes, river rapids come with danger ratings.

Men have rated women since the beginning of time, but they only started getting serious about rating rivers 10 to 15 years ago. Today there's an international, six-level classification system that ranks rivers according to how much danger they pose to rafters. So what can you really expect from a Class IV rapid? A Six Flags log-flume ride? A cruise through a car wash in a convertible? A swirling, hungry hole from which no man has ever emerged alive? Below, the straight dope on the river-rating system:

Class I: An easy, gentle rapid with small ripples. Basically, your bathtub—but without all that hair in the drain.

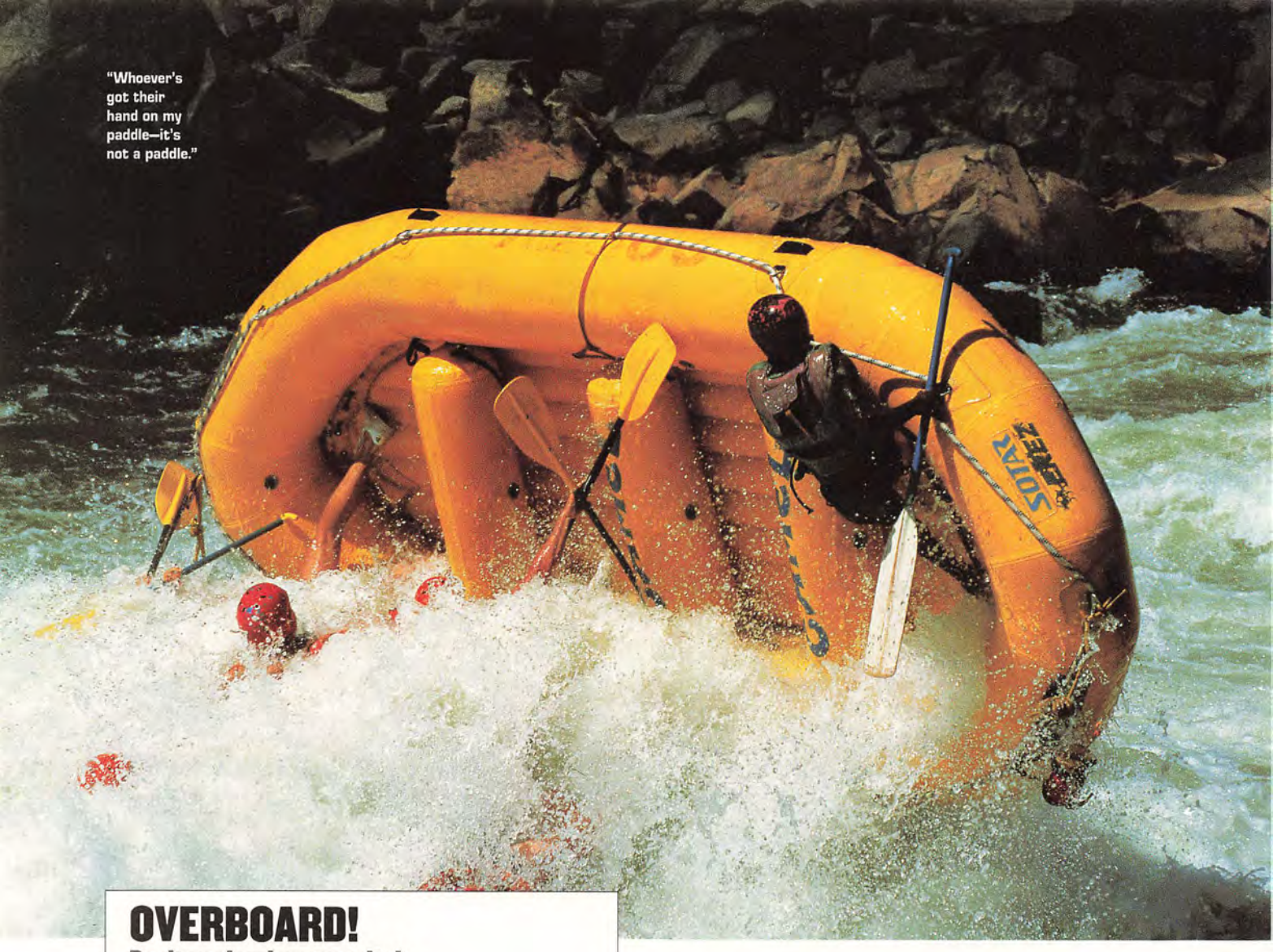
Class II: This water is definitely moving. You'll hit small but regular waves, and brush up against a few rocks and other obstacles. In general, though, the rapid will be clear with a wide passage for your raft. You'll give a few yips and yee-haws, but these are no-brainers, even for rookie paddlers.

Class III: Here's where the real fun starts. On a Class III rapid, the waves come harder, faster, and with enough force to cover the raft. You could hit a small falls or a rapid that, although clear, has a narrow passage, so that some maneuvering is required. You'll get a taste for the river's power, and your girlfriend will grab your arm. Fall out of the boat here and you'll get knocked around, but you won't fear for your life.

Class IV: Adrenaline time. The jump between Class III and IV is dramatic: These are difficult rapids, high waves, and deep holes—any one of which can flip your boat. Because the currents are stronger and there are boulders in the middle of the rapid, precise maneuvering is required. Land in the river and there's a good chance of serious injury.

Class V: Make a mistake on a Class V rapid and you could end up dead. Really. These are exceedingly violent rapids with long, rocky stretches of white water, big drops, powerful currents, and steep gradients. Only for advanced rafters taking the greatest precautions.

Class VI: Unrunnable by commercial rafts. Don't even think about thinking about it.



OVERBOARD!

Don't panic when you pitch.

■ One minute you're paddling exuberantly downriver, checking out rock formations and overhanging trees; the next you're bobbing through overhead waves, gasping for breath. This is when things get very hairy, very fast.

You'll be cold and disoriented, and your first reaction will be to swim for the boat. But unless you can reach it in two or three quick strokes, don't even try. Instead, get into what the guides call swimmer's position. Lie on your back, looking downstream. You want to be able to see the boulders, tree stumps, and waves that will be coming toward you. Keep your feet in front of you and your toes out of the water—if your feet catch under a rock, you can easily drown. If you still have your paddle, don't let it go—it'll help you steer; and use your feet to bounce yourself off any obstacles.

The guide will be barking instructions—follow them if you can. But if the water's big, you'll be panicking and looking for the nearest way out of the river. It may be tempting to try to swim for shore, but this is often the wrong decision: The river's edge is often rockier and more perilous than the middle of the river. If you stay in midstream, chances are you'll be moving faster than the raft. In this case, the guide may toss you a weighted throw bag—their range is 50 to 60 feet—and then reel you in. If that fails, you'll probably have to float down the river to a calmer spot.

Colorado

Cache La Poudre: A Bridge Too Far

Underwear Rating:

Colorado's Poudre twists like a snake. It's a shallow, boulder-filled river driven by Rocky Mountain snowmelt, and when the melt's big, the water's huge. Waves pass over your head, and the boat heaves and bucks like a bronco on crystal meth.

The lower part of the Poudre won't put you in any great peril until you get to the Bridges Run, a series of rapids that takes your raft underneath six bridges. The trickiest of the bunch is a Class III section with a concrete pylon smack in the middle of the best route. And *smack* is the operative word: Says Brian Conaghan, a river guide for the Boulder Outdoor Center, "Smack the pylon, take a swim." Or worse: Hitting a pylon at 15 mph causes pain, and, in the case of a kayaker a few years back, drowning.

Trip Info: Day trips cost $79 per person and run through August. Contact Boulder Outdoor Center at (800) 364-9376.

Idaho

Snake: First Evel, Now You

Underwear Rating:

You remember the Snake River, right? Back in 1974, Evel Knievel

tried to jump it on a souped-up motorcycle, only to bail out early in front of thousands of pissed-off fans. The Snake's not much easier on rafters than it was on old Evel—even a couple of hundred miles downstream, where most white-water trips start.

You'll cruise through Hells Canyon, an 8,000-foot gash along the Oregon-Idaho border that's even deeper than the Grand Canyon. From the get-go, you'll hit a steady stream of muscular rapids that will chew you up, spit you out, and chew you up again. One of the more explosive attractions is Wild Sheep rapids, which has a hole so powerful, even experienced boatmen have been known to flip, drink, and swim.

Trip Info: Three- to six-day trips cost $735 to $1,360 and run till October 1. Contact Hughes River Expeditions at (800) 262-1882.

Middle Fork of the Salmon: Steep Thrills

Underwear Rating:

Take a ride down Idaho's Middle Fork and you'll see bighorn sheep, mountain goats, cougars, eagles, maybe even the occasional right-wing-militia nut. In the center of the largest wilderness area in the continental U.S., Idaho's Middle Fork drops nearly 3,000 feet over its run. That kind of descent means one thing: fast water. And fast water means one thing: big thrills.

"When the water's at its highest, around June, this is one of the more challenging spots in America," says outfitter Jerry Hughes, who's been running the river for 33 years. In fact, some of the Middle Fork rapids—Powerhouse, Pistol Creek, and Haystack—are legendary for their size and power. You'll rack up huge guts-'n'-glory points on the trip's last day when the Salmon funnels into the roiling white water of Impassable Canyon and all hell breaks loose around you. It's the colonic you've been waiting for.

Trip Info: Five-day trips cost $1,080 through June, $1,450 from the end of June through August, and $1,200 through mid-September. Contact Hughes River Expeditions at (800) 262-1882.

Washington

White Salmon: Heaven in Hood River

Underwear Rating:

During the summer, Hood River, Oregon, is one of the coolest towns in the world. You can watch guys catch huge air windsurfing the Columbia River, and even in the dead of August, there's excellent snowboarding on Mt. Hood. Then there's the Timberline Lodge, one of the country's great bars. Built in the '30s, the lodge looks like a cabin made from giant Lincoln Logs. Inside, there's a huge stone fireplace and a solid selection of microbrews.

Within easy striking distance of all this sport and beer—just across the Columbia in Washington State—is the little-known White Salmon. The water's butt-cold, and it's only a day trip, but, sweet Jesus, what a day: 25 rapids in just eight miles.

"It's basically continuous white water," says Sandra Hall of AAA Rafting, "A breathtaking sled ride down the mountain." You get your first chance to breathe at Husum Falls, where, at high water, the rafts have to be portaged (carried around the falls) or they'll capsize. You'll also pass through swirling rapids such as Maytag and Waterspout. When you're done, you can head up to the Timberline, grab a Full Sail Ale, and talk about the dumb names rafters give their rapids.

Trip Info: Trips cost $55 and run through October. Contact AAA Rafting at (800) 866-7238.

Step up to the trough

No fridge, no microwave, no Mickey D's in sight. Here's what's on the menu:

Five days on the river. You probably think you'll be eating beans out of a can and drinking your own urine. Nope. In fact, rafting trips are famous for their near-gourmet menus. Outfitters know that you're part of the engine that powers the raft, and they want you fueled and ready to paddle.

The breakfasts served by O.A.R.S. outfitters on the Kern are typical of river fare: eggs, fresh fruit, sausage, yogurt, juice. There's coffee percolating by the time you crawl out of your sleeping bag and take that morning whiz behind a tree. Lunch is generally quick and dirty: deli-style cold cuts, pasta salad, cookies, gorp, fruit. While not terribly exciting, there's always plenty of it.

The guides, who double as cooks, treat dinner as a point of pride. They try to surprise you with the great grub they're able to stir up on small camping stoves that are four days from the nearest refrigerator. On the Middle Fork of the Salmon, Hughes River Rafting serves steak and lobster one night, salmon another. On the Colorado River, Holiday Expeditions dishes out everything from lasagna to chicken fajitas, with strawberry shortcake for dessert. As for beer, the policy varies from outfitter to outfitter and river to river. Some provide two drinks per person, some outlaw it entirely.

Oregon

Owyhee: Serious Bragging Rights

Underwear Rating:

The Owyhee is a gem of a river and almost completely unknown to rafters—probably because there's not a soul alive who can pronounce it with confidence. Tearing along the Oregon-Idaho border, the Middle Owyhee ("O-*why*-hee") Canyon offers 38 miles of almost continuous Class III–IV rapids. That means you're going to paddle your ass off. "Halfway down are three big rapids," says Jerry Hughes. "And they are ugly, ugly things." When Hughes says ugly, he means steep drop-offs and head-high waves. And in the middle of the Class V-plus Widowmaker, there's a drop so unspeakably insane that they use a rope to lower your raft to the next section.

Trip Info: Five- and eight-day trips start at $1,100 and run through early June. Contact Hughes River Expeditions at (800) 262-1882.

Previous page: Chris Johns/Nat'l Geographic Images; this page: John Telford

Unstuffed Shirts

Imagine a world where you'd never have to iron a shirt. Guess what: It's here. These New Age-fiber shirts—washable, wrinkle-free, and built for bad behavior—never look hung over even when you do.

Photographs by Kenneth Rothman Zane
Styling by Karen Shapiro

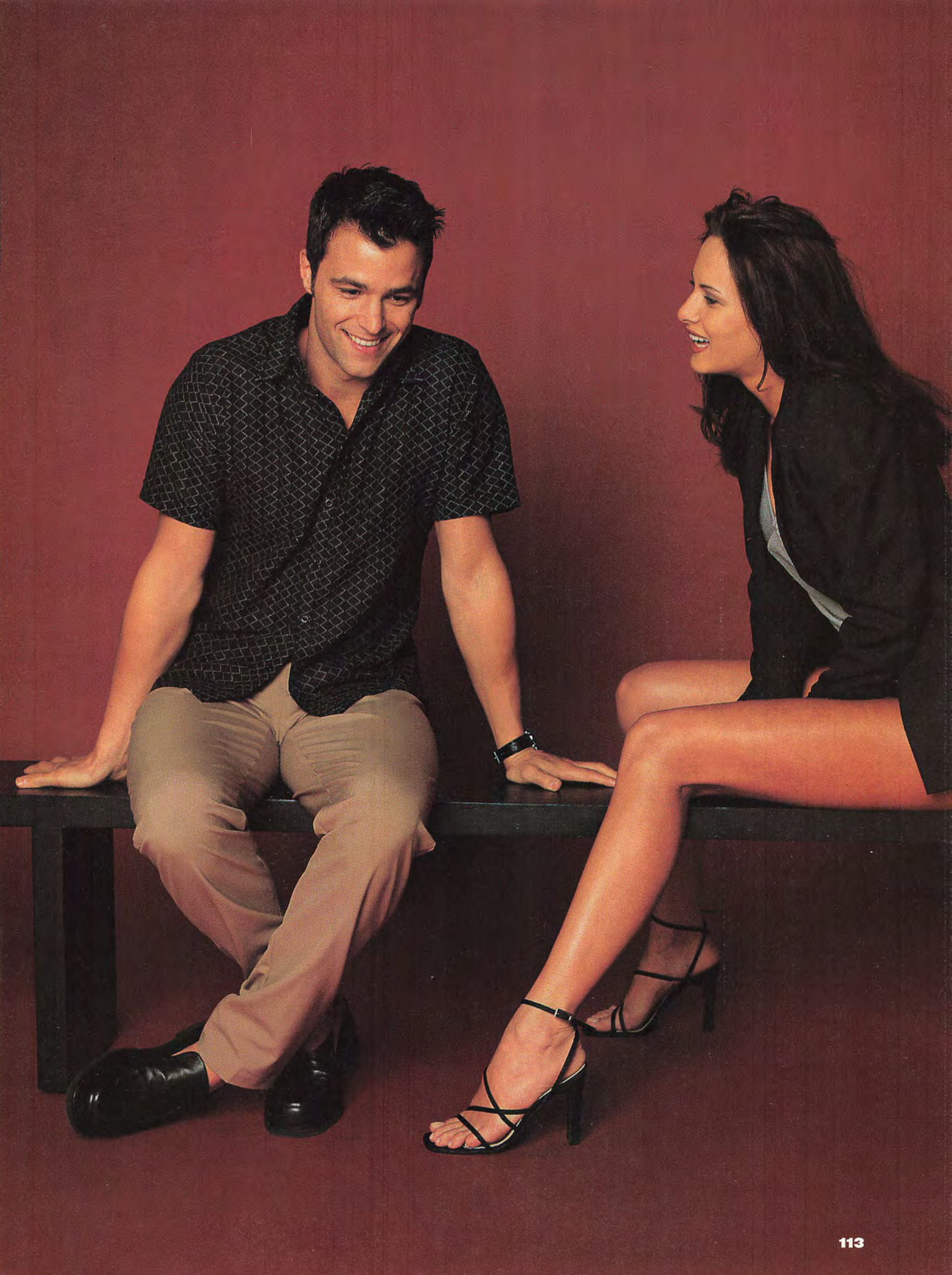
Photographs: Kenneth Rothman Zane/Boda; Groomer: Carole Reimer/Boda

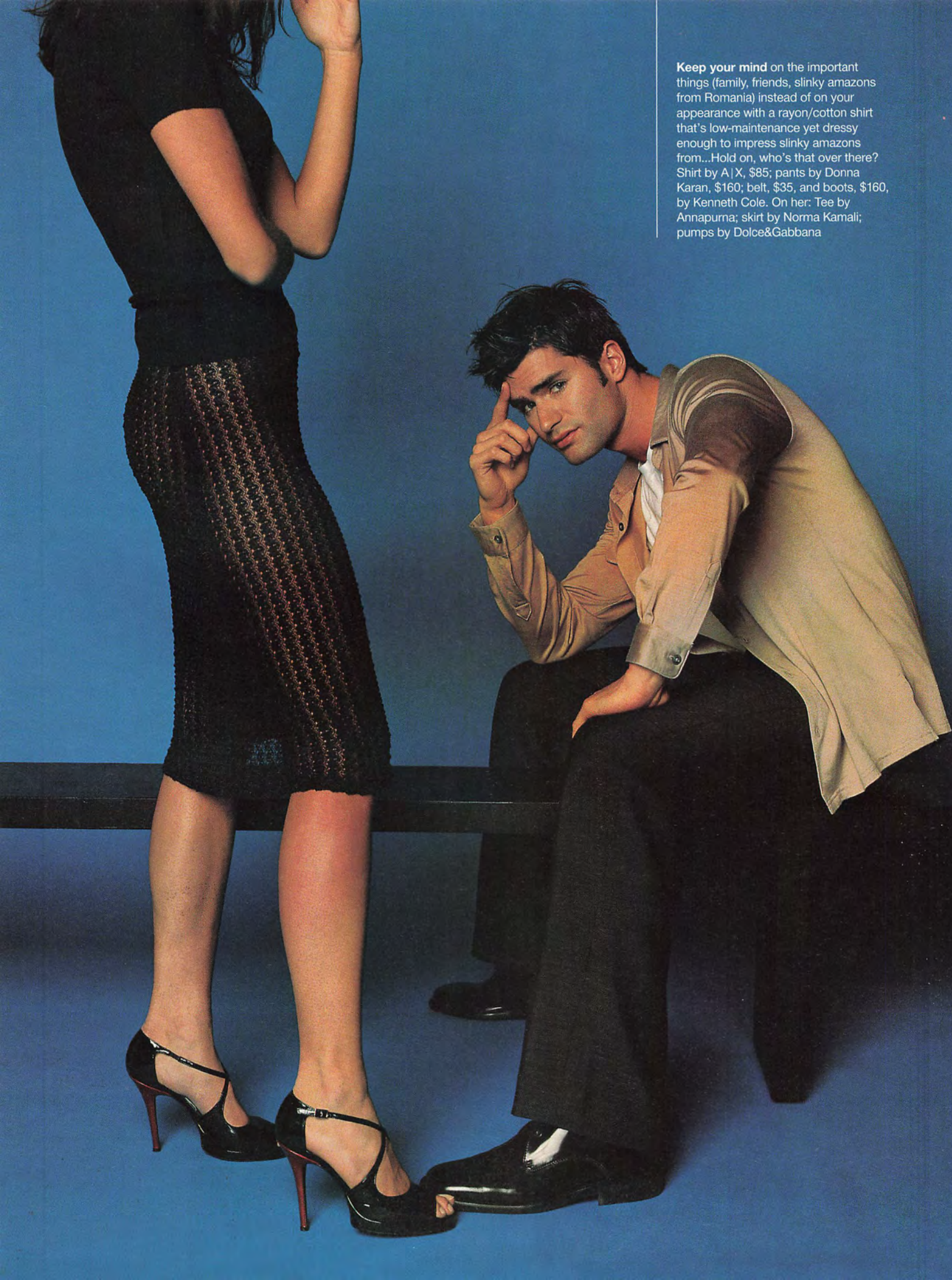
◁ **Ditch your iron**—and grab a shirt that comes out of the dryer ready to go on a tear. Eminently abusable jersey shirt by Costume National Homme, $275; trousers by Cerruti 1881, $225; boots by cK Calvin Klein, $210; watch with night vision by FreeStyle Point Break, $80. On standing guy: Stretch canvas suit by cK Calvin Klein, $590; shirt by Moschino Cheap and Chic Uomo, $195; loafers by Kenneth Cole, $175

The '90s twist on polyester will make you forget that scratchy, sweltering crap your mom made you wear to camp. The difference: A reengineered rayon-boosted mix leaves it soft, more breathable, and less likely to wrinkle than a parking lot. Polyester/rayon shirt by A|X, $74; cotton poplin suit by Nautica, $395; belt by Gap, $32; loafers by Kenneth Cole, $175

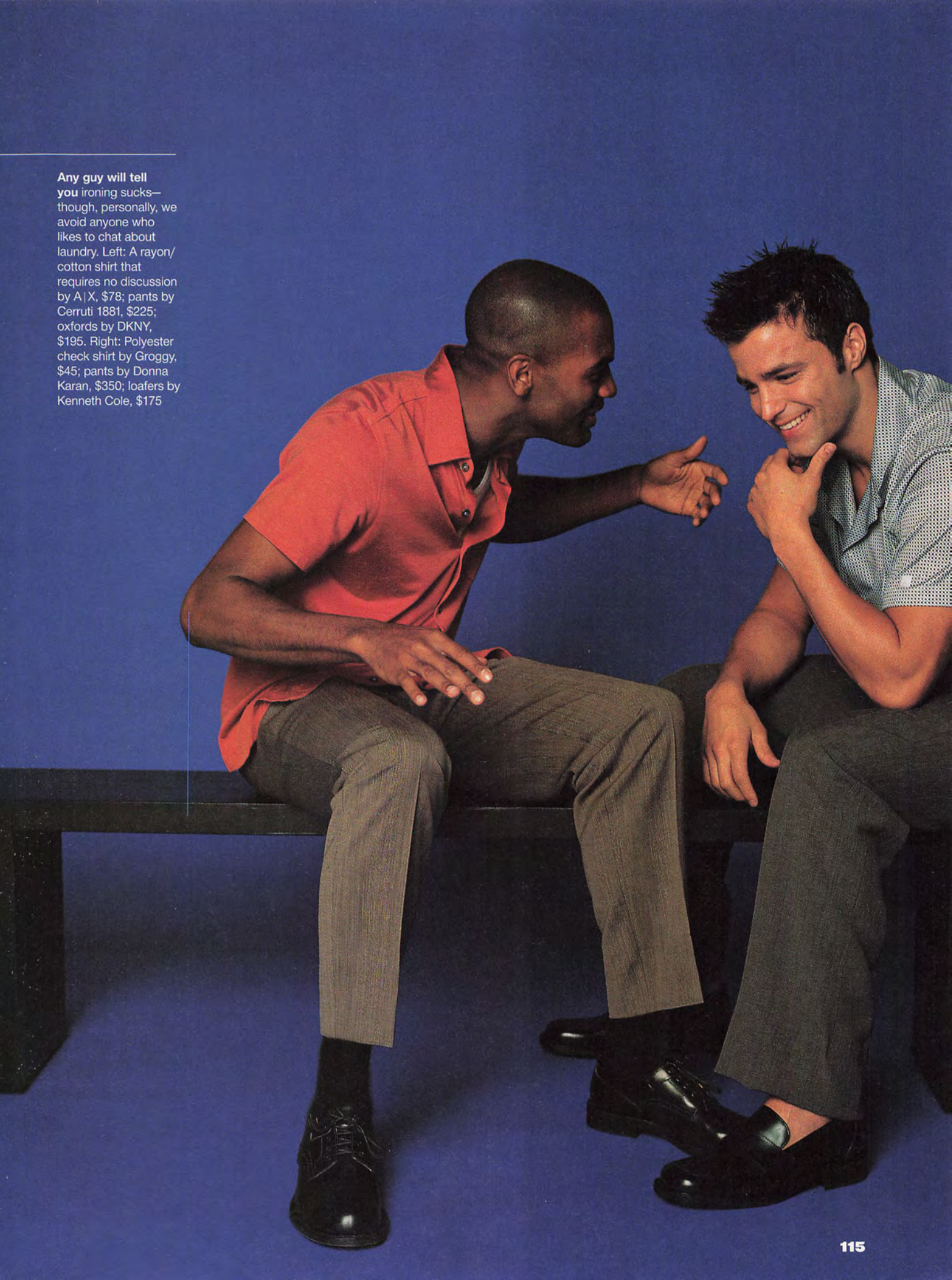
A hands-down winner in comfortable, hassle-free fabric combos is a cotton-viscose blend. What exactly is viscose? A bunch of molecules that were put on earth to make your life easy. Shirt by VERRI, $225; tank by Calvin Klein Underwear, $13; pants by Jean-Paul Gaultier Homme Classique, $405; boots by Kenneth Cole, $160; watch by Citizen, $295

▷ **Observe the tensile benefits** of this enthusiastic model girl's amazing legs. That's (sort of) what you'll get with this subtly stretchy shirt in a cotton/polyamide mix by PS Paul Smith, $180; stretch khaki pants by Jeans Dolce&Gabbana, $200; loafers by Banana Republic, $138; watch by Citizen, $295. On her: Hot pants with matching jacket by Jill Stuart; tank Sisley by Benetton; sandals by Kenneth Cole





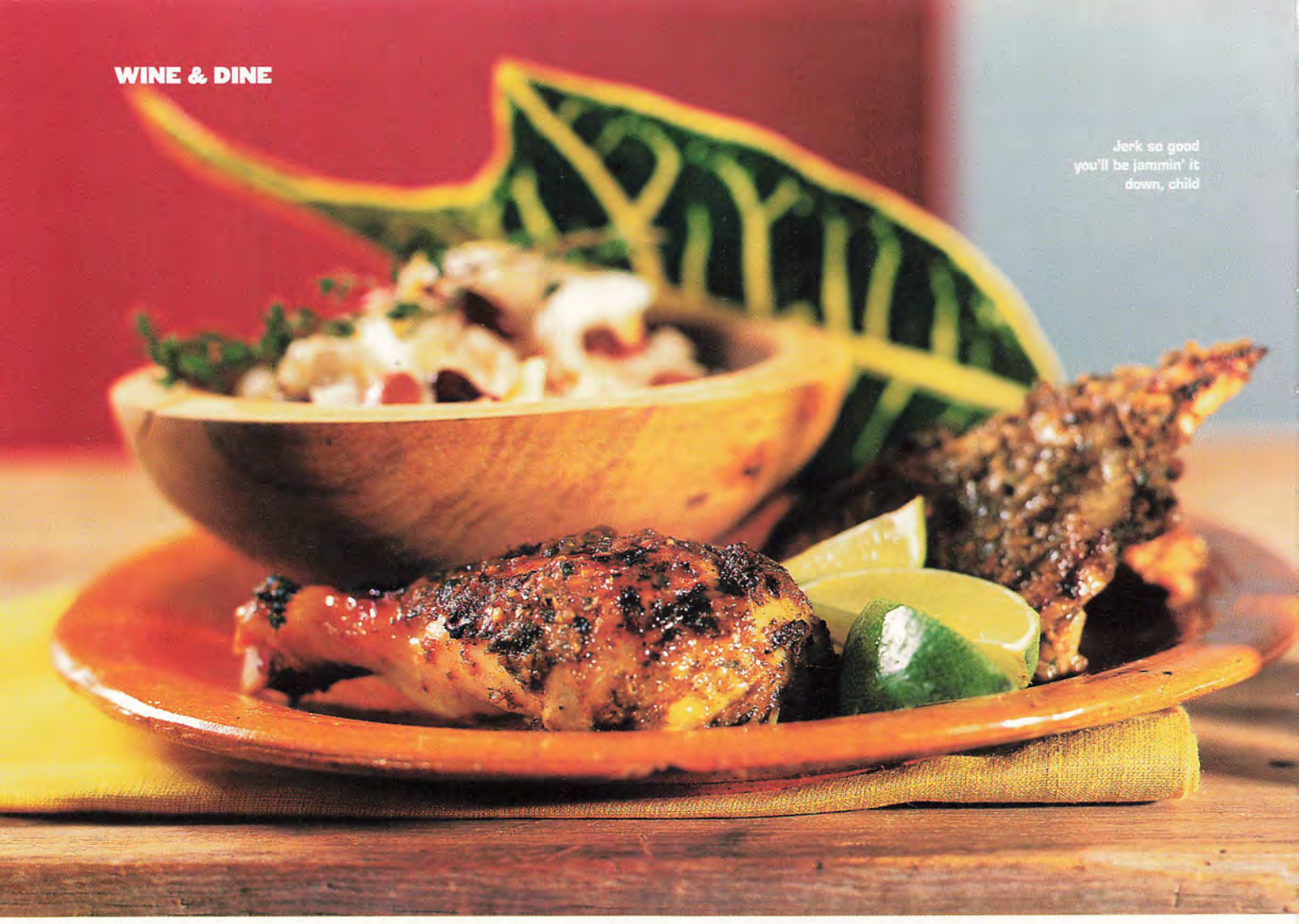
Keep your mind on the important things (family, friends, slinky amazons from Romania) instead of on your appearance with a rayon/cotton shirt that's low-maintenance yet dressy enough to impress slinky amazons from...Hold on, who's that over there? Shirt by A|X, $85; pants by Donna Karan, $160; belt, $35, and boots, $160, by Kenneth Cole. On her: Tee by Annapurna; skirt by Norma Kamali; pumps by Dolce&Gabbana



Any guy will tell you ironing sucks—though, personally, we avoid anyone who likes to chat about laundry. Left: A rayon/cotton shirt that requires no discussion by A|X, $78; pants by Cerruti 1881, $225; oxfords by DKNY, $195. Right: Polyester check shirt by Groggy, $45; pants by Donna Karan, $350; loafers by Kenneth Cole, $175

Slouch out a suit with a don't-rope-me-in shirt worn untucked and open over a colored tee. Button-down, short-sleeved shirt by cK Calvin Klein, $118; tee by Donna Karan, $80; summer-weight wool suit by Catarelli, $1,500; boots by Kenneth Cole, $160

Like a T-shirt, only better...this rayon/cotton shirt from A|X, $78, comes out of the wash without a wrinkle and (strangely enough) is more socially acceptable than your Hagar the Horrible tee. Pants by Cerruti 1881, $225; oxfords by Donna Karan, $385



Jerk so good you'll be jammin' it down, child

WORK THAT JERK

Come to Jamaica: The water's crystal-clear, the temperature's 80 degrees year-round, and the munchies, for obvious reasons, are the best on earth. **Leslie Blanchard** makes island cookin' no problem, mon.

Photography by Mary Ellen Bartley

Good food may not be the first thing that comes to mind when the island country of Jamaica is mentioned. But its culinary tradition is so rich even the colonial influence of Great Britain, proud purveyors of the ghastliest cuisine in existence, couldn't kill it. A unique fusion of flavors combining Arawak Indian, Spanish, African, and East Indian traditions, Jamaican cooking is fueled by the hottest peppers on the planet…making island dining both a mouth-watering and a mouth-charring event. *Maxim* presents three Jamaican favorites you can cook up in your very own hut (beach not included).

Jerk Chicken

Ingredients

1/2 tsp dried thyme
1/2 tsp allspice
1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp cloves
1/2 tsp nutmeg
8 scallions, chopped
4 jalapeños, seeded and chopped
3 cloves garlic
1 medium onion
1/2 cup soy sauce
2 Tbsp fresh ginger
1/4 cup canola oil
1/4 cup fresh lime juice (2 limes)
Salt and fresh ground pepper to taste
8 pieces chicken (I prefer legs and thighs, but if you're a breast man, do what you gotta do.)

Purée all ingredients except chicken until smooth. Rub the paste over chicken pieces and marinate them in refrigerator overnight. Preheat oven to 375° and bake chicken pieces for 45 minutes. The smell is intense while cooking, even if you're not smoking the Forbidden Weed.

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12
PREMIUM SCOTCH WHISKY

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Beef Patties

The dough

2 cups flour
1/2 tsp salt
1/2 cup butter
1/4 cup cold water

Combine flour and salt. Cut in butter a bit at a time until dough resembles coarse meal. Form dough into ball while gradually mixing in water. (You may need more or less water. The key: Dough should not be too crumbly or too sticky.) Wrap dough ball in plastic wrap and refrigerate for 15 minutes.

The patties

1 Tbsp canola oil
1 medium onion, chopped
1 lb. ground beef
2 jalapeños or Scotch bonnet peppers, seeded and chopped
1/4 cup chicken stock
1/4 cup each nutmeg, curry, turmeric, garam masala
3 Tbsp breadcrumbs
Salt and fresh ground pepper to taste
Cold water
1 egg, beaten

In large pan, sauté onion in oil for 3 minutes. Add remaining ingredients except water and egg and sauté over low flame for 10 minutes. Let cool.

Preheat oven to 400°. Cut dough in 8 equal sections and roll each out with rolling pin to form a 5" circle. Divide the filling into 8 equal portions and place one portion in the center of each circle. Using your finger, moisten the outside edge of each circle with water, then fold it over to enclose the filling in a half-moon. Press the tines of a fork into the circular edge of the dough to seal. Brush egg onto the top of each half-moon and bake for 25 minutes.

Brew-plate special

Culinary confusion: vegetarian...yet edible

Jamaican "Rice and Peas"

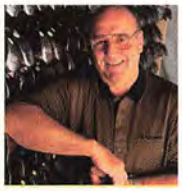
Ingredients

1 Tbsp butter
1 medium onion, chopped
2 cups rice
4 cups water
1/2 tsp dried thyme
1 15-oz. can kidney beans (drained, rinsed)
1/2 cup coconut cream
Salt and fresh ground pepper to taste

In large saucepan, sauté onion in butter over medium heat until soft and translucent, 3–5 minutes. Add rice, water, thyme, and beans. Lower heat, cover pot, and cook until rice has absorbed all the water, approximately 35 minutes. Stir in coconut cream, salt, and pepper. (Note: It's called rice and peas because it originally contained black-eyed peas instead of kidney beans, but now even the locals use beans. Leave it to the Jamaicans to never get around to changing the name.)

Food stylist: Brett Kurzweil; Prop stylist: Robyn Glaser; Props:

CONFIDENCE. PERIOD.



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The cruise for brews starts here.

BREW LAGOON

You'll want to be marooned on a tropical island when you see what's in the cooler: a frosty six-pack of the best Caribbean brews.
By Jeffery Lindenmuth

Hatuey

Sounds like a spit...tastes like a dream. America's infatuation with all things Cuban convinced Bacardi Imports to reintroduce "La Gran Cerveza de Cuba" to the U.S. Of course, Hatuey ("Ah-tway") isn't really imported from Cuba—that would be illegal—but it's brewed stateside from the original recipe, brought over by Hatuey's fleeing brew master when Castro seized the brewery in 1960. You'll readily find it in New Jersey, New York City, Atlanta, Chicago, and Florida, and wherever else lonely Cubans-in-exile are found. Let's get ready to mambo-o-o-o!
Tasting notes: Many tropical lagers have sudsy heads, but Hatuey's is tight and firm. The aroma is sweet and lightly citrusy, with a very quick finish. Try it with black beans and a dark-eyed stripper.

Red Stripe

Light lagers may be the bane of microbrew elitists, but to accompany rich, incendiary Jamaican food, there's nothing better. U.S. soldiers stationed in the Caribbean during WWII acquired a taste for Red Stripe, and its popularity has spread with that embraceable Jamaican culture. Plus, those squat, enameled bottles are just too cool. This light, Pilsner-style beer is the only known antidote for jerk (though it probably won't work on your brother-in-law) and is an absolute necessity when you're sitting through one of those interminable Jamaican cricket matches.
Tasting notes: Red Stripe looks pale, tastes mild, and has a fresh aroma that hints of bread and fresh greens. The body is light and billowy. A great pick if you like American light beer.

Carib Shandy—Ginger

The Ginger Shandy is a curious drink: a ready-made version of the ginger-beer-and-lager cocktail known as the shandygaff. The upside: You'll score sensitivity points with some women for drinking a beer laced with New Age–y herbs. The downside: Both the Ginger and Sorrel flavors contain a mere 1.2 percent alcohol. Good for operating heavy machinery, bad for buzz-building.
Tasting notes: A complex aroma of ginger, grapes, and apples. The flavor is very sweet and sodalike, with the pleasant earthiness and mild heat of fresh ginger.

Dragon Stout

Stout has a wide reputation as a stamina builder, so it's no surprise that this stout's classic slogan is "Dragon Puts It Back." Dragon Stout is the dark-sheep companion product to Red Stripe and a perfect example of tropical-style stout, appealing to the region's preference for sweeter beverages. (Ever try malta?) But don't let the sweetness fool you. With a lofty 7.5 percent alcohol content, drink a six of these and you might just see the dragon itself.
Tasting notes: Dragon, a sweet, dark stout, has a fruity, chocolaty aroma, a thinnish, malty body, and a nice coffee finish. Like all sweet beers, this is a reliable counter-attack to spicy cuisine.

Carib Lager

A longtime brewer of the Caribbean, Carib has been quenching the thirst of "Trinis," as Trinidadians refer to themselves, since 1950. A few years ago, the brewery acquired its competition and has a Bill Gatesian 100 percent share of the Trinidad market, so it's fortunate for the locals that Carib makes a diversity of beers. Guinness and Heineken have even entrusted Carib to craft their products locally. Carib uses malts from Great Britain, but a Yankee-inspired 13 percent sugar addition lightens the body and flavor of the beer.
Tasting notes: Carib's your basic middleweight Caribbean lager: light in body and aroma, dry in flavor, effervescent in appearance, with a laid-back 5.2 percent alcohol level.

Carib Shandy—Sorrel

The Sorrel Shandy screams FD&C Red No.5: Even the frothy head is magenta. Though this "beer" is somewhat reminiscent of the manly snakebite—that mixture of lager and cider the pale-but-burly English quaff—this one's sweetness and pinkness render it an unapologetic chick drink. (Not a bad thing to have on hand if you plan on snaring an island girl.)
Tasting notes: Has aromatic notes of cream soda, marshmallow, and herbs; the flavor is sweet, with hints of mint and cinnamon-heart candy. Let us reiterate: You drink the Dragon; she drinks the Sorrel. M

Photography by Mary Ellen Bartley; Prop stylist: Robyn Glaser

Stuff

IF YOU'VE GOT THE DOUGH, SPEND IT

Ski Patrol

The Sea-Doo XP Limited is loud, obnoxious, and the hottest thing to hit the water this year. By Charles Plueddeman

Ever since the first Jet Ski surfaced in 1973, the big attractions have been speed, agility, and a kiss-and-tell intimacy with the water. But that primitive machine—called a stand-up because there really wasn't a place to rest your ass—was equal parts entertainment and torture. Underpowered and less than stable, it required even the most athletic riders to practice for months to achieve a smidgen of grace.

It wasn't until the late '80s, with the introduction of sit-down models, that any speed-jonesing yahoo could master the Jet Ski in a matter of hours. Today these popular sit-down watercraft—including plush cruisers as well as ass-kicking muscle machines—account for nearly a third of all new powerboats sold each year.

This season's hottest craft, the Sea-Doo XP Limited, takes the sit-down evolution a giant step closer to the perfect ride: Not only does it let you slice through chop that flusters lesser machines, but it rockets to an eye-watering 62 mph. The Sea-Doo has also kept comfort in mind: A shock absorber under the two-passenger seat cushions the ride for your favorite bikinied companion. Don't let up on the gas till she screams for mercy.

FUEL TANK
With nearly 14 gallons of unleaded in the can, you've got enough go-juice for about an hour and a half at wide-open throttle, twice that if you can hold her down to cruising speed. But you can't, so forget about it.

ANTI-THEFT DEVICE
A programmable microchip imbedded in the emergency engine-stop lanyard (that's the kill switch, Gilligan) disables the ignition when you pull it out. You won't need The Club on this Sea-Doo, because nobody starts your machine without your OK.

BRAKES
There are none, you big sissy.

THREE SEA MONSTERS More ways to rule the waves

YAMAHA WAVERUNNER XL 1200

Price tag: $7,799
Top speed: 57 mph
Length/weight: 10' 4" and 609 lbs
Rider capacity: 3

The Scoop: Why is the WaveRunner the best party boat on the water? Let us count the ways: It's big enough to seat three, the cooler under the seat holds 24 cans, and in most states, you can legally pull a wakeboard. But this is no water Winnebago: The WaveRunner delivers surprising performance, thanks to a musclebound engine and a responsive hull.

KAWASAKI JET SKI SXI PRO

Price tag: $5,499
Top speed: 50 mph
Length/weight: 7' 3" and 329 lbs
Rider capacity: 1

The Scoop: Riding a stand-up Jet Ski shows you've got serious soul, and this new model will please the old-school purists as well as the watercraft rookies. Although the Kawasaki's redesigned hull is both more stable and easier to turn, it's still a serious challenge to master. But that's why a stand-up never gets boring.

POLARIS SLH

Price tag: $5,899
Top speed: 55 mph
Length/weight: 9' 1" and 460 lbs
Rider capacity: 2

The Scoop: Sure, you can buy a less expensive sit-down than the Polaris, but then you'd be saddled with a bare-bones model that would embarrass you with its lack of speed. This model delivers a snappy engine in a hull that's agile *and* extra-stable. The 12-function, digital info center on the handlebars monitors engine vitals. Just gas 'er and go.

ENGINE
A gearhead's dream, not only because it gives you all you need in the hp, rpm, and cc departments, but because it has adjustable exhaust valves. Most engines come with fixed valves, which is why they provide either strong acceleration or max velocity but not both. The Sea-Doo gets you up to speed and keeps you there.

PRICE TAG
The Sea-Doo XP Limited, nearly nine feet of waterbuggy, will set you back $7,699.

JET NOZZLE
Water scooters get their power by sucking ocean through an opening in the bottom of the hull, compressing the hell out of it, and shooting it out a nozzle in the back. The Sea-Doo improves your control of the craft by allowing you to pivot the nozzle. Hit a button under your left thumb and the nozzle moves up, raising the bow and letting you go even faster.

Sea-Doo: Brewer/Cassimus/courtesy of Sea-Doo (2); Yamaha: courtesy of Yamaha; Kawasaki: courtesy of Kawasaki; Polaris SL: courtesy of Polaris

Shocking Briefcase

Rearview Sunglasses

Truth Phone

The Spying Game

There are times in life when you actually do need a briefcase that delivers a 300,000-volt shock. By Jason Kersten

Sure, all the secret-agent gear that constantly saves 007's butt looks cool...but, come on, how often do you really use exploding Bubble Yum to escape from an Asian fortress guarded by tattooed, thong-wearing beauties? And don't answer "Once a week."

Of course, this doesn't mean that the world of undercover electronics is not for you. In fact, there's a host of very, very plausible situations you could find yourself in where a little high-tech edge would help you come out on top. Have a look.

Shocking Briefcase

When you'd use it You overhear the new guy at the office (a brown-nosing upstart with a perpetual sneer) talking to the boss about the "mountains of waste" in the department you run.
Your strategy As a token of your good will, present the briefcase to him as a gift. You, of course, hold on to the remote button that sends a 300,000-volt charge coursing through the handle and skin of the case. Next time he carries it into the john, hit the button just as he's approaching the urinal beside the one the boss is using.
($900; Detective Store International, 212-366-6466)

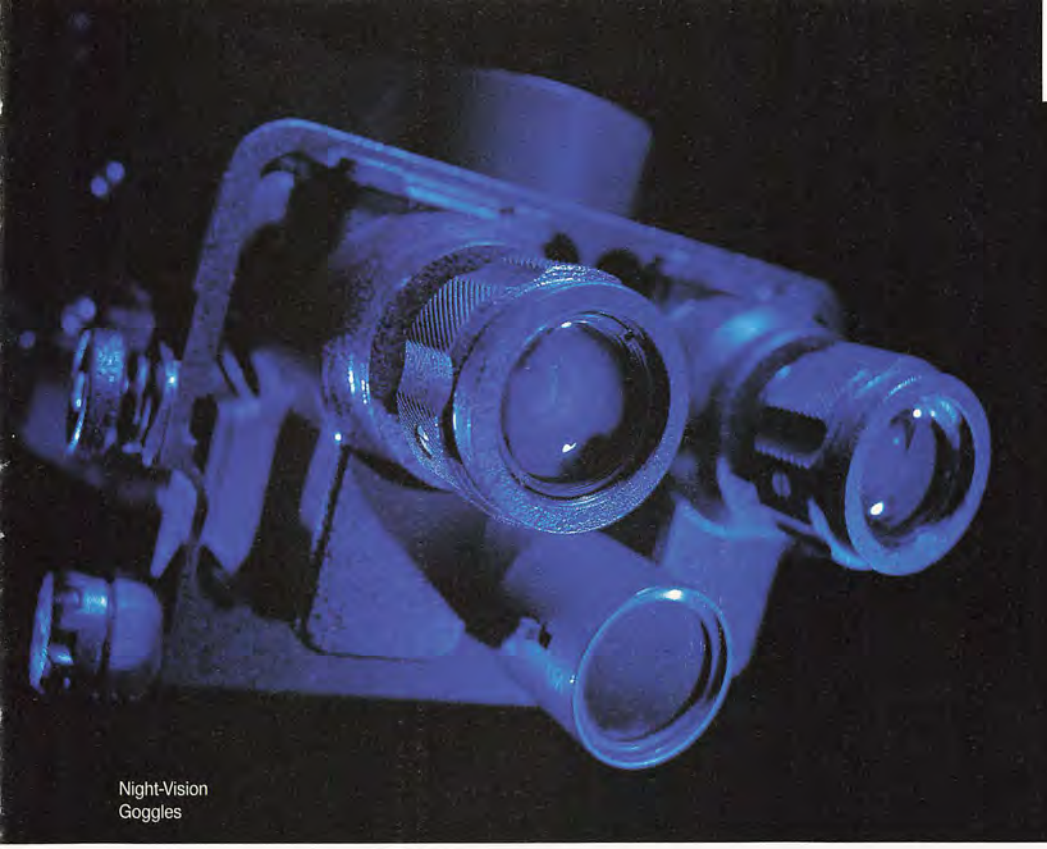
Rearview Sunglasses

When you'd use it You are tired of being slapped upside the head by overprotective boyfriends who catch you staring at their nubile companions on the street.
Your strategy Slide the sunglasses on, look into the small mirrors in the far corners of the shades, and give the girls a leisurely once-over without risking further injury.
($11; Lou Curtis Spy Supply, 716-636-3655)

Truth Phone

When you'd use it You call up to ask her out on a date, and she hands you some shit about having to stay home and wash her cat.
Your strategy If the Truth Phone's digital voice-stress analyzer shows she's

Photography by Michael Mazzeo



Night-Vision Goggles

Watch Video Camera

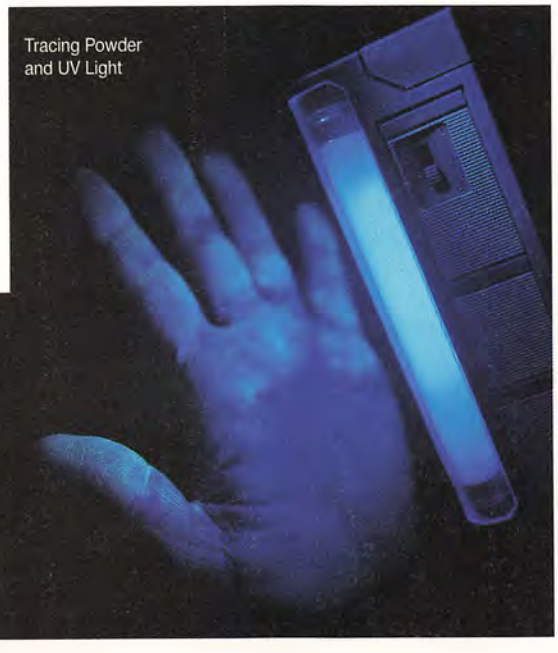
lying, take back the pricey ring you were about to bestow on her and get yourself a high-priced escort for the night. They never lie.
($3,900; Counter Spy Shops, 800-722-4490)

Sovietski Night-Vision Goggles

When you'd use it Your new gal insists she never has sex with the lights on until she's known a man at least six months.
Your strategy Tell her you always wear your Sovietski Night-Vision Goggles in bed until you've known a woman at least six months.
($699; Sovietski Collection, 800-442-0002)

Security Blanket

When you'd use it One of your friends keeps "forgetting" to return all those taped episodes of *The X-Files* you lent him six months ago.
Your strategy Invite him for dinner. Before he arrives, set all your clocks forward an hour. Crack him a beer and then, when he least suspects it, hit the worthless leech with a nonlethal flash from the Security Blanket, a superbright flashlight that severely disorients attackers or friends. When he collects himself two minutes later, point to the clocks and suggest that a "missing time" experience has just occurred. Muse aloud about the staggering length of the anal probes currently favored in the Vega star system.
($159; Counter Spy Shops, 800-722-4490)



Tracing Powder and UV Light

Security Blanket

Watch Video Camera

When you'd use it You're drinking alone at a bar. Suddenly a dark-haired femme fatale in black leather walks up, hands you a shot of tequila, and tells you she only dates dangerous men. You happen to be a substitute third-grade teacher.
Your strategy Show her your watch, demonstrate that its face is actually the lens of a tiny video camera, display the wire that runs up your sleeve, then flatly complain that the British secret service promised you a new one after you "cleaned up that tiresome warhead-smuggling operation on the Kazakhstani border."
($549; Gadgets by Design, 800-537-1895)

Tracing Powder and UV Light

When you'd use it You suspect that a coworker has been surreptitiously reading through the stack of *Maxim*s you've stashed in your desk drawer.
Your strategy Spray the pile with the invisible fluorescent powder, then periodically shine the UV light on it. If someone else's fingerprints show up, leave a note telling the mystery reader how to get his own subscription. Your note should specifically mention the low, low subscription price as well as the toll-free order number, 800-829-5572, or, if you're outside the U.S., 904-447-0212.
($125; Detective Store International, 212-366-6466) ▷

Tie-Clip Tracking Device

When you'd use it Lately those surprise inspections by the suits at corporate headquarters have gotten bothersome, jeopardizing your attempts to reach the final stage of *Riven*.
Your strategy Take the stuffed shirts to lunch and present each one with the tie clip to show your appreciation of their "vital efforts to streamline office efficiency." The dial on your receiver allows you to monitor the distance and direction of the clip within 15 miles, warning you of their approach long before they arrive.
($2,400; Detective Store International, 212-366-6466)

Super Ear

When you'd use it You've just landed the job of cornerback for the 49ers when you hear that Deion Sanders is being traded back to San Francisco. He starts next Sunday, which gives you exactly one game to prove your mettle.
Your strategy You sneak the Super Ear onto the field in some of your padding and furtively point it at the Packers' offensive huddle, well within the Ear's 100-yard range. You listen in on Brett Favre's every play and manage to snag a record 17 interceptions. Your coach lauds your uncanny instinct, and when Deion shows up, he rides the pine.
($79; Spy World, Inc., 310-704-1528)

Voice Encryptor

When you'd use it Your rich parents are threatening to cut you off unless you get a real job. And dialogue coach for soft-porn movies is not exactly what they have in mind.
Your strategy Disguising your voice with the encryptor, call your parents and tell them that unless they pay $500,000 in cash, the only way they'll see their precious boy again "is with the help of a backhoe." Immediately turn off the encryptor and say, in your own frightened voice, "I love you. I want to go to med school." After you get the money, head directly for Jamaica. Bring the encryptor and call home from time to time as needed.
($79; Counter Spy Shops, 800-722-4490)

Tie-Clip Tracking Device

Voice Encryptor

Super Ear

Spy Cam 11

Spy Cam 11

When you'd use it The boss orders you to fly to Taipei to wrap up a multinational merger deal. Your pip-squeak younger brother asks if he can house-sit your luxury pad while you're gone. He promises not to touch your priceless collection of '70s heavy-metal albums.
Your strategy In your benevolence, you consent. And then you quickly install the Spy Cam's 5/16-of-an-inch lens in the ceiling above your stereo and run the wire discreetly into the phone jack. With a modem and a laptop computer, you'll be able to call in from anywhere, activate the camera, and monitor the little creep at a rate of five frames per second. And if he starts headbanging to Judas Priest's *Live in Bangladesh,* you'll do a little head-banging of your own.
($3,200; Counter Spy Shops, 800-722-4490) M

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Hang Time

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Photograph by Michael Roberts/Outline

Movies
Our one-stop-shopping guide to Hollywood's latest releases.
Plus: A grisly Godzilla quiz

Music
What's good, bad, and ugly in the world of music.
Plus: Led Zep's loutish legacy

Television
Tips to help you get the most out of the box this season.
Plus: The 1998 MAXIM Awards

Video
Current releases for those rare sexless nights at home—be they ever so humbling.

Books
Fistfights on the baseball diamond. Dogfights in the air.
Plus: Hollywood on drugs!

March Madness

The deeply reflective Jane March gets into double trouble as another Jane in this month's *Tarzan and the Lost City*. Preview, p. 132

Movies

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	WE SAY
	TARZAN AND THE LOST CITY (Warner Bros.) **Release Date:** April 24	Casper Van Dien (*Starship Troopers*), Jane March (*The Lover*'s naked nymph)	Tarzan rejoin British society! Meet fiancée! Return to Africa to protect jungle home from insensitive mercenaries!	Extremely stupid children may enjoy it. For adults, clean-cut Casper and raven-haired Jane will bring back all-too-cheesy memories of *The Blue Lagoon*.
	BLACK DOG (Universal) **Release Date:** May 1	Patrick Swayze, Randy Travis, Meat Loaf	A southern-fried action flick. The mob forces Swayze, a gentle ex-con, to drive a truckful of illegal weapons across the country—or his family gets it.	Think rental. We have a soft, meaty spot in our hearts for Meat Loaf...but Swayze as a tough-but-good guy again? (After *Point Break*, he'll always be Bodhi to us.)
	ALMOST HEROES (Warner Bros.) **Release Date:** May 1	The late Chris Farley, Matthew Perry	Our almost-heroes play bumbling explorers who blaze the Louisiana Territory following Lewis and Clark's route. A whacked-out take on the first American road trip.	We're there, if only to see Farley's swan song (or would that be big-fat-pig song?). Plus: Pre-rehab Perry co-stars, and *Spinal Tap*'s Nigel (Christopher Guest) directs.
	DEEP IMPACT (Paramount) **Release Date:** May 8	Robert Duvall, Elijah Wood (*The Ice Storm*), Morgan Freeman, Téa Leoni	A comet's on a crash course with Earth; 800,000 Americans—chosen via lottery—get to survive in underground caves. The losers must pray that a space mission can save their sorry asses.	Pass. Sounds suspenseful, but we're holding out for *Armageddon*, the summer's second—and far more blockbustery—meteor movie.
	DIRTY WORK (MGM) **Release Date:** May 15	Norm Macdonald, Chevy Chase, Don Rickles (yeah!), Jack Warden	A pissed-off loser (Macdonald) finds his true calling when he opens a business specializing in *revenge*!	Could be crap, but we'll see it just for Norm. His "Weekend Update" segments on *SNL* were brilliantly dead-pan—maybe he can save the fast rusting Chevy.
	GODZILLA (TriStar) **Release Date:** May 20	Matthew Broderick, Hank Azaria, Jean Reno, blonde cutie Maria Pitillo	Nuclear testing by the French (les dipshits!) causes a 90-foot monster to rise from the sea, raise hell in New York, and lay lots of 'zilla eggs. Can an aging Ferris Bueller save the world before they hatch?	Trying to resist this $100 million F/X fest is like trying to resist getting oral sex. Even if it's lousy, you just know you'll be satisfied.
	FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (Universal) **Release Date:** May 22	Johnny Depp, Benicio Del Toro, Harry Dean Stanton, Cameron Diaz	In this adaptation of the '70s bestseller by wild man Hunter S. Thompson, journalist Depp and lawyer Del Toro take a drink-and-drug-fueled road trip to cover a motorcycle race in Vegas.	We're afraid, though loath to say it, that this will blow. But if you're a fan of Thompson or trippy director Terry Gilliam (*Brazil*), you'll be too high to give a shit.
	HE GOT GAME (Touchstone) **Release Date:** May 1	Denzel Washington, Milwaukee Bucks guard Ray Allen, Milla Jovovich	Jesus (Allen) is tops in high-school hoops, but the pressure to skip college and go pro is making life a game he can't control.	Slam dunk. It's about time writer and director Spike Lee made a movie about the game he digs so much. Bonus: Cameos by Jordan, Johnson, Barkley, etc.

Tarzan: Jasin Boland; *Black Dog:* Michael Tackett/Universal Studios; *Almost Heroes:* Turner Pictures, Inc.(2); *Deep Impact:* Myles Aronowitz/Paramount Pictures; *Dirty Work:* Jack Rowand/Metro Goldwyn Mayer(2); *Godzilla:* Columbia/TriStar; *Fear and Loathing:* Peter Mountain/Universal Studios; *He Got Game:* David Lee/Touchstone Pictures(2). Next page: *Big One:* Miramax; *Godzilla:* Everett; *Sliding Doors:* Alex Bailey/Miramax

MAXIM RECOMMENDS

THE BIG ONE *(Miramax, in theaters now)*

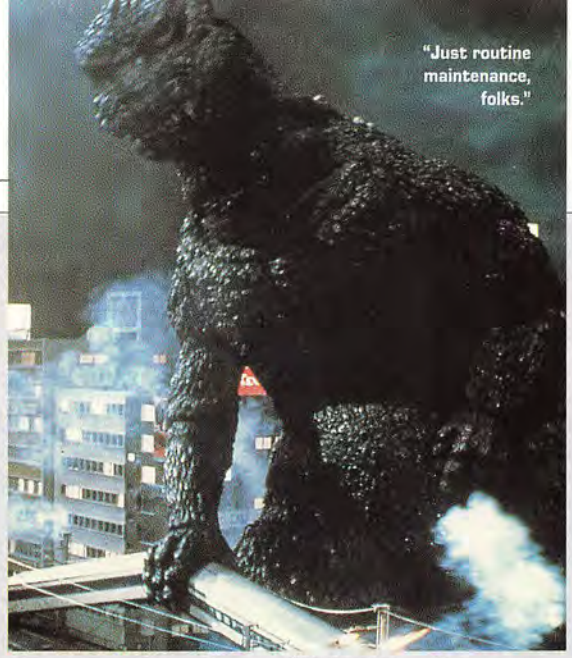
Moore(left): the bigger one

You may know Michael Moore's anti-corporate shtick from his hit 1989 documentary *Roger & Me,* in which he stalked the chairman of GM, pestering him endlessly (and hilariously) about the closing of the factory in Flint, Michigan. Or maybe you saw Moore's '90s network series, *TV Nation*, in which he pestered other ruthless fat cats. If so, you know he's basically a one-note guy, but luckily it's an entertaining note. In his new documentary, *The Big One*, Moore's guerrilla camera crew follows him on a publicity tour for his best-selling book, *Downsize This!,* which just happens to take him through cities with recently downsized corporations: whaddaya know, another opportunity for Moore to confront the bastards who are moving their factories to less costly, third-world countries. Eye-opening, scathingly funny and—in one emotional scene, where a woman reveals that she's just been fired—even heartbreaking. *—Claire Connors*

"But she's only two feet away."

SLIDING DOORS *(Miramax, April 24)*

Gwyneth Paltrow dons a bad wig for this romantic comedy about a woman caught, literally, between two worlds. She plays Helen, a London PR exec who just misses her train home after a really bad day and stumbles into a parallel universe. At this point, the schizoid movie splits in two. We see what would have happened if Helen had made it through the train's sliding doors (finding her boyfriend in bed with his ex, etc.) and what happens when she doesn't. It's an intriguing idea, but keeping track of the interweaving plots is tougher than a tense game of Tetris. What saves it is the casting: Paltrow makes a damned good "bird," and her costars—a couple of British guys you've never heard of—are excellent as the whining men in her life. Chicks will dig this flick, but unless you dig Gwyneth or love to ponder fate, you may not.*—C.C.*



"Just routine maintenance, folks."

Godzilla for $500, Alex!

How do you score when it comes to pissed-off-predator lore? Take the lizard quiz.

When *Godzilla* roars into theaters on May 20, you'll notice that the big guy's undergone a big-budget overhaul, with special effects that will make *Independence Day* look like a lone sparkler. But lest you forget the Japanese giant's low-budget origins, here's a quiz down monster memory lane, compiled with 'zilla trivia from the upcoming book *The Complete Guide to Moviedom's Mightiest Monster: Godzilla!* (William Morrow/Quill).

❶ Godzilla is:
a) A dude
b) A lady

❷ In 1972's *Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster*, what was the Smog Monster?
a) A cloud of deadly gas
b) A creature that cleverly farts as it flies
c) A Los Angeles–based talent agent

❸ Which actor starred in the first Godzilla movie released in America, 1956's *Godzilla, King of the Monsters*?
a) Rascally Jack Palance of *Shane* and *City Slickers* renown
b) Spirited Win Elliot, former host of *Tic Tac Dough*
c) Gruff Raymond Burr, a.k.a. Perry Mason

❹ In 1978's *Godzilla on Monster Island*, Godzilla speaks (!) to his spiny lizard sidekick, Angilas. What does he say?
a) "Something funny going on. You'd better check."
b) "Godzilla must have vengeance!"
c) "Get jiggy wit' this!"

❺ Fifteen seconds of 1978's *The Terror of Mechagodzilla* were censored. Which scene was edited out?
a) A glimpse of fake rubber breasts
b) A dozen Japanese extras mooning the cameras in a crowd scene
c) Godzilla rhythmically rubbing himself against a skyscraper

❻ Who was Godzilla's love interest in his 1985 Dr. Pepper commercial?
a) Newzilla
b) Goddess Zilla
c) Daisy from *The Dukes of Hazzard*

❼ Which *Godzilla* movie was proposed but never saw the light of day in America?
a) *Godzilla vs. Space Godzilla!*
b) *Godzilla Against the Devil!*
c) *Godzilla vs. Cleveland!*

ANSWERS
❶ **Neither.** Like other parthenogenetic lizards, Godzilla is sexless and can lay eggs without nabbing any nookie (no wonder he's so grumpy).
❷ **b)** Monster Hedora, Godzilla's flying foe, was propelled by powerful ass-toots of sulfuric acid.
❸ **c)** Burr took the low-rent role despite having costarred in Hitchcock's *Rear Window*.
❹ **a)** For obvious reasons, this was the only flick with a gabbing Godzilla.
❺ **a)** The only other known "nudity" in a Godzilla film pops up in 1976's *Godzilla vs. Megalon*—a truck cab is papered with cheesecake pinups.
❻ **a)** "Zillas, as we've learned, are asexual. Only the sexually ambiguous "Newzilla" can give Godzilla the love it needs.
❼ **All three!** Plus the entry we'd like to see: *Godzilla vs. the Titanic*

Music

Rogaine: It really works.

Page & Plant

Walking Into Clarksdale *(Atlantic Records)*

Have Jimmy Page and Robert Plant finally put the ghost of Led Zeppelin behind them? Admittedly, *Walking Into Clarksdale*, the reunited duo's second album (and their first stab at all-new material in years), contains echoes of the glory days—Page's cascading fretboard work, Plant's crotch-rock vocal vamping. But for the first time since 1979's *In Through the Out Door*, the guys seem determined to *evolve* the Zeppelin sound instead of trying to hide from (or cash in on) it. Although *Clarksdale* was produced by grunge-meister Steve Albini (Nirvana, Bush), it makes no embarrassing efforts to sound '90s. Instead, it simply offers up a bunch of raw, unhurried cuts that recall—and expand—the more mellow side of the Zeppelin vibe. (Wipe that pained look off your face: "Most High" proves that these vets can still rock.) While not completely clunker-free—the string-laden "Upon a Golden Horse" is syrupy enough for pancakes—for the most part, *Clarksdale* shows the pair moving into middle age with cred intact. As reunions of this sort go, it's definitely a best-case scenario.***—Andrew Johnston***

Please stop it now.

Jimmy Buffett

Don't Stop the Carnival *(Island)*

Even his die-hard fans—and they are legion—will have to admit in their tequila-soaked hearts that this is a weird project for Jimmy Buffett. And that, truth be told, this cast album from his musical comedy of the same name is a dud. Buffett based the piece (a hit during its Miami run) on a Herman Wouk novel about an American who buys a Caribbean hotel. But even if you can accept the show-tune tradition of linear storytelling—which makes most pop listeners gag—*Carnival* just sounds plain silly. Buffett's laid-back style doesn't lend itself to rollicking theatrics; his trademark marimbas, steel drums, and chilled-out tempos can only achieve so many moods (well, OK, one). Try to imagine, for example, a menacing white "boss man" proclaiming how powerful and scary he is over a perky, dickless calypso beat. Save your money and buy a round of margaritas.***—Laura Jamison***

Various Artists

The Horse Whisperer: Songs from and Inspired by the Motion Picture *(MCA)*

It's almost always a shitty sign when a soundtrack album boasts music "from and inspired by the motion picture." Translation: "This album is actually a mystifying hodgepodge of unrelated tracks inspired by Hollywood's unstoppable greed." What a revelation, then, to dig into this thoughtfully crafted country sampler from Robert Redford's d*elight*ful chick film, *The Horse Whisperer*. Tapping some of Nashville's top talent plus the twang-free new wave of "alternative country" acts, this soundtrack finely balances traditional laments and fresh surprises. Bookended by a pair of old-style cowboy classics—Dwight Yoakam's yodeling take on Tex Owens's "Cattle Call" and George Strait's broken-hearted "Red River Valley"—it manages to work in modern tunes (Lucinda Williams's "Still I Long for Your Kiss") that are every bit as affecting and genuine as the standards (Iris DeMent's trembling version of "Whispering Pines"). In a word: Inspired. ***—Dan Catalano***

Reverend Horton Heat

Space Heater *(Interscope)*

For a so-called man of the cloth, the Reverend Horton Heat is one hell of an animal. This psycho-rockabilly Texan seems far more concerned with drinkin', lovin', and post-lovin' drinkin' than with boring stuff like faith, hope, and charity. Besides, on his latest album, *Space Heater*, guitarist Heat and his cohorts Jimbo (stand-up bass) and Scott Churilla (drums) kick up such a characteristically frenzied racket that no decent church would welcome them anyway. Starting off with the spaghetti-Western instrumental "Pride of San Jacinto," Heat handily tears through a ZZ Top–esque rave-up ("Lie Detector") and a shit-kickin' bluegrass instrumental ("The Prophet Stomp"). But the album's finest moment has to be "Couch Surfin'." With a sound that's best described as "Jan and Dean get wasted," it's a hyper tale of a bum who lives on friends' couches, drinks their beer, and offers to mow their lawns. Which, if you ask us, definitely counts as charity.***—Ian Landau*** ▷

This page: Page & Plant: Steve Sands/Outline. Next page: Manson: Joseph Cultice/Outline; Superdrag: Joshua Kessler

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Pulp

This Is Hardcore (Virgin/Island)

Once you've achieved notoriety, where do you go but down? In 1996, Pulp's lead singer, Jarvis Cocker, stunned the audience at a British music awards show by drunkenly staggering onstage and wiggling his ass at Michael Jackson (who was performing surrounded by worshipful children). Pulp confirmed its rebel status with that year's *Different Class*, a defiantly *orchestral* punk album. All this makes its joyless follow-up, *This Is Hardcore*, a major disappointment. Much of Cocker's appeal comes from his directness, but here he trades in vague and unfunny double meanings. The music is equally uninspired—a cloud of guitar squalls and grand symphonics that recalls Bowie at his most ridiculous. Note to Jarris: Start wiggling that ass at yourself.

—Todd Bridges

The Sin Remains the Same

Can wanton weirdo Marilyn Manson live up to Led Zep's bad-boy rep?

In his 1985 classic, *Hammer of the Gods: The Led Zeppelin Saga* (Boulevard Books, $7.50) writer Stephen Davis recounts how the original madmen set the (impressively low) standard for rocker obnoxiousness. Though the just-released *Walking Into Clarksdale* (Atlantic) offers up a kinder, gentler Jimmy Page and Robert Plant, their grand traditions live on in America's youth—as a quick look at Marilyn Manson's recent autobiography, *The Long Hard Road Out of Hell* (Regan Books, $24), confirms. **Jim DeRogatis** charts the satanic parallels.

■ THE UNCHIVALROUS FISH TRADITION

Zeppelin: The Zep entourage takes a groupie and rogers her roundly with a sand shark (some say it was a red snapper) that it caught while fishing out the window of Seattle's Edgewater Inn.

Marilyn: The Manson entourage bangs a deaf groupie who's covered in raw meat, urinates on her, and throws a dead salmon at her in a Miami recording studio.

■ THE CREEPY MYSTIC TRADITION

Zeppelin: Draws inspiration from early 20th-century weirdo Aleister Crowley, the devilish proponent of "sex magick."

Marilyn: Draws inspiration from '60s cult figure and Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey, who's big into ego gratification.

■ THE ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE TRADITION

Zeppelin: In *Hammer of the Gods,* drummer John Bonham gives a bag of heroin to a promoter—but (just for fun) claims it's cocaine.

Marilyn: In *The Long Hard Road Out of Hell,* Manson self-medicates with a mixture of "meals of intoxicants," lines of coke, and (just for nutrition) chicken in a biscuit.

■ THE RASCALLY ROADIE TRADITION

Zeppelin: Road manager Richard Cole encourages Bonham to screw someone known as Dahlia the Dog Act after her Great Dane wisely refuses to do her.

Marilyn: Bus driver Tony Wiggins encourages Manson to strap naked groupies to a homemade torture table and subject them to a battery of pervy questions.

■ THE DEAD DRUMMER TRADITION

Zeppelin: Bonham passes out and chokes on his own vomit after downing 40 shots of vodka over the span of 12 hours.

Marilyn: Rumor has it Manson burned his original drummer alive and carries the bones around in a big baggie. Manson hotly encourages the rumor.

Superdrag

Head Trip in Every Key (Elektra)

Superdrag's 1996 major label debut, *Regretfully Yours*, was one catchy surprise: a powerhouse guitar-pop album that played like the Hamburg-era Beatles on crank. Though he was *almost* as earnest as Katie Couric, frontman John Davis's ability to pen hook-laden rock songs—albeit with dorky lyrics—was astounding, considering he was only 21. The band's new album stretches the formula, leaning more toward the introspective than the insane without losing the melodic drive. And while Davis's Beatles fixation is intact (a head-shaking "Yeeeah!" kicks off "Hellbent"), he also cops a few nice tricks from pop contemporaries like Matthew Sweet ("Do the Vampire") and Ben Folds ("Amphetamine"). The result: A more varied—if less immediately infectious—winner. Be warned, however: The lyrics still suck.*—D.C.*

Soul Asylum

Candy from a Stranger (Columbia)

If you consider Soul Asylum a punk band, sorry, *you're wrong*. Sure, early efforts like *Made to be Broken* were raucous stuff, but Asylum head Dave Pirner has always had an ear, and a secret love, for pop melodies. Once the band's guitar and production skills caught up with his songwriting on 1992's *Grave Dancer's Union*, both commercial success and fan backlash were inevitable. Predictably, 1995's *Let Your Dim Light Shine* bombed. Nevertheless, they've chosen to stay the course. *Candy from a Stranger* is yet another well-crafted slab of guitar pop, with Pirner's traditional mix of soaring hooks (the unapologetic title track) and softly yearning ballads ("Close"). The question is, when will fans stop being so fickle and accept the band for the finely honed hook machine they really are?*—D.C.*

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Television

Aldous Huxley's Brave New World

"OK, now give me your other intestine."

(NBC, May 3, 9 P.M.)

■ It's the future, and apparently everybody lives at Hugh Hefner's house. Free sex and self-indulgence are not only condoned but encouraged. And if that's not enough, the government circulates a drug to keep that smile on your face. However, as you may recall from the novel, one grumpy couple wants to *think* (not just screw) freely and tries to overturn this state-run society. Frankly, we don't get it—seems like it's run pretty damn well. Starring Rya Kihlstedt and Peter Gallagher (*sex, lies, and videotape*) as the bitchers who figure life must be more than a Van Halen video.

The Wall

(SHO, May 24, 8 P.M.)

■ Each year thousands of people leave flowers, photos, and heartfelt—if not perfectly rhyming—poems at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. This trilogy digs up the stories behind three of those objects to drive home the war's lasting impact and the loss of its soldiers. To some people, says Graham Nash, who composed the film's music, "The memorial is just a gash in the earth with names on it: The movie humanizes those names."

A Bright Shining Lie

(HBO, May 30, 9 P.M.)

Bill Paxton, *Titanic*'s scruffy treasure hunter, cleans up to play real-life Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Vann, one of the Vietnam War's first whistleblowers. After observing harsh military tactics and hidden political agendas at work, the career soldier hightailed it out of Asia *and* the army. Then he dropped his media bomb, revealing the U.S. was supporting a corrupt regime in South Vietnam that had little intention of carrying out its promised reforms. Based on the Pulitzer Prize–winning book.

Two Really Big Shews

(VH1, UPN)

■ Though he's distinctly handicapped—having been buried for 20 years—TV icon Ed Sullivan is busier than ever. To compile *Ed Sullivan's Rock 'n' Roll Classics* (premiering May 30th), VH1 exhumes rock performance clips from *The Ed Sullivan Show* of the '60s, linking them together in 30-minute shows with themes such as "The British Invasion" (the Beatles, the Stones, and Herman's Hermits). Meanwhile, UPN digs up the dead guy himself, using computer imagery to create *The Virtual Ed Sullivan Show* (premiering May 12), with a technology-enlivened Ed introducing new talent in his time-honored fashion. The funny thing is that he looks more lifelike *now*.

Spawn

(HBO, May 15, 12 A.M.)

■ This always eerie, often sexy animated series about a brave new superhero (based on Todd McFarlane's comic) was a sleeper hit with both critics and the Marilyn Manson set last year. But if old Spawnie still seems cranky despite his success, it's understandable. See, he was once a CIA operative who was murdered, shipped to Hades, and forced to suck up to the devil to get home. The really crummy part: He came back with a face like Freddy Krueger's and limited dating potential. Still, all the pain has spawned a new season of shows and another opportunity for everyone's favorite hell-raiser to wreak his blind vengeance on the earth's evildoers.

Rourke: 9½ weeks ...of Lent?

Stand-up Tragedy

(TNT, May 31, 8 P.M.)

■ It's finally happened: Mickey Rourke has turned to God to resurrect his hellish career. In *Tragedy*, he plays a priest who helps an earnest teacher (Dan Futterman) make the proverbial difference in the lives of kids trapped in a violent inner-city ghetto (as opposed to a slumbering pastoral ghetto). You'll have to start talking Emmy Award if he pulls this one off: As far as we're concerned, if you find Mickey Mouth on the other side of your confessional box, it's time to start praying.

Reviews by Mike Hammer

"Oh, great—it's the life of the—party. Hi, Spawn!"

This page: *Brave New World*: Paul Drinkwater/NBC; *Stand-up Tragedy*: Myles Aronowitz/TBS; *Bright Shining Lie*: Erik Heinila/HBO; *The Wall*: Attila Dory/Showtime. Next page: *Dharma & Greg*: Everett; *Ally McBeal*: Everett

The Second Annual *Maxim* Awards

Our end-of-season tribute to the best, worst, and most stupefying stuff on TV

■ **Di Already Award:** The unfortunate death of a British royal turned television into an all-Elton-John-all-the-time extravaganza. We're sorry she died, Reg, but don't make us tell you where you can stick that *Candle*.

■ **Best Reason to Give Up Hope:** The "very special" musical episode of *Chicago Hope*. Whoever decided that singing, dancing doctors would trigger anything but nausea needs to be checked into a "very special" hospital of his very own.

Ally: Justice is served.

■ **Worst Critically Acclaimed New Show:** *Dharma & Greg*. She's kooky. He's stiff. She's working-class. He's rich. She's a hippie. He's a yuppie. They're in love. We're in the other room getting a sandwich and a beer.

■ **Good Idea Gone Bad Award:** Ellen DeGeneres introduces lesbian sex into her prime-time sitcom and actually manages to turn us off by transforming every guy's hot topic into a prolonged political platform without a punch line.

■ **Best Reason to Buy a Radio:** *The VH1 Fashion Awards*. When was the last time a really bitching guitar solo put you in the mood to run out and buy a kicky pair of shoes?

■ **Canniest Casting Award:** ABC makes dazzling Daisy Fuentes the co-host of *America's Funniest Home Videos* and finds a format that actually makes her seem as smart as the subject matter.

■ **Poor Taste Award:** Mike Tyson nibbles on Evander Holyfield's sweaty ears for a pay-per-view audience and proves that boxing has a long way to go before it earns the respect commanded by pro wrestling.

■ **Best New Babe on Worst New Show:** Cute and perky Calista Flockhart on *Ally McBeal*. We're all sensitive guys here, but those fantasy sequences—in which we learn how awful men can be—are making us fantasize about a new Fox series: *When Animals Attack Ally McBeal!*

■ **The 1998 *Maxim* Man Award:** Hank Hill of Fox's animated freshman hit, *King of the Hill*—the proud owner of a nurtured beer belly, a fully loaded lawn mower, and a partially loaded bunch of buddies swilling cold ones on his front lawn. Two words: *Role model!*

Greg, Dharma: Let's bump 'em both off!

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MAXIM

Video

Enter the Dragon

(Warner, May 19)

The Story: In this remastered reissue of the 1973 classic, a supervillain runs a quaint kung fu academy as a front for his drug biz—until secret agent Bruce Lee chops him down to size. **The Scoop:** Rent it (or buy it for $19.98). This is the *Titanic* of the martial arts genre—and you only *think* you've seen it before. That old, rat-chewed version you rented had bad sound and weird color, and worse, a few butt-kicking minutes were missing. This digitally restored 25th-anniversary edition shows Lee at his freakishly nimble finest, decimating the bad guy (who, you might recall, screws Ginsu knives into his stump of an arm). **Bonus Goodies:** A short film on the making of *Enter the Dragon,* and a compilation of interviews with King Kung himself (who died in 1973). **Grade:** A-

The Jackal

(Universal, April 28)

The Story: Bruce Willis is the Jackal, a paid assassin gunning for America's First Lady. The FBI's best chance to stop him? A rather bored-looking Richard Gere. **The Scoop:** Rent it if you're hard up. In this loose adaptation of the much better 1973 film *Day of the Jackal,* Willis is a master of disguises whom no one has ever seen. Except maybe Gere, who plays an IRA heavy trapped in a U.S. jail. When the Russian mob offers the Jackal $70 million to rub out the First Lady (they couldn't afford the President?), the FBI sics Gere on them. After 20 minutes of dilly-dallying, the action kicks in, but even with a lot of slaughter, it's all somehow dull. **Grade:** B

The Rainmaker

(Paramount, May 26)

The Story: Law school grad Matt Damon (*Good Will Hunting*) quits his fancy job to go after a sleazy insurance company that rips off people dying of leukemia. **The Scoop:** Rent it. Director Coppola (*Apocalypse Now*) also wrote this surprisingly good adaptation of the John Grisham potboiler. Damon's quite passable as an earnest lawyer who links up with Danny DeVito, a rebellious legal researcher, to sink the scumbags. Typical Grisham action ensues: surprise witnesses, last-minute discoveries, and a shitload of moral courage. But in the hands of Coppola, it's watchable (unlike the heavily sedating *Pelican Brief*). **Grade:** B+

The Sweet Hereafter

(New Line, May 18)

The Story: When 14 small-town kids die in a school-bus crash, an ambulance-chasing lawyer shows up to talk the victims' parents into launching a class-action suit. **The Scoop:** Rent it. Ian Holm is the seemingly greedy legal eagle who makes the rounds in the burg, trying to build a case against the bus manufacturer. But once he digs below the surface of this snowbound town, he finds disturbing secrets—and proof that it was already heading for a crash. This chilling movie nabbed Oscar nominations for best director and best screenplay. Heavy, but worth the weight. **Grade:** A+

An American Werewolf in Paris

(Hollywood Pictures, May 19)

The Story: Julie Delpy is a beautiful Parisian who's pissed because she's—*merde!*—a werewolf. Tom Everett Scott is the dorky Yank who sprouts fangs once he falls for her. Question: Can their love survive a diet of raw meat? **The Scoop:** Skip it. Though the original, *American Werewolf in London,* is no masterpiece, it has its moments. *Paris* rehashes the formula, but piles on way too many watch-them-morph-into-werewolves effects, humdrum un-dead chicks, and a stupid extreme-sports subplot. The only good thing? Ravishing Julie Delpy (*Before Sunrise*), who's delectable enough to eat—despite the furry aftertaste. **Grade:** C+

B. Lee: Everett; *Jackal:* Eli Reed/Universal Studios; *Rainmaker:* Phillip Caruso/Paramount Pictures; *American Werewolf:* Stonewood Com. B.U. & Hollywood Pictures; *Sweet Hereafter:* Johnnie Eisen/New Line

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By Mark Kress

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Dr. Jonathon P. Konecny
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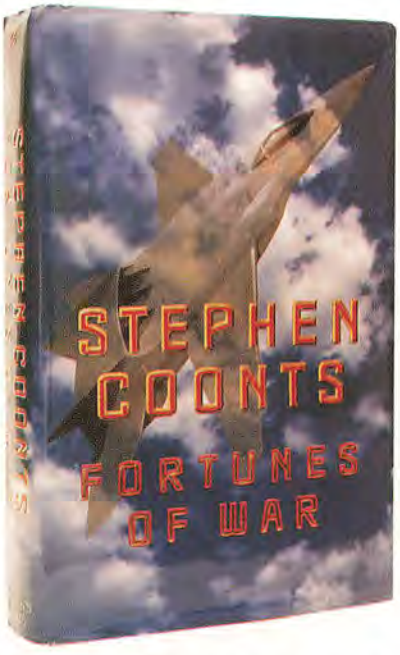
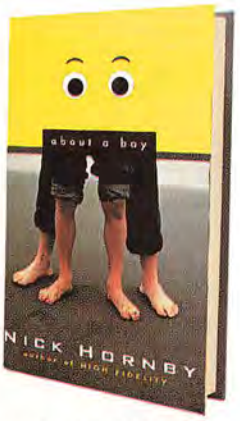


Stephen Coonts *(St. Martin's, $24.95)*

It's 2008. Japan and Russia hate each other's guts. In each country, a fanatic nationalist has risen to power—and, like a pair of hungry Hitlers, these two megalomaniac leaders want even more. Each has reason to believe the other has no nuclear bombs. Well, surprise! They're both wrong, and the trigger-happy dictators quickly bring the world to the brink of nuclear confrontation. Stephen Coonts's latest is a robust "What if?" World War III fantasy à la Tom Clancy's *Red Storm Rising.* It revolves around nukes, jet fighters, and a rotating series of interchangeable military men. Luckily, these army clones aren't the stars of the show. The tautly written battle sequences that Coonts chronicles second by second and the cutting-edge military technology that he describes in exhaustive detail take center stage. (Resentful Patriot Alert: Unimaginably, the U.S. is barely involved in this global crisis.) Coonts is at his best when some wily veteran pilot is pulling 11 Gs to avoid a Sidewinder missile in a dogfight. And he's at his best most of the time, right up to that savory twist—*oh, yes*—on the very last page. ***Steven Kotok***

About a Boy

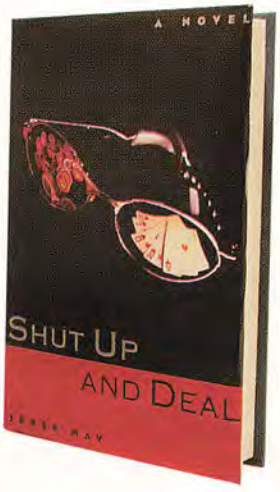
Nick Hornby
(Riverhead, $22.95)



Single guys are always looking for an angle to get laid. And Will, the immature and horny 36-year-old hero of Nick Hornby's second novel, is no exception. Though he's independently wealthy (his dad wrote a hit song back in 1938), Will's not the type of guy women proposition at parties. When one finally does, it turns out she's a single mom—unattached, nicely sex-deprived, and too obsessed with her kid to get hung up on Will. Eureka! In seach of more of the mother lode of sex, he joins Single Parents Alone Together (he makes up a child). The snag: One of his potential love slaves' sons *does* get hung up on Will. When he discovers Will's angle, the besotted 12-year-old blackmails Will into posing as his dad to help him silence the bullies at school. *About a Boy* turns out to be an oddly gripping tale of male bonding and the evil specter of maturity. Luckily, it's hilarious enough that you never once feel the need to puke. ***A.R.***

Shut Up and Deal

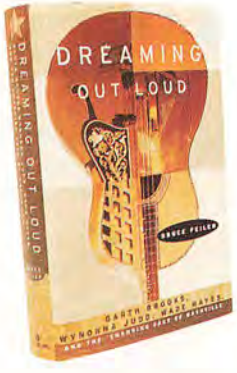
Jesse May *(Anchor/Doubleday, $12.95)*



While cleaning out your buddies on Poker Night Tuesday, have you ever thought, *Man, what would it be like to do this for a living?* Meet Mickey, the enigmatic star of Jesse May's first novel, a professional poker player who literally bluffs his way through life. We're talking the kind of poker that starts in the claustrophobia of a casino card room at eight in the morning and goes until 3 A.M. the next day, a strange, surreal world populated by card junkies named Grouse, Fresca Kid, and Crazy Roger. Though *Shut Up and Deal* isn't big on emotional depth and gets a bit unrelenting—it's really just a series of games—both May's writing and his hero have plenty of style to spare. (Q: How do you rattle a table full of suckers? A: Wear a three-foot-tall purple velvet Dr. Seuss hat with black wraparound sunglasses and stare them down.) A whirlwind tour of tables in Las Vegas, Atlantic City, Foxwoods, New Orleans, and Amsterdam, this uneven novel wanders from game to game much like Mickey himself, winning here and losing there. But if you've ever hungered for slightly bigger stakes than what's in your best friend's wallet, deal yourself in. ***Aaron Roston***

Dreaming Out Loud

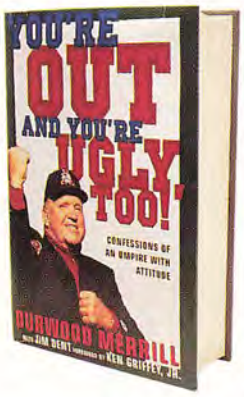
Bruce Feiler *(Avon, $24)*



This book answers the question, What the hell happened to country music? Once upon a time, its biggest stars were Alabama dirt farmers too poor to do anything but sing about their cheatin' hearts, and Nashville was some sleepy town where a woman with a

price tag on her hat entertained hillbillies. Then along came Garth Brooks, followed by a host of multinational corporations with a nose for the quick buck, and Nashville's innocence was toast. In documentary style, *Dreaming Out Loud* follows the careers of three new-breed performers over three years: then rising star Wade Hayes, newly solo star Wynona Judd, and exploding megastar Garth Brooks. Feiler also explores C&W's evolution, from the unique sound of Hank Williams to the often standardized product country has become. Though the writing could use some of the music's cornball lyrical wit, *Dreaming Out Loud* is a fascinating look at what happened when the Big Bang hit twang. ***A.R.***

You're Out and You're Ugly, Too! Confessions of an Umpire with Attitude



by Durwood Merrill with Jim Dent; foreword by Ken Griffey, Jr. (St. Martin's, $22.95)

Baseball fans will recognize Durwood Merrill as the barrel-chested umpire who calls balls and strikes with two fists—the showiest official in The Show. Entering his 21st year of major-league action, he's survived winter ball in Puerto Rico (where fans wave loaded pistols at umps), and summer ball at Yankee Stadium (where they wave everything *but*), and he has plenty of tales to tell. Unfortunately, like most jock memoirs, *You're Out and You're Ugly, Too!* is a mess, riddled with clichés, boasts, and meaningless anecdotes. Not even a seasoned sportswriter like Jim Dent could pound it into shape. But that's the perverse charm of this authentic baseball book—it's rambling, a little repetitive, and, one imagines, a lot like talking to Merrill face to face. "Earl, Billy and the Boys," a chapter about manager-umpire relations, is a masterpiece of baseball lore (Sample chestnut: Earl Weaver gets tossed from a 1979 game, hides in the bathroom, and tries to manage the Orioles through a knothole in the door.) While other sections fall flat, the leisurely, feast-or-famine rhythm of Merrill's book couldn't be truer to the grand game. ***John Tessitore***

BETWEEN THE COVERS

River Phoenix Sinking

A new Hollywood exposé delivers the real dope about stars and drugs. *Maxim* samples the stash.

Producer Don Simpson was one of Hollywood's biggest wigs, cranking out megahits like *Top Gun* and *The Rock*. With success, however, came a shitload of drugs, culminating in a fatal overdose in 1996. In the new book *High Concept: Don Simpson and the Hollywood Culture of Excess*, reporter Charles Fleming details the debauchery of this Hollywood bad boy. The antics of elite drug dealers yield the most sickly entertaining moments, like this account of River Phoenix as a rookie addict in 1989:

"A dealer who goes by the name 'Nicky' sold Phoenix speed several times in the years before the young actor died on the sidewalk outside The Viper Room. One night, in fact, four years before that tragedy, Phoenix died in Nicky's apartment. The dealer remembered that Phoenix had stopped by to score some speed, and shot up while Nicky and a friend watched. In a scene stolen from Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*, Phoenix overdosed, passing out and, Nicky recalled, 'going totally code blue.' Nicky and his friend were experienced drug users, though. 'We *knew* what to do,' the dealer said. 'We packed his genitals in ice, and got his heart beating again. When he came to, he said, "I was gone, wasn't I?" He knew, man.' An hour later, fully recovered, Phoenix said to Nicky, 'I hope you guys would have done the right thing, and thrown me in a dumpster, if I hadn't come out of it.'"

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Books: Eric Axene (5); R.Phoenix: Ben Mark Holzberg/Shooting Star

Photograph by Grosset Simon/Spooner/Gamma

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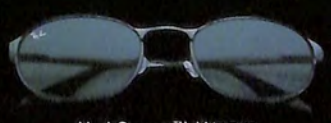

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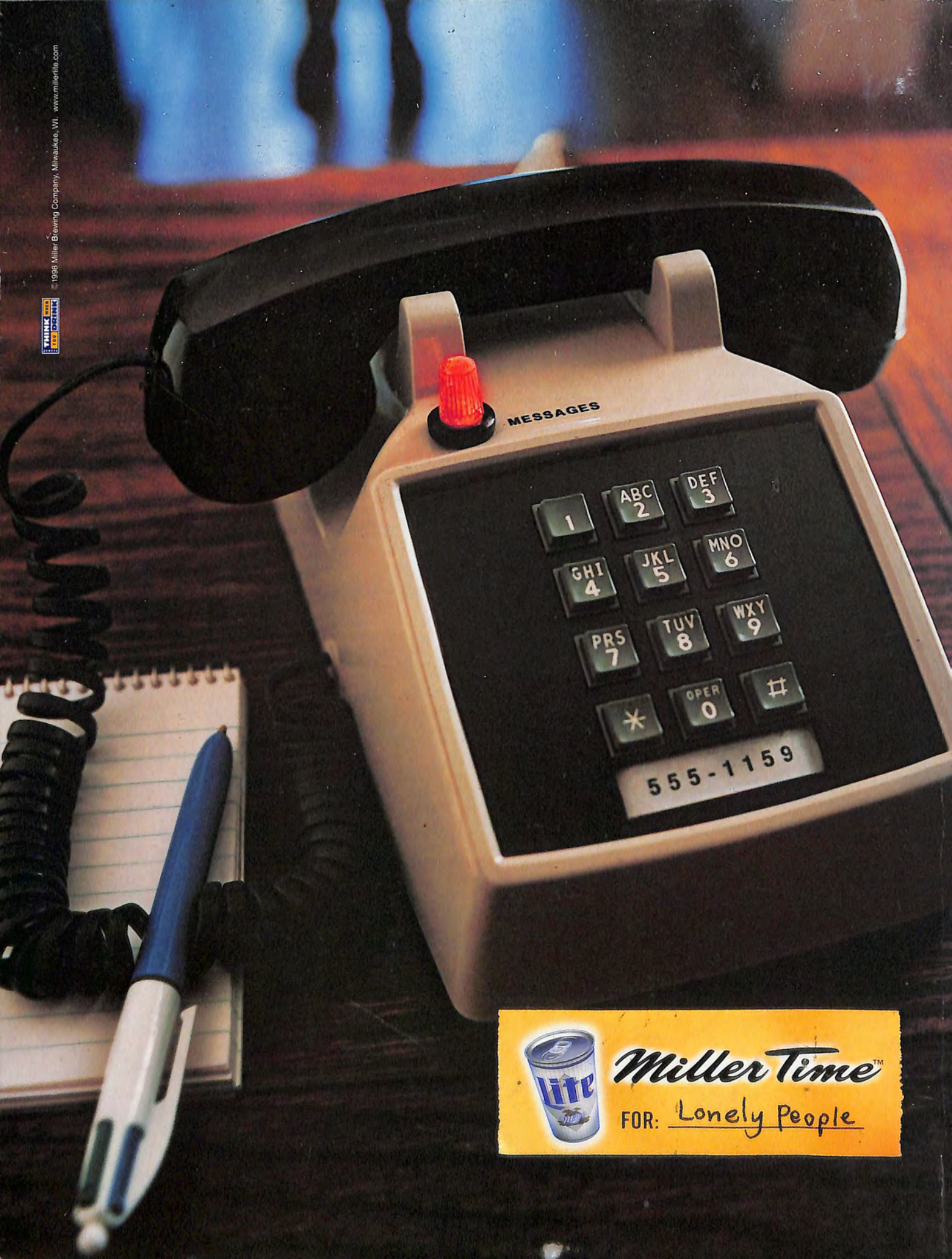

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